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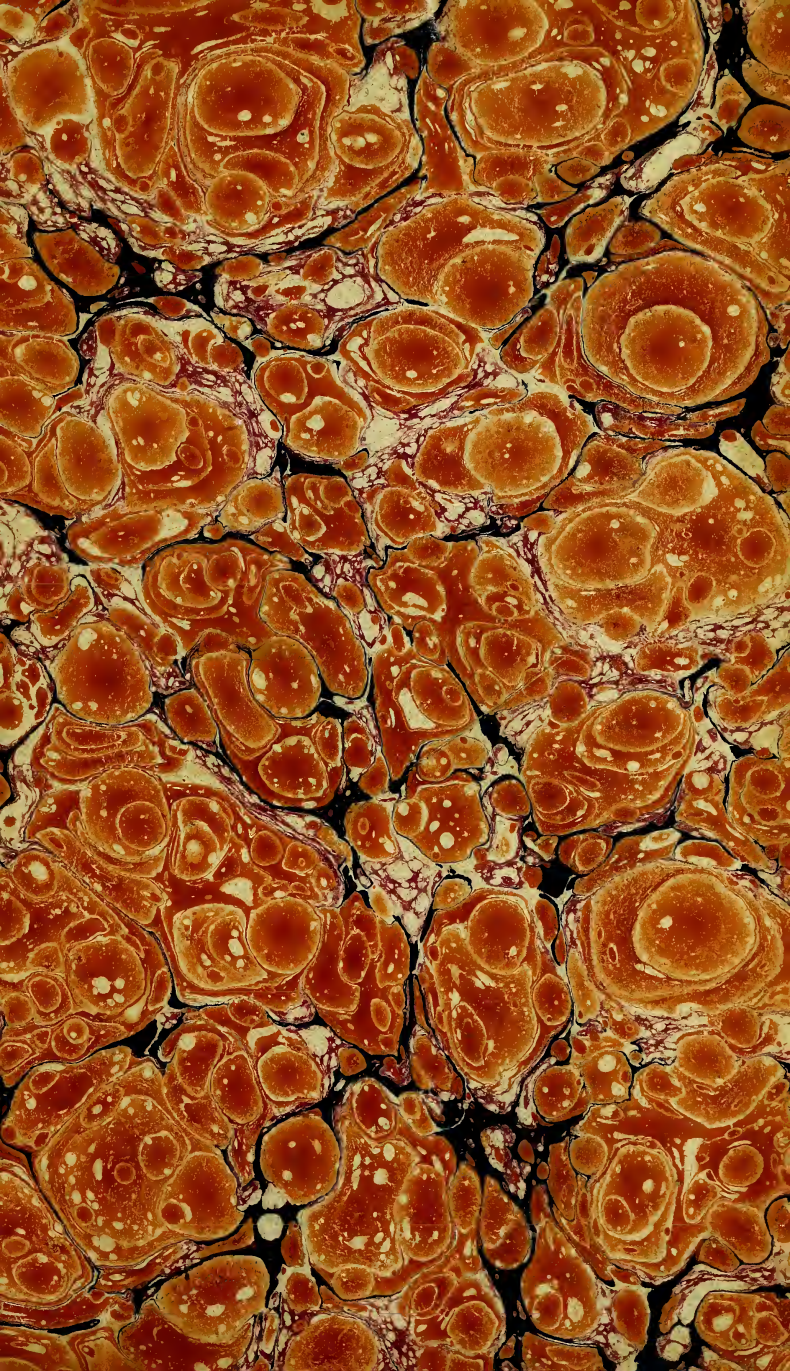

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TOUR

OF

A GERMAN PRINCE.

VOL. III.

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THROUGH THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN PARTS OF

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Vide also—*New Monthly Magazine, Omnibus, News, Courier, Satirist, Weekly Dispatch, Morning Post*, &c. &c. &c.

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TOUR

IN

GERMANY, HOLLAND AND ENGLAND,

IN THE YEARS 1826, 1827, & 1828;

WITH REMARKS ON

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS,
AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED
PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY

A GERMAN PRINCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1832.

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RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Since it has been suggested that I ought not to suffer several glaring, though (as I think) unimportant, errors to pass unnoticed, as if I were not aware of them, I mention the most conspicuous. The Author says the Royal Exchange was built by Charles II.;—that the piece of water at Blenheim covers eight hundred acres, whereas I am told it covers only two hundred and fifty;—he calls the great Warwick, Beauchamp, and not Neville:—alluding to Sir Walter Scott's 'Kenilworth,' he calls Varney, Vernon; and he lays the scene of Varney's murder of his wife at Ke-

nilworth, instead of at Cumnor.—There may be more such mistakes for aught I know. Such are to be found in every account of a foreign country I have ever seen, with the exception of some two or three works of faultless correctness and veracity, which nobody reads. Of these Carsten Niebuhr's may be taken as a representative. Whoever has had the good fortune to see a work on Germany, which was considerably accredited here, commented with marginal notes by an intelligent and veracious German, may have had a fair opportunity of comparing the sum of misstatements between the two countries. Of our 'natural enemies' I say nothing; nor of our irritable child, whom so much has been done to irritate, across the Atlantic. Of Italian travellers, Eustace is given up as nearly a romance-writer; Englishmen believe Fordyce to be extremely correct, but instructed Italians point out errors grosser than any of those here noticed. After all, errors of the kind are (except to tourists) comparatively unimportant, when

they relate to countries which are not explored with a view to science, but merely for the purpose of giving the general aspect, moral and physical, of the country. Whoever succeeds in doing that with anything like fairness, may be regarded as having effected as much as the extreme difficulty of obtaining accurate information, even on the spot, will admit; and, in a work like the present, which makes no pretension to any higher character than that of chit-chat letters to an intimate friend, will have accomplished all that it is fair to look for.

It has also been suggested that I ought to have given the names of the persons alluded to at length, instead of merely copying the initials given in the original. To this I can only reply, that had I the inclination, I am totally without the power. I know nothing of any of the persons or incidents recorded; nor have I any means, which are not equally at the command of all my readers, of guessing to whom the Author alludes in any case.

Inquiries of the kind are as foreign to my tastes and pursuits as the society in question is from my station in life. I have regarded these incidents solely in the light of illustrations of national manners; and the applying them to individuals is a matter in which I should take not the slightest interest. But since it is obvious that this is not the common taste, I have rather sought to obscure than to elucidate those parts of the book which are objectionably personal. If I could have done this still more, without entirely changing the character of the work, I should have done it. But by any such material change I should have made myself, in some sort, responsible for its contents: which, as a mere translator, I can in no way be held to be. Whenever I find that the English public are likely to receive, with any degree of favour, such a German work as it would be my greatest pride and pleasure to render into my native tongue to the best of my ability, I shall be too happy to share with the illustrious and humanizing poets and philosophers of Ger-

many any censure, as I should feel it the highest honour to partake in the minutest portion of their glory.

Hitherto I have found no encouragement to hope that any such work as I should care to identify myself with, would find readers.

The Reviews and other Journals (which, for the most part, have been divided between excessive praise, and censure equally excessive, of this slight but clever work) have, of course, not been sparing in allusions to the personal character of the Author. Of that, and of all that concerns his residence here, I am utterly ignorant. When I projected the translation of the book, I believed it to be, what the title announces, *The Letters of a deceased Person.* All that I now know of the Author's personal history while in England, (if information from such sources may be called knowledge,) is gained from the writings of his reviewers. Whether their representations be true or false I have not

the slightest interest in discussing. Even if every several anecdote related by him were a lie, it would remain to be considered, whether or not his remarks on England and English society tallied in the main with those of other instructed foreigners, and with those of the more impartial and enlightened portion of Englishmen.

Owing to the extreme expedition required of me in the translation of these volumes, some errors remain uncorrected. The principal among them are as follows :—

Page 115: *for,* "a prince of the house of K——," *read,* "a prince of the Royal house."

Page 259: *for,* "Now would I give anything in the world to have that man's temperament!" *read,* "Now would I not for all the world be of that fellow's temper."

Page 305: *for,* "E—— Hall," *read,* "C—— Hall."

Page 322: *for,* "You, General, who have fought the French," *read,* "You, General, who have fought *with* the French."

Page 322: *for,* "stand higher than," *read,* "stand opposed to."

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LETTERS

ON

GERMANY, HOLLAND,

AND

ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

Dresden, Sept. 8th, 1826.

My dear friend,

The love you showed me at our parting in B—— made me so happy and so miserable, that I cannot yet recover from it. Your sad image is ever before me; I still read deep sorrow in your looks and in your tears, and my own heart tells me too well what yours suffered. May God grant us a meeting as joyful as our parting was sorrowful! I can now only repeat what I have so often told you: that if I felt myself without you, my dearest friend, in the world, I could enjoy none of its pleasures without an alloy of sadness; that if you love me,

you will therefore above all things watch over your health, and amuse yourself as much as you can by varied occupation.

As I resolved to combat the melancholy which gives so dark a colouring to all objects, I sought a kind of aid from your Sevigné, whose connexion with her daughter has, in fact, many points of resemblance to that which subsists between us, only with the exception, 'que j'ai plus de votre sang',* than Madame de Grignan had of her mother's. But your resemblance to the charming Sevigné is like the hereditary likeness to the portrait of an ancestor. The advantages which she possesses over you are those of her time and education; you have others over her; and what in her appears more finished and definite—classic,—in you assumes a romantic character; it becomes richer, and blends with the infinite.—I opened the book at random: it was pleasant enough that I lighted upon this passage—

> "N'aimons jamais, ou n'aimons guères,
> Il est dangéreux d'aimer tant."

On which she remarks with great feeling, "Pour moi, j'aime encore mieux le mal que le remède, et

* The words or sentences in single inverted commas are those which occur in the original in any language other than German.—Transl.

je trouve plus doux d'avoir de la peine à quitter les gens que j'aime, que de les aimer médiocrement."

It is a real consolation to me to have already written a few lines to you: since I have conversed with you, I feel as if I were nearer to you. I have no adventures to relate as yet. I was so entirely engrossed by my own thoughts and feelings, that I scarcely knew through what places my road lay.

Dresden appeared to me less cheerful than usual, and I was thankful when I found myself quietly established in my room at the inn.

The storm which blew in my face during the whole day, has heated and fatigued me; and as I am, you know, otherwise unwell, I want rest.

Heaven send you also a tranquil night, and affectionate dreams of your friend!

Sept. 10th.—Morning.

'Vous avez sans doute cuit toutes sortes de bouillons amers, ainsi que moi.' Nevertheless I rose in better health and spirits than yesterday, and immediately set to work making all the little arrangements necessary at the beginning of a long journey. In the evening I felt extremely depressed, and as I dreaded an attack of my nervous hypochondriacal disorder, which you christened my 'maladie imaginaire,' I sent for Hofrath (Court-

counsellor) W——, the favourite physician of the strangers who pass through Dresden, because, independently of his skill, he is an amusing and merry companion. You know the use I make of physicians. Nobody can be of a more homœopathic nature than I am; for the mere conversing with a medical man on my complaint and its remedies, generally half cures me; and if I take any of his prescriptions, it is only in thousandth parts. This was the case today; and after some hours, which W—— passed by my bedside, and seasoned with many a piquant anecdote, I supped with better appetite, and slept tolerably till morning. On opening my eyes, they lighted on a letter from you, which the honest B—— had laid upon my bed, well knowing that I could not begin the day so joyfully. Indeed, after the pleasure of hearing from you, I have only one other—that of writing to you.

Do but continue thus unrestrainedly to give utterance to all your feelings, and fear not to wound mine. I well know that your letters must long resemble a sad and dreary landscape. I shall be tranquil, if I do but see an occasional gleam of sunlight throw its rays across it.

Leipsig, Sept. 11th.

In a very pretty room, with well waxed parquet,

elegant furniture, and silken curtains, all in their first 'fraicheur,' the waiter is now laying the table for my dinner, while I employ these few minutes in writing to you.

I left Dresden at ten o'clock this morning, in tolerably good spirits,—that is, painting fancy pictures for the future. But my lingering regrets at leaving you, dear Julia, and the comparison of my insipid and joyless solitude with the exquisite pleasure I should have had in taking this journey, under more happy circumstances, with you, fell heavily upon my heart.

Of the road hither there is not much to be said; it is not romantic,—not even the vineyards, which extend to Meissen, and which present to the eye more sand than verdure. Yet the country, though too open, sometimes excites agreeable feelings by its freshness and fertility: this is the case at Oschatz, where the pretty bushy Culmberg looks down upon the plain, like the rich-locked head of youth. The 'chaussée' is good, and it appears that the post is improving even in Saxony, since the excellent Nagler created a new post-era in Prussia. Nothing amuses me more than the energetic zeal with which B—— drives on the willing as well as the phlegmatic: he behaves to them as if he had already made the tour of the globe

with me, and had—of course—found things better everywhere than at home.

In the delicate state of my health, the comfortable English carriage is a real blessing. I rather hug myself on understanding the art of travelling better than my neighbours; particularly as far as the maximizing of comfort is concerned: in this I include the taking the greatest possible number of things (often dear, accustomed memorials) with the least possible 'embarras' and loss of time,—a problem which I have now perfectly solved. In Dresden, before I packed up, you would have taken my room for a broker's shop. Now all my wares have vanished in the numerous receptacles of the carriage: yet without giving it that heavy, overloaded look, at which our postillions so readily take fright; and which marks a man, to the discriminating eye of innkeepers, as one embarked on the grand tour. Every article is at hand, and yet perfectly distinct, so that when I reach my nightly quarters, my *domestic relations* are quickly re-established in a strange place. On the road, the transparent crystal windows of the largest dimensions, obstructed by no luggage or coach-box, afford me as free a view of the country as an open 'calèche', while they leave me lord of the temperature.

The men on their lofty seat behind overlook the luggage and the horses, without the power of casting curious glances into the interior, or of listening to the conversation which may be passing there; if, perchance, on our arrival in the country of the Lilliputs or the Brobdignags, secrets of state should come under discussion. I could deliver a course of lectures on this subject,—one by no means unimportant to travellers; but I have been thus diffuse here only for the sake of furnishing you with a complete picture of myself as you are to think of me, wandering over the face of the earth, while my nomadic dwelling and the ever-changing post-horses daily bear me further from your sight.

The host of the Hôtel de Saxe, unquestionably one of the best inns in Germany, is an old acquaintance of mine, and established many strong claims on my gratitude when I was a student at Leipsig. Many a joyous and sometimes rather riotous repast was given at his house; and I now invited him to partake of my solitary one, that he might talk to me of the past, and of the wild days of my youth. The present times are, alas! become more serious everywhere. Formerly, pleasure was almost raised into a business,—men thought of nothing else—studied nothing else; and feet, so ready to dance, were lightly set in motion.

Now-a-days, people find their pleasure only in business, and stronger excitements are required to make us merry—if that ever be the end proposed.

Weimar, Sept. 13th.—Evening.

I will not weary you with any 'tirades' on the battle-fields of Leipzig and Lützen, nor with a description of the 'chétif' monument to Gustavus Adolphus, or of the meagre beauties of the environs of Schulpforte. In Weissenfels, where I wanted to buy a book, I was surprised to learn that not a bookseller was to be found in the residence of the great Müllner. They were most likely afraid that he would saddle them with a law-suit, at first hand.

I trod the plains of Jena and Auerstadt with just such feelings as a Frenchman of the 'grande armée' might have had in the years 1806 and 1812, when he marched across the field of Rossbach;—for the last victory, like the last laugh, is always the best. And as the seat of the Muses, the cheerful Weimar, received me in its bosom after all these battle reminiscences, I blessed the noble prince who has here erected a monument of peace; and has helped to light up a beacon in the domain of literature, which has so long illumined Germany with its many-coloured flames.

Next day I presented myself to this my old commander, and to the rest of the illustrious family, whom I found little altered. The Court had, however, received the agreeable addition of two amiable princesses, who, had they been born in the humblest sphere, would have been distinguished for their external charms and their admirable education. A stranger is received here with a politeness and attention now completely out of fashion in other places. Scarcely was I announced, when a 'laquais de cour' waited upon me to place himself and a court equipage at my disposal during the time of my stay, and to give me a general invitation to the Grand Duke's table.

In the morning, the Grand Duke had the kindness to show me his private library, which is elegantly arranged, and remarkably rich in splendid English engravings. He laughed heartily when I told him that I had lately read in a Paris journal that Schiller had been disinterred by his order, and that the skeleton of the illustrious poet was to be placed in the Grand Ducal library. The truth is, that his bust, with some others, decorates the room, but that his skull, if I was rightly informed, is inclosed in the pedestal;—certainly a somewhat singular token of respect.

I visited the park with renewed pleasure. The

ground is not, indeed, rich in picturesque beauty, but the laying out is so skilful, the several parts are so well imagined and executed, that they leave on the mind a feeling of satisfaction which such combinations, even under more favourable natural circumstances, seldom produce in an equal degree.

Among the new improvements I found a small botanic garden, laid out in a circular plot of ground, in the centre of which stands a majestic old tree. The garden is arranged according to the Linnæan system, and exhibits a single specimen of every tree, shrub, and plant which will stand abroad, and is to be found in the park and gardens. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable spot for the living study of botany than the seat under this tree, which, like a venerable patriarch, looks down upon the surrounding youthful generations of every form, foliage, blossom, and colour. Continuing my walk, I saw a model farm of the Grand Duke's, where gigantic Swiss cows give little milk,—for transplantations of this sort seldom answer. Further on, I found the pretty pheasantry, which is rich in gold and silver pheasants and white roes. The great ladder on which from seventy to eighty heavy turkeys are drilled by the gamekeeper to climb in company is

curious enough; and the old lime-tree, completely loaded with such fruit, has a strange exotic aspect.

As the Court dines at a very early hour, I had scarcely time to put myself into costume, and arriving late found a large company already assembled. Among them I remarked several Englishmen, who very wisely study German here, instead of first learning, with great trouble, the ungraceful dialect of Dresden: they are most hospitably received here. The conversation at table was very animated. You know the jovialty of the Grand Duke, who in this respect completely resembles his friend, the never-to-be-forgotten King of Bavaria. We recapitulated many a laughable story of the time when I had the honour of being his adjutant; after which I was compelled to ride my grand 'cheval de bataille'—my expedition in the air-balloon.

Much more interesting were Duke Bernhard's descriptions of his travels in North and South America, which I understand we shall soon have an opportunity of reading in print, with remarks by Göthe. This prince, whom the accident of birth has placed in a high station, occupies a still higher as *man*: no one could be better fitted to give the free Americans a favourable idea of a German prince than he, uniting, as he does, frank

dignity of deportment with genuine liberality of thought, and unpretending kindness and courtesy.

In the evening there was a grand assembly, which, in virtue of its nature and quality, was not particularly rich in enjoyment. Every agreeable feeling however revived within me, when I found myself seated at cards opposite to the Grand Duchess. Who has not heard of this noble and truly excellent German woman, before whose serene and clear spirit Napoleon himself, in the plenitude of his power, stood awed, and who is beloved by every one who is permitted to enjoy her gentle and heart-cheering society? We sat indeed at the card-table, but gave little heed to the laws of whist; while time fled amid animated and delightful conversation.

In a Court like this, visited by so many foreigners, there cannot fail to be originals who afford matter for piquant anecdotes, even to those least given to scandal. Some very diverting stories were related to me when, on rising from table, I mingled again in the crowd. Among other things a visiting card, 'in naturâ,' was showed to me which apparently owed its existence to a well-known anecdote concerning an Englishman. This example suggested to the mad-cap Baron J—— the thought of re-acting

the affair with one of his table companions, a ci-devant captain, who was tolerably ignorant of the world and its usages. With this view, he hinted to the poor man, who had been leading a secluded life in D——, that politeness required of him to make a round of visits in the town; to which the unsuspecting captain patiently replied, that he was not conversant in these matters, but would willingly put himself under J——'s guidance. "Well then," said he, "I will provide the cards, which must be written in French, and in three days I will call you in my carriage. You must put on your uniform, and your cards must express to what service you formerly belonged." All was done according to agreement; but you may imagine what laughing faces greeted our visitors, when you learn that the following 'carte de visite' was sent up before them in every house:—

"Le Baron de J——, pour présenter *feu* Monsieur le Capitaine de M——, jadis au service de plusieurs membres de la Confédération du Rhin."

September 14th.

This evening I paid my visit to Göthe. He received me in a dimly lighted room, whose 'clair obscure' was arranged with some 'coquetterie'; and truly, the aspect of the beautiful old man,

with his Jove-like countenance, was most stately. Age has changed, but scarcely enfeebled him: he is perhaps somewhat less vivacious than formerly, but so much the more equable and mild; and his conversation is rather pervaded by a sublime serenity, than by that dazzling fire which used occasionally to surprise him, even in the midst of his highest 'grandezza.' I rejoiced heartily at the good health in which I found him, and said with a smile, how happy it made me to find our spiritual King in undiminished majesty and vigour. "Oh, you are too *gracious*," said he, (with the yet uneffaced traces of his South German manner, accompanied by the satirical smile of a North German*,) "to give me such a title." "No," replied I, truly from my very heart, "not only king, but despot,

* The North Germans are distinguished for energy, activity, acuteness, and high mental culture; the South Germans for easy good-nature, simplicity, contented animal enjoyment, and greater obsequiousness. In Vienna they call every gentleman Euer Gnaden, 'Your Grace,' and he is of course Gnädig, when he is kind or civil. But perhaps the author here alludes rather to a certain ceremonious stiffness of the burghers of Frankfurt, proud people who give their superiors their due, as they expect it of their inferiors—(*Reichsstadtisches Wesen*). What is clear is, that he means that the inhabitants of the South are not so superior to antiquated distinctions as those of the North. The Prussians have been called the French of the North.—TRANSL.

for you have subjugated all Europe." He bowed courteously, and questioned me concerning things which related to my former visit to Weimar; then expressed himself very kindly with regard to M——, and my efforts to improve it, gently remarking, how meritorious he ever thought it to awaken a sense of beauty, be it of what kind it may, since the Good and the Noble unfolded themselves in manifold ways out of the Beautiful. Lastly, he gave me some gleam of hope that he might comply with my earnest request that he would visit us there. Imagine, dearest, with what 'empressement' I caught at this, though perhaps but a 'façon de parler.'

In the course of conversation we came to Sir Walter Scott. Göthe was not very enthusiastic about the Great Unknown. He said he doubted not that he wrote his novels* in the same sort of partnership as existed between the old painters and their scholars; that he furnished the plot, the leading thoughts, and the skeleton of the scenes, that he then let his pupils fill them up, and retouched them at the last. It seemed almost to

* Sir Walter Scott's official declaration, that all the works here alluded to were by him alone, was not then made public.—Edit.

be his opinion, that it was not worth the while of a man of Sir Walter Scott's eminence to give himself up to such a number of minute and tedious details. "Had I," added he, "been able to lend myself to the idea of mere gain, I could formerly have sent such things anonymously into the world, with the aid of Lenz and others—nay, I could still—as would astonish people not a little, and make them puzzle their brains to find out the author; but after all they would be but manufactured wares." I afterwards observed, that it was gratifying to Germans to see what victories our literature was achieving in other countries; "And," added I, "our Napoleon has no Waterloo to dread."

"Certainly," replied he, disregarding my 'fade' compliment, "setting aside all our original productions, we now stand on a very high step of culture, by the adoption and complete appropriation of those of foreign growth. Other nations will soon learn German, from the conviction that they may thus, to a certain extent, dispense with the learning of all other languages; for of which do we not possess all the most valuable works in admirable translations?—The ancient classics, the master-works of modern Europe, the literature of

India and other eastern lands,—have not the richness and the many-sidedness* of the German tongue, the sincere, faithful German industry, and the deep-searching German genius, reproduced them all more perfectly than is the case in any other language?"

"France," continued he, "owed much of her former preponderance in literature to the circumstance of her being the first to give to the world tolerable versions from the Greek and Latin: but how entirely has Germany since surpassed her!"

On the field of politics, he did not appear to me to give in to the favourite constitutional theories very heartily. I defended my own opinions with some warmth. He reverted to his darling idea, which he several times repeated;—that every man should trouble himself only thus far,—in his own peculiar sphere, be it great or small, to labour on faithfully, honestly, and lovingly; and that thus under no form of government would universal well-being and felicity long be wanting;—that, for his own part, he had followed no other course;

* I have striven to preserve the colouring, as well as the substance of Göthe's conversation. To those who have any conception of his merits, it cannot but be interesting to see, as nearly as possible, the very words which fell from lips so inspired and so venerable.—TRANSL.

and that I had also adopted it in M—— (as he kindly added), untroubled as to what other interests might demand. I replied frankly, but in all humility, that however true and noble this principle were, I must yet think that a constitutional form of government was first necessary to call it fully into life, since it afforded to every individual the conviction of greater security for his person and property, and consequently gave rise to the most cheerful energy, and the most steady trustworthy patriotism, and that a far more solid universal basis would thus be laid for the quiet activity of each individual in his own circle: I concluded by adducing,—perhaps unwisely,—England in support of my argument. He immediately replied, that the choice of the example was not happy, for that in no country was selfishness more omnipotent; that no people were perhaps essentially less humane in their political or in their private relations*; that salvation came not from without, by means of forms of government, but from within, by the wise moderation and humble activity of each man in his own circle; that this must ever be the main thing for human feli-

* I cannot help almost suspecting that my departed friend has here put his own opinions into the mouth of Göthe.—Edit.

city, while it was the easiest and the simplest to attain.

He afterwards spoke of Lord Byron with great affection, almost as a father would of a son, which was extremely grateful to my enthusiastic feelings for this great poet. He contradicted the silly assertion that Manfred was only an echo of his Faust. He confessed, however, that it was interesting to him to see that Byron had unconsciously employed the same mask of Mephistophiles as he himself had used, although, indeed, Byron had produced a totally different effect with it. He extremely regretted that he had never become personally acquainted with Lord Byron, and severely and justly reproached the English nation for having judged their illustrious countryman so pettily, and understood him so ill. But, on this subject, Göthe has spoken so satisfactorily and so beautifully in print, that I can add nothing to it. I mentioned the representation of Faust in a private theatre at Berlin, with music by Prince Radzivil, and spoke with admiration of the powerful effect of some parts of the performance.—"Well," said Göthe gravely, "it is a strange undertaking; but all endeavours and experiments are to be honoured."

I am angry with my vile memory that I can-

not now recollect more of our conversation, which was very animated. With sentiments of the highest veneration and love, I took my leave of the great man,—the third in the great triumvirate with Homer and Shakspeare,—whose name will beam with immortal glory as long as the German tongue endures; and had I had anything of Mephistophiles in me, I should certainly have exclaimed on the step of his door,

> "Es ist doch schön von einem grossen Herrn
> Mit einem armen Teufel so human zu sprechen."*

I was invited to dine with the Grand Duke today at the Belvedere, and at two o'clock set out on the pleasant road thither. Ever since I have been here the weather has been wonderful;—days of crystal, as your Sevigné says, in which one feels neither heat nor cold, and which only spring and autumn can give.

The Hereditary Grand Duke and his wife live at the Belvedere quite like private people, and

* I do not think that the exalted old man will be offended at the publication of this conversation. Every word—even the most insignificant—which has fallen from *his mouth,* is a precious gift to many. And even should my departed friend in any respect have misunderstood him, or have reported him inaccurately, nothing has been here retained which, in my opinion, can be called an indiscretion.—Edit.

receive their guests without etiquette, though with the most perfect politeness. The Grand Princess (Grossfürstin) appeared still much depressed in consequence of the Emperor's death, but when the conversation grew animated, she gave us a very affecting description of the floods at St. Petersburg, of which she had been an eye witness. I have always admired the excellent education and the various attainments which distinguish the Russian princesses. The late Queen of Würtemberg was even learned. I had once to deliver a letter to her in Frankfurt, and remained by her desire standing in the circle after I had given it to her, till the other persons of whom it was composed were dismissed. A professor of a Pestalozzian school was the first in turn, and appeared to know less about his system than the Queen, then Grand Princess (Grossfürstin) Katharine, who several times corrected his diffuse and inaccurate answers with singular acuteness. A 'diplomate' followed, and he also, in his sphere, received the most dextrous and well-turned replies. She next entered into a scientific discussion with a celebrated economist from A——; and lastly, profound and brilliant reflections, in a lively controversy with a well-known philosopher, closed this remarkable audience.

After dinner, the Hereditary Grand Duke took us into his conservatories, which, next to Schönbrunn, are the richest in Germany. You know, dear Julia, that I lay little stress on mere rarity, and, in plants, as in other things, delight only in the beautiful. Many treasures were therefore thrown away upon me; and I could not share in the raptures into which several connoisseurs fell at the sight of a stalk, which was indeed only six inches high, and had not above five leaves, and no flowers, but, on the other hand, had cost sixty guineas, and is as yet the solitary specimen of its kind in Germany. I was, however, greatly delighted by a *Cactus grandiflorus* in full flower, and many other splendid plants. I looked with great reverence at a magnificent large Bread-fruit tree, and pleased myself with dyeing my fingers crimson from the cochineal insects which inhabited a Cactus. The varieties of plants exceed sixty thousand. The orangery is beautiful, and contains a veteran with a trunk of an ell and a half in circumference, which has safely weathered five hundred and fifty northern summers.

I spent the evening at Herr v. G——'s, a clever man, and an old friend of Madame Schoppenhauer, who is also a kind patroness of mine. Frau v. G——e came in afterwards, and was a very agree-

able addition to our company. She is a lively, original, and clever woman, on whom the incense strewed upon her with so much justice by her father-in-law, has not been entirely without its influence. She evinced great pleasure at the arrival of a first copy of Granby, which she had just received from the author, who had studied German in Weimar. The offering did not strike me as anything very considerable; and I told her I could only wish the author might be more interesting than his work. Perhaps I said this from 'dépit,' for here, as all over the Continent, it is the fashion to flatter the English inordinately, and God knows how 'mal à propos.'

September 16th.

After taking my leave this morning of all the illustrious family, I devoted the rest of the day to my friend Sp——, who, together with his family, affords a proof that a life at court and in the great world is perfectly compatible with the simplest domestic habits and the most attaching kindness of heart. A young Englishman, secretary to Mr. Canning, who spoke German like a native, entertained us with some humorous descriptions of English society, and was exceedingly bitter upon the discourtesy and want of good-nature which characterize it. This gave him, at the same time, a

good opportunity of saying handsome things of the Germans, particularly those present. *It is only while they are abroad that Englishmen judge thus:* when they return, they quickly resume their accustomed coldness and haughty indifference, treat a foreigner as an inferior being, and laugh at the German 'bonhommie,' which they praised so long as *they* were the objects of it; while they regard the truly laughable veneration which we cherish for the very name of Englishman, as the rightful tribute to their superiority.

This is the last letter, dear Julia, which you will receive from hence.

Early in the morning,—not at cock-crow, that is, but according to *my* calendar,—at about twelve o'clock,—I intend to set out, and not to stop till I reach London.

Take care of your health, I beseech you, for my sake, and tranquillize your mind as much as you can by the aid of that wondrous self-controling strength with which the Creator has endowed it. Love me nevertheless—for my strength is in your love.

Your faithful

L——.

LETTER II.

Wesel, Sept. 20th, 1826.

BELOVED FRIEND,

AFTER taking leave of Göthe and his family, and paying a last visit to a distinguished and charming artist in her 'atélier,' I quitted the German Athens, stored with pleasant recollections.

I staid only just so long in Gotha as was necessary to visit an old friend and comrade, the minister and astronomer (heaven and earth in strange conjunction!) Baron von L——. I found him still suffering from the consequences of his unfortunate duel in Paris, but bearing this calamity with the calmness of a sage, which he has displayed in every circumstance of his life.

It was dark when I reached Eisenach, where I had a message to deliver to another old comrade from the Grand Duke. I saw his house brilliantly lighted up, heard the music of the dance, and was ushered into the midst of a large company, who looked astonished at my travelling costume. It was the wedding-day of my friend's daughter, and heartily did he welcome me as soon as he recog-

nised me. I apologized to the bride for my unbridal garments, drank a glass of iced punch to her health, another to that of her father, danced a Polonaise, and disappeared, 'à la Française'. Very shortly afterwards I made my night toilet, and laid myself comfortably to rest in my carriage.

When I awoke, I found myself a stage from Cassel, at the very place where, ten years ago, we made our strange 'entrée', with the pole of our carriage standing erect, and the postilion apparently mounted upon it. I breakfasted here, and thought over many circumstances of that journey; drove through the pretty, melancholy little capital without stopping; then through a noble beech wood, which gleamed in the sunshine with a gold-green lustre; made romantic observations on a curious hill covered with the moss-grown ruins; and hurrying on through this monotonous district, reached the ancient See of Osnabruck at dinner-time.

One always sleeps better in a carriage the second night than the first; the motion acts upon one like that of a cradle upon children. I felt well and in good spirits next morning, and remarked that the whole face of the country began to assume a Dutch character. Antique houses, with numerous gables and windows; an unintelligible

Platt Deutsch, which nowise yields in harmony to the Dutch; a more phlegmatic people; better furnished rooms, though still without Dutch cleanliness; tea instead of coffee; excellent fresh butter and cream; increased extortions of innkeepers;—all presented a new shade of this many-coloured world.

The country through which my road lay had a more agreeable and softer character, especially at Stehlen on the Ruhr, a place made for a man who wishes to retire from the tumult of the world to cheerful seclusion. I could not gaze my fill on the fresh succulent vegetation, the magnificent oak and beech woods which crowned the hills on the right and left, sometimes growing down to the very road, sometimes going off into the distance; everywhere skirting the most fruitful fields, shaded with red and brown where they had been newly ploughed, clothed in deep or tender green where they were covered by the young winter crops or the fresh clover. Every village is surrounded by a belt of beautiful trees, and nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the meadows through which the Ruhr winds in fantastic meanderings. Towards evening, as I was comparing this smiling landscape with our gloomy pine forests, a tongue of home-like land suddenly appeared as if by enchantment,

with its sand, shingle, and arid stunted birch-trees, stretching across the road as far as the eye could reach. In ten minutes the green meadows and proud beeches greeted us again. What revolution was it that threw this tract of sand here?

A few miles from Wesel, however, the whole country becomes 'tout de bon' fatherlandish, and, as the 'chaussée' ends here, one wades once more through Berlin loose sand. I arrived unfortunately a day too late to sail from hence by the steamboat, otherwise I might have reached London from Weimar in four days and a half. Now I must travel by land to Rotterdam, and there wait the departure of the first vessel.

Rotterdam, Sept. 25th.

My journey from Wesel to Arnheim was tedious enough. The horses toiled slowly on, through a dull country, amid endless sands. There was nothing interesting to be seen but the great brick-kilns by the roadside, which I looked at attentively on account of their superiority to ours. The more agreeable, and really magical in its effect, is the contrast of the extensive garden which lies between Arnheim and Rotterdam. On a 'chaussée' constructed of clinkers, (very hard-baked tiles,) and covered with a surface of fine sand,—a road

which nothing can excel, and which never takes the slightest trace of a rut,—the carriage rolled on with that soft unvarying murmur of the wheels so inviting to the play of the fancy.

Although there is neither rock nor mountain in the endless park I traversed, yet the lofty dams along which the road sometimes runs, the multitude of country-seats, buildings and churches grouped into masses, and the many colossal clumps of trees rising from meadows and plains, or on the banks of clear lakes, gave to the landscape as much diversity of surface as of picturesque objects of the most varied character: indeed its greatest peculiarity consists in this rapid succession of objects which incessantly attract the attention. Towns, villages, country-seats, surrounded by their rich inclosures; villas of every style of architecture, with the prettiest flower-gardens; interminable grassy plains, with thousands of grazing cattle; lakes which have gradually grown merely from turf-digging to an extent of twenty miles; countless islands, where the long reed, carefully cultivated for thatch, serves as a dwelling-place for myriads of water-birds;—all join in a gladsome dance, through which one is borne along as if by winged horses; while still new palaces and other towns appear in the horizon,

and the towers of their high gothic churches melt into the clouds in the misty distance.

And even in the near-ground the continually changing and often grotesque figures leave no room for monotony. Now it is a strange carriage, decorated with carved work and gilding, without a pole, and driven by a coachman in a blue jacket, short black breeches, black stockings, and shoes with enormous silver buckles, who sits perched on a narrow board; or women walking under the load of gold or silver ear-rings six inches long, and Chinese hats like roofs upon their heads: then yew-trees cut into dragons and all sorts of fabulous monsters; or lime-trees with trunks painted white, or many-coloured; chimneys decorated in an Oriental style, with numbers of little towers or pinnacles; houses built slanting for the nonce; gardens with marble statues as large as life, in the dress of the old French Court, peeping through the bushes; or a number of brass bottles or cans, polished like mirrors, standing on the grass by the roadside, glittering like pure gold, yet destined to the humble purpose of receiving the milk with which the lads and lasses are busily filling them. In short, a multitude of strange, unwonted and fantastic objects every moment present to the eye a fresh scene, and stamp the whole with

a perfectly foreign character. Imagine such pictures set in the golden frame of the brightest sunshine, adorned with the richest vegetation, from giant oaks, elms, ashes, and beeches, to the rarest hot-house plant, and you will have a tolerably perfect and by no means exaggerated idea of this magnificent part of Holland, and of the high enjoyment of my day's ride.

There was only a part of it which, as to vegetation and variety, formed an exception; but in another point of view was, if not so pleasant, equally interesting. Between Arnheim and Utrecht you come upon a tract, four miles long*, of the sand of the Luneburg heath, as bad as the worst plains of the Mark; nevertheless,—such is the power of intelligent cultivation,—the finest plantations of oak, white and red beech, birch, poplar, &c. flourish by the side of the stunted thorns and heather, which are the only natural productions of the soil. Where the ground has too little strength to grow trees, it is planted with brushwood, which is lopped every five or six years. The magnificent road is skirted the whole way on each side with rows of well-kept flourishing trees; and to my surprise I found that, spite of the arid sand, oaks and beeches seemed to thrive better than

* German miles.—Transl.

birches and poplars. A number of the exquisitely neat Dutch houses and villas were built in the midst of the dreary heath: many were only begun, as well as the laying-out of pleasure-grounds around them. I could not understand how people could have pitched upon this inhospitable soil upon which to found expensive establishments; but learned that the Government had been wise enough to grant out the whole of this hitherto unprofitable tract of land to the neighbouring proprietors and other opulent persons, free of all charges for fifty years, with the sole condition that they must immediately either plant or otherwise cultivate it. Their heirs or successors are to pay a very moderate rent. I am persuaded, from what I here saw, that the greater part of our hungry heaths might in a century be converted by a similar process, and by continued cultivation, into thriving fields and woods, and the whole district thus change its character.

Utrecht is prettily built, and, like all Dutch towns, a model of cleanliness. The painted exterior of the houses and their various forms, the narrow winding streets, and the old-fashioned 'ensemble', are much more pleasing to my eye than the so-called handsome towns, the streets of which, like mathematical figures, invariably inter-

sect at right angles, and the whole weary line of each street is to be seen at a glance. The environs are charming, the air very healthful, Utrecht being the highest town in Holland, and, as I was assured, the society in winter and spring very lively and agreeable, as all the wealthiest nobles of the country make it their residence. The trade is inconsiderable, and the whole air of the town and its inhabitants rather aristocratical than commercial.

From thence I proceeded to Gouda, the cathedral of which place is celebrated for its painted glass. Eighty thousand gulden* was lately bidden in vain by an Englishman for one of these windows. In execution it is equal to a miniature picture, and the splendour of the colours is indescribable;—the gems and pearls in the garments of the priests emulate real ones. Another, half of which was lately shattered by lightning, was presented to the church by Philip II. There is a portrait of him in it, dressed in a mantle of genuine purple; not the usual reddish colour, but a lustrous violet, between the deepest blue and crimson, more beautiful than anything I ever saw in glass. A third contains a portrait of the Duke of Alva. All the windows are of extraordinary dimensions, and with few exceptions in exquisite

* A gulden is twenty-pence.—TRANSL.

preservation. They are all of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries except one, which was not painted till the seventeenth, and which betrays the decline of the art, both by the inferiority of the colours and of the conception and drawing.

He who has seen Gouda may spare himself the trouble of a journey to the leaning tower of Pisa, for here the whole town seems to have been built on the same principle. Though the Dutch, who have been on many accounts not inappropriately called the Chinese of Europe, might very fairly be believed capable of preferring so extraordinary a style of architecture, yet it is probable that the really alarming aspect of the buildings here is to be attributed chiefly to the unsteady boggy soil*.

Almost all the houses stand with their gable-ends to the street, every one of which is differently ornamented. In very narrow lanes they almost meet, and form a triangle, under which one walks with some solicitude.

As it was Sunday I found the town extremely lively, though with a quiet and decent gaiety.

* I remember to have read of a Greek monastery in Wallachia, the four towers of which appeared as if they would every moment fall in; yet this optical deception was produced only by the inclination of the windows, and of the friezes which run round the towers.

Most of the people stood idle, gazing about. They took off their hats very politely as I passed.

Before you reach Rotterdam you ride through a long series of country-houses with flower-gardens, separated from the road on either side by a narrow canal. The entrance to each of the houses is over a mighty drawbridge, which contrasts oddly enough with the insignificance of the water, over which a good leap would carry you. Just as 'baroque' are the tower-like windmills outside the town: they are gilded, and ornamented with the wildest carvings, besides which, the walls of many of them are so finely covered with thick rushes that at a distance they look like fur; others resemble the skin of a crocodile; some are like Chinese pagodas; but, in spite of all this extravagance, the whole group produces a very striking effect. Interspersed among them are seen the rising masts of the vessels in the harbour, and the great glass roof under which the ships of war are built, announcing a maritime and commercial city.

I soon entered a long street thronged with people, at the end of which a high black clock tower, with flaming red figures and hands, served as 'point de vue'; and it was a good quarter of an hour before I reached the Hotel des Bains, on the

quay, where I am now very well and comfortably lodged. From my window I look down upon a broad expanse of water, and the four steam-vessels, one of which is to convey me the day after to-morrow to England. Boats row swiftly to and fro, and the busy crowd hurry along the quay, the edge of which is adorned with lofty elms, probably cotemporaries of Erasmus. After a little walk under these trees, I ate a good dinner, and then added to this ell-long letter, which alas, will cost more than it is worth. My health is not entirely as I wish it, though daily improving. Perhaps the sea will cure me.

September 26th.

The manner of living here approaches to that of England. They rise late, dine at 'table d'hôte' at four o'clock, and drink tea in the evening. 'Au reste,' there is little amusement or variety for strangers, in this great city: there is not even a stationary theatre; the company from the Hague give occasional performances in a miserable house. Everybody seems occupied with trade, and finds his recreation after it only in domestic pleasures, which are indeed the most appropriate and the best, but in which a traveller can have no share. I went into the counting-house of a Jewish banker to change some English money: notwithstanding

the insignificance of the sum, he behaved in the most respectful manner, and after carefully counting out the money for me, accompanied me to the door himself. I was not a little astonished to learn from my 'laquais de place' that this man's fortune was estimated at two millions of guilders (gulden). It seems, therefore, that wealth has not yet made bankers so haughty and insolent here as at other places. I visited the arsenal, which, compared with English establishments of the like kind, appeared to me insignificant. Many of the large buildings are covered with pasteboard, which is said to be very lasting, and looks very well. Square sheets of pasteboard, of an ordinary thickness, are dipped several times into a cauldron of boiling tar, till they are thoroughly saturated with it: they are then hung up to dry in the sun. They are laid on a very flat roof, like sheets of copper, one over another, and nailed to planks underneath, which they thus preserve from the wet for many years. The officers of the yard assured me that a roof of this kind would last much longer than shingle, or than the best tarpauling. I was much interested by a very detailed model of a ship of war, which could be entirely taken to pieces. It was made for the naval school at Delft, and gives a perfect illustration of the in-

struction they receive. The King's golden barge, or gondola, though probably not quite equal in magnificence to that of Cleopatra, was shown to me with great self-satisfaction by the Dutchmen. It is rotting away on dry land, being very seldom used.

The country round Rotterdam is famous for its pretty girls and excellent fruit, which (the latter I mean) forms a considerable article of export to England. Nowhere are such enormous grapes to be found. I saw some exposed to sale in the market, which had the appearance and the size of plums. Sauntering idly about, I saw an advertisement of a panorama of Ætna,—entered, in the train of a party of ladies,—and alas! lost my heart. The loveliest girl I ever saw, smiled upon me from the foot of the volcano, with eyes which must have borrowed their glow from its eternal fires, while her lips smiled archly with a bloom equal to that of the oleander at her side. The prettiest foot, and most exquisite symmetry of person,—all were combined to form an ideal, if not of heavenly, at least of the most seductive earthly beauty. Was this a Dutch woman? Oh no, a true Sicilian; but alas, alas! only painted. The glances she cast at me from her viny bower as I went out, were therefore those of triumphant mockery; for since

Pygmalion's days are over, there is no hope for me.

Tomorrow, instead of the glowing sun and subterranean heat of Sicily, the cold wet sea will be around me; but I shall not say, with Voltaire, on quitting pleasant Holland,

'Adieu Canards, Canaux, Canailles.'

I shall not write again till I reach London. I will tell you whether I determine to make a long stay there, which I shall decide on the spot. 'En attendant,' I send you a lithographic print of the steam-boat in which I sail. A † marks, after the fashion in which the knights of old signed their names, the place where I stand, and with a little help from your imagination you will see how I wave my handkerchief, and send you a thousand affectionate greetings from afar.

Your faithful L——.

LETTER III.

London, Oct. 5th, 1826.

I HAVE had a most disastrous passage. A squall, constant sea-sickness, forty hours instead of twenty,—and, to crown the whole, striking on a sand-bank in the Thames, where we had to lie six hours, till the tide set us afloat again;—such were the disagreeable incidents of our voyage.

It is ten years since I quitted England; and I know not whether I saw all things before with beautifying eyes, or whether my imagination had unconsciously brightened the colouring of the distant picture; but the views on the banks of the Thames appeared to me neither so fresh nor so picturesque as formerly, though superb groups of trees and cheerful pretty villas were frequently in sight. But here, as in North Germany, the lopping of the trees often spoils the landscape; only that the quantity of them in the numerous hedges which inclose the fields, and the preservation of at least the topmost branches, render the effect less melancholy here than in the otherwise so beautiful Silesia.

Among the passengers was an Englishman who had just returned from Herrnhut, and had also visited the baths of M——. It diverted me highly, unknown to him as I was, to hear his opinion of the plantations there. How much tastes differ, and how little, therefore, anybody needs to despair, you may conclude from this,—that he expressed the highest admiration for that gloomy district, solely on account of the immensity of the 'evergreen woods', as he called the endless monotonous pine-forests, which appear to us so insufferable, but which are a rarity in England, where fir-trees are carefully planted in parks, and commonly thrive but ill.

An American was extremely incensed at being sea-sick during this trumpery passage, after having crossed the Atlantic to Rotterdam without being at all so; and a planter from Demarara, who was in a continual shiver, complained even more of the "impolitic" abolition of the slave-trade than of the cold. He thought that this measure would speedily bring about the total ruin of the colonies; for, said he, a slave or a native never works unless he is forced; and he does not need to work, because the magnificent country and climate afford him food and shelter sufficient. Europeans *cannot* work in the heat, so that nothing remains but

the alternative,—colonies with slaves, or no colonies;—that people knew this well enough, but had very different ends in view from those which they put forward with such a parade of philanthropy. He maintained that the slaves were, even for their owners' interest, far better treated than the Irish peasants,—far better than he had often seen servants treated in Europe:—an exception might be found here and there; but this was not worth considering in a view of the whole subject.

I tried to turn the conversation from a subject so distressing to every friend of humanity, and got him to describe to me the mode of life in Guiana, and the majesty of its primeval woods. His descriptions filled me with a sort of longing after these wonders of Nature, in a country where all is nobler, and man alone is baser, than with us.

The ridiculous element of the voyage was an English lady, who with unusual volubility seized every occasion of entering into conversation in French. Though no longer in the bloom of youth, she carefully concealed this defect even on shipboard, by the most studied toilet. At a late hour in the morning, when we all crawled on deck more or less wretched, we found her already seated there in an elegant 'negligée'.

In the middle of the second night we anchored just below London Bridge, the most unfortunate circumstance that can happen to a man. In consequence of the severity of the Custom-house, he is not permitted to take his things on shore before they are inspected; and the office is not opened till ten in the morning. As I did not choose to leave my German servants alone with my carriage and effects, I was compelled to pass the night, almost dressed as I was, in a miserable sailors' tavern close to the river. In the morning, however, when I was present at the examination, I found that the golden key, which rarely fails, had not lost its efficacy here, and saved me from long and tedious delays. Even a few dozen French gloves, which lay in all innocence open upon my linen, seemed to be rendered invisible;—nobody took any notice of them.

I hastened as quickly as possible out of the dirty City, swarming like an ant-hill, but had half a stage to travel with post-horses before I reached the 'West end of the town,' where I put up at my old quarters, the Clarendon Hotel. My former host, a Swiss, had exchanged England for a yet unknown country. His son, however, occupied his place, and received me with all that respectful attention which distinguishes English innkeepers,

and indeed all here who live by the money of others. He very soon rendered me a real service; for I had hardly rested an hour before I discovered that, in the confusion of the night, I had left a purse with eighty sovereigns in a drawer in my bed-room. Monsieur Jaquier, 'qui connoissait le terrain,' shrugged his shoulders, but instantly sent off a confidential person to the spot, to recover the lost purse if possible. The disorder which reigned in the miserable inn, stood me in good stead. Our messenger found the room uncleared; and to the, perhaps disagreeable, surprise of the people, the purse where I left it.

London is now so utterly dead as to elegance and fashion, that one hardly meets an equipage; and nothing remains of the 'beau monde' but a few ambassadors. The huge city is, at the same time, full of fog and dirt, and the macadamized streets are like well-worn roads; the old pavement has been torn up, and replaced by small pieces of granite, the interstices between which are filled with gravel; this renders the riding more easy, and diminishes the noise; but, on the other hand, changes the town into a sort of quagmire. Were it not for the admirable 'trottoirs', people must go on stilts, as they do in the Landes

near Bourdeaux. Englishwomen of the lower classes do indeed wear an iron machine of the kind on their large feet.

London is, however, extremely improved in the direction of Regent Street, Portland Place, and the Regent's Park. Now, for the first time, it has the air of a seat of Government (Residenz), and not of an immeasurable metropolis of 'shopkeepers', to use Napoleon's expression. Although poor Mr. Nash (an architect who has great influence over the King, and is the chief originator of these improvements) has fared so ill at the hands of connoisseurs,—and it cannot be denied that his buildings are a jumble of every sort of style, the result of which is rather 'baroque' than original,—yet the country is, in my opinion, much indebted to him for conceiving and executing such gigantic designs for the improvement of the metropolis. The greater part too is still 'in petto,' but will doubtless soon be called into existence by English opulence and the universal rage for building. It's true, one must not look too nicely into the details. The church, for instance, which serves as 'point de vue' to Regent Street, ends in a ridiculous spire, while every part seems at variance with every other. It is a strange architectural monster. There is an admirable caricature, in

which Mr. Nash, a very small shrivelled man, is represented booted and spurred, riding spitted on the point of the spire. Below is the inscription "*National* (sounded *nashional*) *taste.*"

Many such monstrosities might be mentioned. Among others, on a balcony which adorns the largest mansion in the Regent's Park, there are four figures squeezed flat against the wall, whose purpose or import is extremely mysterious. They are clad in a sort of dressing-gown, whence we gather that they are at least designed for human figures. Perhaps they are emblems of an hospital; for these apparent palaces, like that at Potsdam, have unity and grandeur in their façade alone. They are often, in fact, only a conglomeration of small houses dedicated to the purposes of trade, manufacture, or what not.

Faultless, on the other hand, is the landscape-gardening part of the park, which also originates with Mr. Nash, especially in the disposition of the water. Art has here completely solved the difficult problem of concealing her operations under an appearance of unrestrained nature. You imagine you see a broad river flowing on through luxuriant banks, and going off in the distance in several arms; while in fact you are looking upon a small piece of standing, though clear, water,

created by art and labour. So beautiful a landscape as this, with hills in the distance, and surrounded by an inclosure of magnificent houses a league in circuit, is certainly a design worthy of one of the capitals of the world; and when the young trees are grown into majestic giants, will scarcely find a rival. In the execution of Mr. Nash's plan many old streets have been pulled down, and during the last ten years more than sixty thousand new houses built in this part of the town. It is, in my opinion, a peculiar beauty of the new streets, that, though broad, they do not run in straight lines, but make occasional curves which break their uniformity.

If ever London has quays, and St. Paul's Church is laid open, according to the ingenious project of Colonel Trench, she will excel all other cities in magnificence, as much as she now does in magnitude.

Among the new bridges, Waterloo Bridge holds the first rank. The proprietors are said to have lost 300,000*l.* by the undertaking. Twelve hundred feet in length, and inclosed between solid balustrades of granite, it affords an agreeable and almost solitary walk, and commands the finest river view, in so far as the fog will permit it to

be seen,—in which palaces, bridges, churches, and vessels, are proudly blended.

The contrivance for checking the toll-receivers was new to me. The iron turnstile through which you pass, and which is in the usual form of a cross, is so contrived that it describes each time only a quarter of the circle, just as much as is necessary to let one person through; and at the moment when it stops, a mark falls in an inclosed case under the bridge. There is a similar contrivance for carriages; and the proprietors have only to count the marks in an evening, to know accurately how many foot- and horse-passengers cross the bridge daily. The former pay a penny, the latter threepence, by which it was expected that three hundred pounds a day would be taken, instead of which the receipts seldom exceed fifty.

October 7th.

What would delight you here is the extreme cleanliness of the houses, the great convenience of the furniture, and the good manners and civility of all serving people. It is true that one pays for all that appertains to luxury (for the strictly necessary is not *much* dearer than with us,) six times as high; but then one has six times as much

comfort. In the inns every thing is far better and more abundant than on the Continent. The bed, for instance, which consists of several mattrasses laid one upon another, is large enough to contain two or three persons; and when the curtains which hang from the square tester supported on substantial mahogany columns, are drawn around you, you find yourself as it were in a little cabinet,—a room, which would be a very comfortable dwelling for a Frenchman. On your washing-table you find—not one miserable water-bottle, with a single earthen or silver jug and basin, and a long strip of a towel, such as are given you in all hotels and many private houses in France and Germany; but positive tubs of handsome porcelain, in which you may plunge half your body; cocks which instantly supply you with streams of water at pleasure; half a dozen wide towels; a multitude of fine glass bottles and glasses, great and small; a large standing looking-glass, foot-baths, &c., not to mention other anonymous conveniences of the toilet, all of equal elegance.

Everything presents itself before you in so attractive a guise, that as soon as you wake you are allured by all the charms of the bath. If you want anything, the sound of your bell brings either a neatly dressed maid-servant, with a respectful

curtesy, or a smart well-dressed waiter, who receives your orders in the garb and with the air of an adroit valet; instead of an uncombed lad, in a short jacket and green apron, who asks you, with a mixture of stupidity and insolence, "Was schaffen's Ihr Gnoden?" (What is it, Your Honour?), or "Haben *Sie* hier jeklingelt?" (Was it *you*, here, that rung?), and then runs out again without understanding properly what is wanted. Good carpets cover the floors of all the chambers; and in the brightly polished steel grate burns a cheerful fire, instead of the dirty logs, or the smoky and ill-smelling stoves to be found in so many of our inns.

If you go out, you never find a dirty staircase, nor one in which the lighting serves only to make darkness visible. Throughout the house, day and night, reign the greatest order and decency; and in some hotels every spacious set of apartments has its own staircase, so that no one comes in contact with others. At table, the guest is furnished with a corresponding profusion of white table linen, and brilliantly polished table utensils; with a well-filled 'plat de ménage', and an elegance of setting out which leaves nothing to wish for. The servants are always there when you want them, and yet are not intrusive: the master of

the house generally makes his appearance with the first dish, and inquires whether everything is as you desire;—in short, the best inns afford everything that is to be found in the house of a travelled gentleman, and the attendance is perhaps more perfect and respectful. It is true the reckoning is of a-piece with the rest, and you must pay the waiters nearly as much as you would a servant of your own. In the first hotels, a waiter is not satisfied with less than two pounds a-week for his own private fees. Such gifts or vales are more the order of the day in England than in any other country, and are asked with the greatest shamelessness even in the churches.

I visited the bazaars today. These establishments have come very much into fashion within the last few years, and afford great facilities to buyers. The so-called horse bazaar is built on a very large scale, and daily draws together a very motley assemblage. It includes several extensive buildings, where hundreds of carriages and harness of every kind, new and old (the latter made to look like new), are exposed to sale, at all prices, in a very long gallery. In other rooms are porcelain wares, articles of dress, glass mirrors, 'quincaillerie', toys, and even collections of foreign birds and butterflies, all for sale. At

length you reach a coffee-room in the centre of the establishment, with a glazed gallery running round an open space. Here, while comfortably seated at breakfast (in rather mixed company it is true), you see a number of horses led out from the extensive stables, where they are well taken care of, and to which any one who has a horse to sell may send it for a certain fee. They are then put up to auction. When a horse is warranted sound by the auctioneer, you may buy it with tolerable safety, since the proprietor of the establishment is responsible for the warranty. The best are certainly not to be found here, but the cheapest are; and to many this is a great recommendation: perhaps a still greater is the being able to get all one wants in the same place. There are already, as I said, several of these bazaars, and they are worth a visit. The convenient walking on the excellent 'trottoirs', the gay and ever-changing groups, and the numerous splendid shops, make the streets of London, especially in the evening, a very agreeable walk to a foreigner.

Besides the brilliant gas-lights, there are large globes of glass in the druggists' shops, filled with liquid of a deep red, blue, or green colour, the splendid light of which is visible for miles, and often serves as a beacon, though sometimes as an

'ignis fatuus,' if you are unlucky enough to mistake one for another.

Of all the shops, the most attractive are those in which the beautiful English crystal is sold. Real diamonds can scarcely glitter more dazzlingly than the far-gleaming collections of some manufacturers. I observed too some articles of rose or other coloured glass, but I was surprised to see how little the forms were changed. The crown lustres, for instance, are just the same as ever; and yet I should think that they might be made in the form of suns with diverging rays, or of bouquets of flowers, instead of this eternal crown; or that small lustres of gay colours, set like 'bijous' of various gems, and fixed against the walls of rooms of appropriate, perhaps oriental, decorations, would produce a new and striking effect.

Other very interesting shops contain all the newest implements of agriculture and the mechanic arts, from huge drilling machines and an apparatus for uprooting old trees, to small delicate garden shears, all set out in extensive premises, all arranged with a certain elegance, which is universal, even among the dealers in meat, fish, and vegetables. The shops of ironmongers and dealers in lamps well deserve a visit; affording, as they do,

a display of the new and the useful, which it would not be easy to find on the whole Continent, either to the same extent or in the same exact perfection. The traveller, however, who confines himself to the 'salons' and the like, and who wants to see only *genteel sights*, had better stay at home.

I closed the day with a walk to Chelsea, the hospital for invalid soldiers, where one rejoices to see the old warriors well taken care of, inhabiting a palace, and enjoying gardens with the most beautiful smooth-mowed 'bowling-green' and lofty avenues of horse-chestnut trees, of which a little sovereign might be proud.

I dined at the —— ambassador's at eight o'clock. The dinner was remarkable not only for the amiability of the host, but for genuine Metternich-Johannisberg; for which nectar, even the most inveterate liberal must allow justice to be done to the great minister. At table I found friend B——, the youth of forty, who charged me with abundance of compliments to you. He is the same as ever, and entertained me with a long conversation about his toilet; he declared that he had grown dreadfully thin in England from ennui.

I must here give you notice that I can say nothing about London society till a longer residence and 'the season' have enabled me to speak with

more confidence on the subject. So long as London remains desert as Palmyra, as to the fashionable world, I shall confine myself to a description of places.

October 10th.

A few days ago I took advantage of rather brighter weather to visit Chiswick, a villa of the Duke of Devonshire's, which is esteemed the most elegant specimen of garden decoration, of its kind, in England. I had seen it some years ago at a fête given by the Duke, but only superficially. I could not, even now, see the pictures, as the house was inhabited by a visitor.

I found the garden much altered, but not I think for the better; for there is now a mixture of the regular and the irregular which has a very unpleasant effect. The ugly fashion now prevalent in England, of planting the 'pleasure-ground' with single trees or shrubs placed at a considerable distance almost in rows, has been introduced in several parts of these grounds. This gives the grass-plats the air of nursery-grounds. The shrubs are trimmed round so as not to touch each other, the earth carefully cleared about them every day, and the edges of the turf cut into stiff lines, so that you see more of black earth than of green foliage, and the free beauty of nature is quite checked. Mr. Nash,

however, adheres to a very different principle, and the new gardens of Buckingham Palace are models to all planters.

The most favourable circumstance to English gardeners is the mildness of the climate. Common and Portuguese laurels, azaleas, and rhododendrons are not injured by the frost, and afford the most beautiful luxuriant thickets, summer and winter, and, in their respective seasons, the richest blossoms and berries.

Magnolias are seldom covered, and even camellias stand abroad in peculiarly sheltered spots, with only the protection of a matting. The turf preserves its beautiful freshness all winter; indeed at that season it is usually thicker and more beautiful than in summer, when I remember, in dry weather, to have seen it worse than ever I saw it in the Mark. The present is just the season in which the whole vegetation is in its utmost magnificence.

A pretty effect is produced at Chiswick by a single lofty tree, the stem of which has been cleared up to the very top, and from beneath which you command a view of the whole garden and a part of the park;—a good hint to landscape gardeners, which I advise you to profit by at M——. The cedars here (which unfortunately will not thrive with us)

are celebrated, and grow to the size of old fir-trees. Colossal yew hedges also show how long this estate has been an object of extraordinary care. The new conservatories do more credit to the taste of the present possessor than the pleasure-ground. It is strange enough that orange-trees nowhere reach any great size in England. They are very 'mésquin' here. On the other hand, the flower-gardens are magnificent. The beds are so thinly planted that each separate plant has room to spread, excepting in those beds which are entirely filled with one sort of flower. In them, the chief aim is the perfection of the whole, and they are consequently by far the most beautiful. In the pinery I saw, for the first time, the great Providence pines, specimens of which have been produced of twelve pounds weight.

There is a menagerie attached to the garden, in which a tame elephant performs all sorts of feats, and very quietly suffers anybody to ride him about a large grass-plat. His neighbour is a lama, of a much less gentle nature; his weapon is a most offensive saliva, which he spits out to a distance of some yards at any one who irritates him; he takes such good aim, and fires so suddenly at his antagonist, that it is extremely difficult to avoid his charge.

Chiswick has unfortunately only stagnant slimy water, which is sometimes so low that the elephant, if he were thirsty, might drink it up at a draught.

Passing through a continued series of pretty villas and country-houses of every kind, amid the whirl of horsemen, stage-coaches, travelling-carriages, and coal-waggons drawn by gigantic horses, with occasional pretty glimpses of the Thames, I reached Hyde-Park Corner, after an hour's quick driving, and buried myself anew in the labyrinth of the huge town.

The next day I visited the City, accompanied by my 'laquais de place', a Swiss, who had travelled in Egypt, Syria, Siberia and America; had published a Russian post-book; brought the first intelligence of the taking of Hamburg, together with an actual specimen of a live Cossack, to London; bought Napoleon's coronation robes at Paris, and exhibited them here; and speaks almost all the European languages. I think all this is not dear at half-a-guinea a day. He may be useful, too, as a physician; for he has collected so many secrets and recipes on his travels, that he has a domestic remedy for every disorder, and moreover, as he maintains, is in possession of a thousand different receipts for making punch. Under the

conduct of this universal genius, I entered the Royal Exchange for the first time.

In other cities the Exchange has merely a mercantile air,—here it has a completely historical one. The imposing statues of English sovereigns around, the most remarkable among whom are Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, combined with the antique and stately architecture, excite a poetical feeling, to which the thought of the boundless commerce of which London is the centre gives a still deeper significancy. The men, however, who animate the picture soon draw one back into the region of common-place, for selfishness and avarice gleam but too clearly from every eye. In this point of view, the place I am describing, and indeed the whole City, have a repulsive sinister aspect, which almost reminds one of the restless and comfortless throng of the spirits of the damned.

The great court of the Exchange is surrounded by covered arcades, on which inscriptions point out to the merchants of every nation their several places of assembling. In the centre stands a statue of Charles the Second, who built this edifice. Its port and bearing precisely express the man whom history describes; not handsome, but somewhat graceful, and with an inveterate levity

of features, composed, as if in mockery, to seriousness: a levity which nothing could correct, because it sprang from mediocrity, and which made this king as agreeable and careless a 'roué' as he was a worthless ruler. In niches above stand the busts of other English sovereigns. I have already mentioned Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. They would be striking, independently of all associations;—Henry, fat and contented, and with an expression of wanton cruelty; Elizabeth, with an air of masculine greatness, and yet of feminine spite. The busts are doubtless copied from the best originals by Holbein. On this story is the celebrated Lloyd's Coffee House, the dirtiest place of the kind in London, which exhibits few traces of the millions daily exchanged in it.

Close by is the vast and beautiful building, the Bank of England, containing a number of rooms of various dimensions, generally lighted from above, and destined to the various offices. Hundreds of clerks are here at work, and mechanically conduct the gigantic business, at which the 'nil admirari' becomes a difficult matter to a poor German; especially when he is admitted into the Bullion Office where the ingots are kept, and gazes astounded on the heaps of gold and silver which appear to him to realize the wonders of the Arabian Nights.

From hence I proceeded to the Town-House (Guildhall), where the Lord Mayor was just in the act of administering the law. The present Lord Mayor is a bookseller, but cut a very good figure in his blue gown and gold chain, and assumed a truly monarchical dignity. I do not think that he acquitted himself at all worse than a regular officer of justice;—ever since Sancho Panza's time, it is admitted that a sound understanding often discerns the right more truly than learned subtlety.

The scene of action was a moderate-sized room, half-filled with the lowest populace. The matter in hand was the most frequent and ordinary theme in England,—a theft; and as the culprit, who appeared equally indifferent and 'ennuyé', after a little hesitation confessed the offence, the drama soon came to a close.

Further still did we wander on in the tumultuous 'City,' where you may be lost like a flitting atom, if you do not pass on to the right or left according to rule;—where you seem to be in continual danger of being spitted on the shaft of a cabriolet driving too near the narrow 'trottoir', or crushed under the weight of an overloaded and tottering stage-coach edifice. At length we reached an extremely dark and mean-looking coffee-house,

called Garroway's, where estates and houses of enormous value are daily put up to sale. We took our seat with great gravity, as if we had been desirous of making some important purchase, and admired the uncommon suavity of manner and incredible address with which the auctioneer excited the desire to purchase among his audience. He was very well dressed in black, with a wig, and stood with all the dignity of a professor in his chair. He pronounced a charming oration on every estate, and failed not to season it with various jokes and witticisms, at the same time eulogizing every object in so irresistible a manner that one would have sworn all the property went for an old song.

How could I leave the City without visiting the true 'Lion,' (the English expression for anything extraordinary)—the sovereign,—in a word, Rothschild?

I found him, too, in a poor obscure-looking place, (his residence is in another part of the town,) and making my way with some difficulty through the little court-yard, blocked up by a waggon laden with bars of silver, I was introduced into the presence of this Grand Ally of the Holy Alliance. I found the Russian consul in the act of paying his court. He is an acute, clever man, perfect in

the part he has to play, and uniting the due respect with a becoming air of dignity. This was the more difficult, because the very original aristocrat of the City did not stand much on ceremony. On my presenting my letter of credit, he said ironically, that we were lucky people who could afford to travel about so, and take our pleasure; while he, poor man, had such a heavy burthen to bear. He then broke out into bitter complaints that every poor devil who came to England had something or other to ask of him. "Yesterday," said he, "here was a Russian begging of me" (an episode which threw a bitter-sweet expression over the consul's face); "and," added he, "the Germans here don't give me a moment's peace." Now it was my turn to put a good face upon the matter. After this, the conversation took a political turn, and we both of course agreed that Europe could not subsist without him;—he modestly declined our compliment, and said, smiling, "Oh no, you are only jesting,—I am but a servant, whom people are pleased with because he manages their affairs well, and to whom they let some crumbs fall as an acknowledgement."

All this was said in a language quite peculiar to himself, half English, half German,—the English part with a broad German accent, but with

the imposing confidence of a man who feels such trifles to be beneath his attention. This truly original language struck me as very characteristic of a man who is unquestionably a person of genius, and of a certain sort of greatness of character.

I had begun my day, very appropriately for England, with the Royal Exchange, the resort of merchants, and ended it with Exeter 'Change, where I saw the representatives of the colonies,—the wild beasts. Here I found another lion, and this time a genuine one, called Nero, who, besides his tameness, has the rarer merit in our northern latitudes of having presented England with six generations of young lions. He is of enormous size and dignified aspect, but now rests upon his laurels and sleeps royally nearly all day long. If he wakes in an ill humour, however, he makes the old wooden house and all the herd of subject beasts tremble. These consist of elephants, tigers, leopards, hyænas, zebras, monkeys, ostriches, condors, parrots, &c. It is curious that they are not upon the ground floor, but up one or two pair of stairs, so that one can ride on a tame elephant which stands always ready saddled, and enjoy a fine extensive prospect. The variety is great, and the price moderate. The ambassador of the late King of Würtemburg had, as I well

remember, more occupation here than in St. James's and Downing Street; and, indeed, I know that he was for a considerable time in fear of losing his post on account of a strange enormous dead tortoise.

On the way home to my hotel we passed a house which furnished my cicerone with an occasion of telling the following interesting story. If it is 'brodé', I beg of you to blame him and not me*.

October 13th.

Fatigued by my tour the day before yesterday, I passed the following morning in my own room. In the evening I visited the English Opera. The house is neither large nor elegant, but the actors very good. There was no opera, however, but hideous melodrames; first, Frankenstein, where a

* Here follows the well-known story of Mrs. Montague's May-day entertainment of the chimney-sweeps, and the incident to which it is usually said to have owed its rise.

After this comes an account of the mad attempt of Mr. Montague, the ci-devant sweep, together with a Mr. Barnett, to descend the falls of Schaffhausen in a boat, where both were of course lost. All this, being both familiar to us, and inaccurately told, has been omitted. The cicerone, who professed to have been a servant of this Mr. Montague, had probably heard the incident related of Mr. Sedley Burdett and Lord Frederick Montague. It only proves how necessary was the author's disclaimer of responsibility.—TRANSL.

human being is made by magic,—a manufacture which answers very ill; and then the Vampire, after the well-known tale falsely attributed to Lord Byron. The principal part in both was acted by Mr. Cooke, who is distinguished for a very handsome person, skilful acting, and a remarkably dignified, noble deportment. The acting was, indeed, admirable throughout, but the pieces so stupid and monstrous that it was impossible to sit out the performance. The heat, the exhalations, and the audience were not the most agreeable. Besides all this, the performance lasted from seven to half-past twelve,—too long for the best.

The next day I drove to Hampton Court to visit the palace, the stud, and my old friend Lady ——. Of all three I found the first the least altered, and the celebrated vine laden as usual with grapes. It had considerably above a thousand bunches, and completely covered a hothouse of seventy-five feet long by twenty-five wide. In a corner stood, like the dim progenitor of a haughty race, its brown stem, as lost and obscure as if it did not belong to the magnificent canopy of leaves and fruit which owe their existence to it alone.

Most of the rooms in the palace have still the

same furniture as in the time of William the Third. The torn chairs and curtains are carefully preserved. The walls are hung with many interesting and admirable pictures;—above all, the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, which, however, are soon to be transferred to the King's new palace. I must only mention two fine portraits,—that of Wolsey, the haughty founder of this palace, and that of Henry the Eighth, his treacherous master. Both are admirable and highly characteristic. You remember that fat lawyer whom we had such difficulty in getting rid of; with an animal expression of countenance, sensual, bloodthirsty as far as the present times render it possible to be so, clever, subtle, full of talent and of craft, with boundless haughtiness, and yet a resistless tendency to the vulgar, and, lastly, utterly and frankly devoid of all conscience;—give the picture of Henry a green frock-coat and pearl buttons, and you have a most faithful portrait of him.

Nature continually repeats herself in different 'nuances',—they vary according to the state of mankind and of the world.

In the night I was very nearly suffocated. The Jocrisse I imported, who had probably been too hospitably entertained by some English acquaint-

ance, thought proper to take the coals out of the fireplace while I was asleep, and left them standing in my room in a lackered coal-scuttle. A frightful smoke and infernal smell fortunately awoke me just as I was dreaming that I was a courtier of Henry the Eighth, and was paying my court to a French beauty at the Champ du Drap d'Or; otherwise I should have gone to meet the fair one of my dream in heaven.

Almost like that heaven, as distant and as lovely, appears to me the place where you are dwelling, my truest friend: and thus I send you the kiss of peace across the sea, and close my first English letter, wishing you health and every blessing.

Your devoted

L——.

LETTER IV.

London, Oct. 15th, 1826.

It seems to me that I shall never get accustomed to this climate, for ever since my landing I have felt perpetually unwell. However, so long as I am not confined to my chamber, I do not suffer it to depress me much; I ride a great deal in the lovely cultivated environs of London, and do not abstain from my walks about the town.

The turn of the British Museum came lately, where a strange "*Mischmasch*" of works of art, natural curiosities, books, and models, are preserved in a miserable building.

At the top of the staircase, as you enter, stand two enormous giraffes, in the character of stuffed guards, or emblems of English taste! There is, doubtless, much that is interesting in the various apartments. I confess, however, to my shame, that I must be in a peculiarly favourable state of mind not to have an attack of indigestion after such a surfeit of sights. Among the antediluvian remains I saw an enormous and remark-

ably perfect pair of stag's antlers, at least six times as large as the largest of those which friend C—— keeps in the stag-gallery of his castle. In a huge shed are deposited the noble Elgin Marbles, as they are here called.

A bust of Hippocrates struck me as being so perfect a representation of the physician by profession, that here in England one can hardly look at it without putting one's hand in one's pocket*. I looked at the celebrated Portland Vase with all the enthusiasm it is calculated to excite. I send you two little works on the Vase and the Elgin Marbles, with very tolerable outline engravings. But I must now quit you to give orders about packing; for tomorrow I mean to start for Newmarket races.

Newmarket, Oct. 19th.

The beauty of the country, and the extraordinary neatness and elegance of every place through which my road lay today, struck me anew in the most agreeable manner. These fertile and well-cultivated fields; these thousands of comfortable and pretty farm-houses and cottages scattered over every part of the country; this incessant stream of elegant carriages, well-mounted horse-

* English physicians expect a guinea at every visit.—Editor.

men, and well-dressed foot passengers, are peculiar to England. The beautiful picture has but one fault,—it is all too cultivated, too perfect; thence always and everywhere the same, and consequently, in the long run, wearisome:—indeed I can even conceive that it must become distasteful in time, like a savoury dish of dainties to the stomach of a sated man. This may explain the great taste of the English for travelling on the Continent. It is just so in life,—the thing men can the least bear is undisturbed good fortune, and it may be doubted whether father Adam would not have died of ennui in paradise.

Today, however, a due proportion of shadows was provided for me. In consequence of the great resort to the races, I found at every stage only miserable overdriven horses, sometimes none at all; so that, according to the English standard, I travelled wretchedly, and did not reach Newmarket till late at night.

There was no room in any of the inns; and I thought myself happy at last to get one small room in a private house, for which I paid five guineas a week. Fortunately I met an old acquaintance in the same house,—the son of a little Hungarian Magnate, who seems formed to please himself and others by his unpretending good-

nature and joyous temper. I revere such natures, precisely because they have all that I want.

Next morning I rode about with him to reconnoitre the ground a little. One day here is precisely like another. At half-past nine in the morning you see some hundreds of race-horses, carefully clothed, taking their morning promenade on a rising ground. The bare, wide-spread heath is covered with them as with a herd of cattle; some are walking at a foot pace, others galloping, some slower, some quicker, but none at full speed. An inspector on a little poney generally accompanies the horses which belong to the same gentleman, or which are under the care of the same training-groom. The horses are all ridden without a saddle by little half-dressed lads, one of whom is every now and then thrown for the amusement of the spectators. After this exhibition, certainly a most interesting one to every amateur of horses, people breakfast, and in half an hour go to the sale, which takes place almost every day in the open street, under the auspices of the far-famed Mr. Tattersall. They then ride or drive to the races.

These begin pretty punctually at twelve o'clock. An interminable grassy plain covered with a thick short turf is the ground, where various distances, from a full German mile as maximum, to an

eighth or tenth as minimum, are marked for the course in a perfectly straight line. Near the end, this course is inclosed between ropes, on the outside of which rows of carriages three and four deep are drawn up, generally without horses, and covered within and without, from top to bottom, with spectators. At the goal itself is a wooden house on wheels, very like those the shepherds have in many parts of Germany, so that it can be moved about in case the course is lengthened or shortened: in this sits the judge. Just opposite to him is a post fixed in the ground, by means of which he determines which horse's nose first appears exactly on a line with it; for an inch often decides the race: and it is a very skilful piece of policy and jockeyship of the riders here, to betray the real speed of their horses as little as possible, and to display only as much of it as is necessary to win the race. If they see they have no chance, they immediately give up; so that those who contend for victory to the last, are always very nearly together at the goal. The grotesque spectacle of a rider a mile in the rear, belabouring his horse with whip and spur, like a steam-engine, is exhibited only in France and Germany. If two horses reach the post exactly at the same moment, (which frequently

happens,) they must run again. The judge is upon oath, and there is no appeal from his decision. The English jockeys (who are not, as foreigners think, little boys, but often dwarfish men of sixty,) form a perfectly distinct class, and are the best practical riders I know of. You remember that I kept race-horses myself, and had a Newmarket jockey for a time in my service, who won a considerable bet for me at Vienna. It amused me greatly to see this fellow 'training' himself. After dosing himself severely, he would go out in the greatest heat, dressed in three or four great-coats, ride a certain distance at a hard trot, till the sweat streamed off him in torrents, and he almost sank from exhaustion; 'mais tel étoit son plaisir', and the more completely good-for-nothing he felt, the better he was pleased*.

But there are bounds to this: for the man, by excessive training, may reduce himself below the weight which the horse is bound to carry, and thus subject himself to the inconvenient necessity

* Let me take this opportunity of advising those of my Berlin friends who mean to run horses, to have them trained by well-recommended English grooms; for it is far from being the fact, that every English groom without exception understands the business, as I have satisfactorily convinced myself. They think they have trained a horse, when by blood-letting, medicine and exercise, they have reduced him

of carrying lead in the girths. At a certain distance from the goal, about a hundred paces to the side, stands another white post called the betting-post. Here the bettors assemble, after they have seen the horses saddled in the stables at the beginning of the course, thoroughly examined into all the circumstances of the impending race, or perhaps given a wink to some devoted jockey. The scene which ensues would to many appear the most strange that ever was exhibited. In noise, uproar, and clamour, it resembles a Jews' synagogue, with a greater display of passion. The persons of the drama are the first peers of England, livery-servants, the lowest 'sharpers' and 'blacklegs';—in short, all who have money to bet here claim equal rights; nor is there any marked difference in their external appearance. Most of them have pocket-books in their hands, each calls aloud his bet, and when it is taken, each party immediately notes it in his book. Dukes, lords, grooms, and rogues, shout, scream, and halloo

to a skeleton, and taken away all his strength, which real training increases tenfold. Both the well and ill trained are equally thin; but in the latter it is the leanness of debility and exhaustion; in the former, the removal of all unnecessary flesh and fat, and the highest power and development of the muscles.—Editor.

together, and bet together, with a volubility and in a technical language out of which a foreigner is puzzled to make anything; till suddenly the cry is heard, "The horses have started!" In a minute the crowd disperses; but the bettors soon meet again at the ropes which inclose the course. You see a multitude of telescopes, opera-glasses and eye-glasses, levelled from the carriages and by the horsemen, in the direction whence the jockeys are coming. With the speed of the wind they are seen approaching; and for a few moments a deep and anxious silence pervades the motley crowd; while a manager on horseback keeps the course clear, and applies his whip without ceremony to the shoulders of any intruder. The calm endures but a moment;—then once more arises the wildest uproar; shouts and lamentations, curses and cheers re-echo on every side, from Lords and Ladies, far and wide. "Ten to four upon the Admiral!" "A hundred to one upon Madame Vestris!" "Small Beer against the field!" &c. are heard from the almost frantic bettors: and scarcely do you hear a "Done!" uttered here and there, when the noble animals are before you—past you—in the twinkling of an eye; the next moment at the goal, and luck, or skill, or knavery have decided the victory. The great losers

look blank for a moment; the winners triumph aloud; many make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu', and dart to the spot, where the horses are unsaddled and the jockeys weighed, to see if some irregularity may not yet give them a chance. In a quarter of an hour the same scene begins anew with other horses, and is repeated six or seven times. 'Voilà les courses de Newmarket!'

The first day I was gifted with such a prophetic vision, that twice, by the mere exercise of my proper observation and judgement, I betted upon the winner at the saddling, and gained a considerable sum. But I had the usual fate of play,—what I won that day I lost the next, and as much more to boot. Whoever is a permanent winner here, is sure of his game *beforehand;* and it is well known that the principles of many of the English nobility are remarkably wide and expansive on this head.

Among the company present, I found several old acquaintances, who gave me permission to see their running horses in the stable, which is regarded as a signal favour. They also offered to introduce me into the Club here;—an honour, however, which I declined. It is purely a gambling Club,—which a man should beware of in England, more than in any other country.

It may be regarded as a part of the national costume, and highly characteristic of the general tradesman-like spirit, that beforehand all advantages are fair; but that after a bet is once taken, though often amidst the greatest hurry and confusion, it is scarcely ever disputed. On the other hand, a man who has lost more than he can pay, before reckoning-day becomes invisible, that is, commits an act of bankruptcy, and betakes himself to the Continent, either for ever, or till he can pay.

On the first day of my visit to Newmarket, my Hungarian friend introduced me to the family of a rich merchant of this neighbourhood, who with his visitors, among whom were some very pretty girls, came daily to the races, and returned home after them. They invited us to dine with them the next day, and stay the day after, which we accepted with much pleasure.

About five o'clock we set out on horseback. A newly planted, very broad double avenue of beeches marked the beginning of our host's property, and led us through about half a mile of road to the entrance of his park,—a sort of triumphal arch between two lodges, to which the park paling joined. This was however concealed in the plantation for some distance on either side the lodges, so that they appeared to stand in the midst of

wood, and thus produced a very good effect. For some time our way led us through a thick plantation, till we reached the lawn, studded with groups of trees, which invariably forms the chief feature of an English park. Here we caught sight of the house, behind which lay the high trees and 'shrubberies'.

Some cows lay on the grass just before the door of the house, so that we were obliged almost to ride over them—a strange anomaly, which even Repton animadverts upon. It is the custom here to have the park, that is the ornamented pasture land, extend on one side, if not on both, to the very house; but surely it would be in better taste to have the garden and pleasure-ground around the house. It seems to me, that however agreeable the distant view of cattle may be, their immediate vicinity, with all its accompaniments, is not very pleasant.

We found a pretty numerous company, consisting of the master and mistress of the house, both of middle age, their eldest married daughter with her husband, two younger daughters, a neighbouring Baronet with his pretty wife, and her very pleasing but very melancholy sister, Miss ——, a much courted lady who frequently moves in higher circles, three gentlemen not

remarkable for anything, the son of the house, and lastly, a London beau of the second class,—a study of an aspiring City dandy.

The Baronet had served in Germany, and had, as he told us, obtained the cross of Maria Theresa. He did not wear it, because he thought the thing very well for a young man, but not at all suitable to the quiet country gentleman's life he now led. He was a simple, kind-hearted man, who appeared to have been invited to meet us as best acquainted with the Continent. We however preferred taking lessons in English manners of his wife and her sister.

According to this system of manners, as it appeared, a visit from two 'Noblemen,' (even foreign ones, though these are full fifty per cent under natives,) was an honour to a house of the 'volée' of our host's. We were therefore amazingly 'fêtés'; even the Dandy was—as far as the rules of his 'métier' permitted—civil and obliging to us. It is an almost universal weakness of the unnoble in England, to parade an acquaintance with the noble: the noble do the same with regard to the 'fashionable' or 'exclusive'; a peculiar caste, an *imperium in imperio*, which exercises a still more despotical power in society, and is not influenced by rank, still less by riches, but finds the possi-

bility of its maintenance only in this national foible.

It is therefore a great delight to the English of the middle classes to travel on the Continent, where they easily make acquaintance with people of rank, of whom they can talk as of intimate friends when they come home. A merchant's wife once gave me a specimen of this: "Do you know the Queen of ——?" said she. I replied that "I had had the honour of being presented to her." "She is a great friend of mine," added she,—exactly as if she had been talking of her husband's partner's wife. She immediately exhibited, among the numerous trinkets which hung about her, a portrait of the Queen, which, as she said, Her Majesty had given her.

It was very likely true, for her daughter produced a letter from Princess ——, a married daughter of the Queen, containing the most confidential communications concerning her marriage and domestic affairs, which has probably been made to serve for some time as 'cheval de parade' to gratify the vanity of the possessor. Is it not most extraordinary that our German great people, many of whom are by no means wanting in pride and 'morgue' towards their own countrymen, should treat every little English Squire or Miss,

however utterly deficient in intellectual pretensions, almost as an equal, without in the least inquiring whether this person occupies a station at home which warrants such a reception?

Nothing lets us down more in the eyes of the English themselves than this obsequious worship of foreigners; the meanness of which consists in this, that its true foundation generally lies in the profound respect which high and low have for English money.

It requires a considerable fortune here to keep up a country-house; for custom demands many luxuries, and, according to the aspiring and imitative manners of the country, as much (in the main things) at the shopkeeper's house, as at the Duke's;—a handsomely fitted-up house, with elegant furniture, plate, servants in new and handsome liveries, a profusion of dishes and foreign wines, rare and expensive dessert, and in all things an appearance of superfluity,—'plenty' as the English call it. As long as there are visitors in the house, this way of life goes on; but many a family atones for it by meagre fare when alone: for which reason nobody here ventures to pay a visit in the country without being invited, and these invitations usually fix the day and hour. The acquaintances are generally numerous; and as

both room and the time allotted to the reception of guests are small, one must give place to another. True hospitality this can hardly be called; it is rather the display of one's own possessions, for the purpose of dazzling as many as possible. After a family has thus kept open house for a month or two, they go for the remainder of the time they have to spend in the country, to make visits at the houses of others; but the one hospitable month costs as much as a wealthy landed proprietor spends in a whole year with us.

As you never were in England, I must say a few words on the routine of an English dinner, which, as I have said, is, 'à peu de chose près', everywhere alike.

You like the details of daily life, and have often told me that you feel the want of them in most books of travels, and yet that nothing gives you a more lively conception of a foreign country. You must therefore forgive me if I go into trifles.

The gentlemen lead the ladies into the dining-room, not as in France, by the hand, but by the arm; and here, as there, are emancipated from the necessity of those antiquated bows, which even in some of the best society in Germany, are exchanged every time one hands out a lady. On the other hand, there is a most anxious regard to rank,

in the midst of all which the strangest blunders are made as to that of foreigners. I execrated mine today, as it brought me to the head of the table; while my friend very cleverly slipped himself in between the pretty sisters. When you enter, you find the whole of the first course on the table, as in France.

After the soup is removed, and the covers are taken off, every man helps the dish before him, and offers some of it to his neighbour*; if he wishes for anything else, he must ask across the table, or send a servant for it;—a very troublesome custom, in place of which, some of the most elegant travelled gentlemen have adopted the more convenient German fashion of sending the servants round with the dishes.

It is not usual to take wine without drinking to another person. When you raise your glass, you look fixedly at the one with whom you are drinking, bow your head, and then drink with great gravity. Certainly many of the customs of the South Sea Islanders, which strike us the most, are less ludicrous. It is esteemed a civility to challenge anybody in this way to drink; and a messenger is often sent from one end of the table to the other

* The art of carving, which is too much neglected in Germany, forms part of a good English education.

to announce to B—— that A—— wishes to take wine with him; whereupon each, sometimes with considerable trouble, catches the other's eye, and goes through the ceremony of the prescribed nod with great formality, looking at the moment very like a Chinese mandarin. If the company is small, and a man has drunk with every body, but happens to wish for more wine, he must wait for the dessert, if he does not find in himself courage enough to brave custom.

At the conclusion of the second course comes a sort of intermediate dessert of cheese, butter, salad, raw celery, and the like; after which ale, sometimes thirty or forty years old, and so strong that when thrown on the fire it blazes like spirit, is handed about. The tablecloth is then removed: under it, at the best tables, is a finer, upon which the dessert is set. At inferior ones, it is placed on the bare polished table. It consists of all sorts of hot-house fruits, which are here of the finest quality, Indian and native preserves, stomachic ginger, confitures, and the like. Clean glasses are set before every guest, and, with the dessert plates and knives and forks, small fringed napkins are laid. Three decanters are usually placed before the master of the house, generally containing claret, port, and sherry, or madeira.

The host pushes these in stands, or in a little silver waggon on wheels, to his neighbour on the left. Every man pours out his own wine, and if a lady sits next him, also helps her; and so on till the circuit is made, when the same process begins again. Glass jugs filled with water happily enable foreigners to temper the brandy which forms so large a component part of English wines. After the dessert is set on, all the servants leave the room: if more is wanted the bell is rung, and the butler (Haushofmeister) alone brings it in. The ladies sit a quarter of an hour longer, during which time sweet wines are sometimes served, and then rise from table. The men rise at the same time, one opens the door for them, and as soon as they are gone, draw closer together; the host takes the place of the hostess, and the conversation turns upon subjects of local and everyday interest, in which the stranger is pretty nearly forgotten, and must content himself with listening to what he can take very little part in. Every man is, however, at liberty to follow the ladies as soon as he likes,—a liberty of which Count B—— and I very quickly availed ourselves. We had the singular satisfaction of learning that this was in accordance with the latest mode, as much drinking is now 'unfashionable'. Accordingly the Dandy

had already preceded us. We found him with the ladies, who received us in a 'salon', grouped around a large table on which were tea and coffee*. When the whole company was re-assembled, all fell off into groups, according to their pleasure. Some entertained themselves with music; here and there a couple whispered in the recess of a window; several talked politics;—the Dandy alone remained solitary: sunk into a large easy chair, he had laid his elegantly shod right foot over his left knee, and in that attitude became apparently so absorbed in Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne' that he took not the slightest notice of any one present.

'A tout prendre,' I must do this pretty young fellow the justice to say that he was not at all a bad copy of higher originals. Perhaps I was bribed into this favourable opinion by his talking

* When leaving the presence of the King, ladies are compelled to go out backwards (as one of them assured me). It is against the laws of etiquette,—the observance of which is, partially, so extremely rigorous in England,—to turn their backs upon Majesty. This has been reduced to a regular military evolution, sometimes very embarrassing to a new recruit. The ladies take close order with their backs to the door, towards which they retreat in a diagonal line. As soon as the fugel-woman reaches it, she faces to the right-about, passes through, and the others follow her. Lady C—— commands.

much at dinner about the great Göthe, and praising his "*Fost;*" both of whom (Göthe and *Fost*) Lord Byron has brought into fashion in England. *Fost* seemed to please him, particularly on account of what he conceived to be its atheistical tendency, for he had, as he informed us, spent half his life in Paris, and avowed himself an 'esprit fort'.

The following day, after all breakfasting together, we rode with the ladies in the park, which contained nothing remarkable except a canal of stagnant and slimy water, which had cost five thousand pounds in the digging;—an expense better spared. The fruit-gardens and hot-houses were admirable: the latter, a hobby of the proprietor, were heated by steam on a very ingenious plan of his own, and the heat increased or diminished at pleasure by simply turning a cock. Three-and-twenty different sorts of pines,—above which, pendent from the glass roof, hung gigantic purple grapes,—fill these spacious, elegant houses; and in the fruit-garden we admired pears on the wall seven inches in length, sixteen in circumference, and of an excellent flavour.

Several of the gentlemen went hunting; but we preferred the society at home. The gay amusing B—— was become the favourite of the ladies, and

was evidently greatly regretted by them when the postchaise arrived at one o'clock in the morning to take us back to Newmarket. I must confess that we took rather a laughing review of some things that struck us as ridiculous, though I was really ashamed that we were such genuine B——'s* as to make ourselves merry at the expense of our host and his company, instead of feeling hearty gratitude for our hospitable reception.

But now-a-days the world is spoiled; and besides, hospitality which springs from ostentation cannot expect the same hearty requital as that which is the offspring of the heart. Probably we guests fared no better in the house we had just quitted.

At the races the next morning we saw the young ladies again, betted gloves with them till we lost, and delighted them with some Paris ones. We declined a second invitation, as we were engaged to a gentleman's dinner, and Count B—— was going to a fox-hunt at Melton. I shall leave Newmarket too, and continue my letter in London.

* Probably *Berliners*. This accords with what has been said in the note p. 14, as to the North German acute and satirical character, as contrasted with Southern *bonhommie*. —Transl.

Epping-place, Oct. 20th.

I have travelled as far as I wished, and must pass the night here, as the inspection of two parks has fully occupied my day.

My trouble has been richly rewarded. The first, Audley-End, belonging to Lord Braybrooke, claims a place among the finest in the country. The road lies through the middle of it, with a deep ha-ha on each side, which secures the park and yet leaves a full view into it. You see, at first, an extensive green landscape, in the centre of which is a broad, river-like, and beautifully formed piece of water, which unfortunately, however, has too little motion to prevent its being covered with duckweed. Near to the opposite shore stands the splendid gothic castle, which was originally built by the Duke of Suffolk, and was then three times as large as it is now. The multitude of its towers, projecting angles, and lofty many-formed windows, still give it a very imposing and picturesque appearance.

Although Lady Braybrooke was at home, I obtained the uncommon permission to view it. I entered a wide and very simple hall, ornamented only with some gigantic stags' horns of great antiquity, and furnished with a few massive benches

and chairs, on which the arms of the family were painted; some very old paintings; a gothic lamp; a large table, consisting of two pieces of serpentine, of which only the upper side was polished, the rest quite rough; and a dozen leather fire-buckets, also painted with the family arms. The ceiling was of wood, with deeply-carved compartments and old faded paintings. One saw at the first glance that it was no house of yesterday one had entered. A high door of heavy carved oak led from hence into the barons' hall, a large room whose enormous windows reached from the ceiling to the floor, and afforded a free view of the landscape. Several family pictures, as large as life, partly painted by Vandyck, hung on the opposite wall; and between them rose the huge marble chimney-piece, with the richly-coloured arms of the Suffolks executed upon it in stucco. The third side of the room,—that on which we entered,—was entirely covered with very fine and highly relieved carvings, figures half the size of life, like those one sees in the choirs of gothic churches. Opposite were large folding-doors which opened into the eating-hall, and on each side an open staircase leading to the first story. The dining-room contains a portrait of Suffolk, and one of Queen Elizabeth. Her red hair, 'fade'

complexion and false look, and her over-done finery, give no advantageous idea of the vain and gallant 'Maiden Queen'.

On the first floor is a long narrow gallery full of pretty knick-knacks and antique curiosities. In the centre is a large chart of the winds, connected with the weather-cock on the tower, and destined to show the sportsman every morning which way the wind sets*. This serves as drawing-room, for most English country-houses and mansions are judiciously made to contain only one principal entertaining room; which is much more convenient for the reception of a large company.

The chapel is modern, but richly and tastefully ornamented; and here, if the chaplain is absent, the lord of the house, according to ancient usage, reads divine service at ten o'clock every morning, at which all the family and servants must attend.

The park is of considerable extent, but intersected by a troublesome number of fences, which serve to allot to the sheep, cows, horses and deer, their several territories. Of the latter, there are from four to five hundred head, which generally graze pretty near together like a herd of tame

* A very useful piece of furniture to introduce at Court. —Editor.

cattle, and do not answer at all to our idea of game *. The flesh too has a totally different flavour from that of the animals which roam free in our woods, just as they say the flesh of wild oxen differs from that of tame.

The preserves for partridges and hares are also fenced in to protect the low copse from the cattle, in consequence of whose presence, the greater part of an English park consists, as I have already remarked, only of groups of high trees whose branches the cattle cannot reach.

These extensive views, grand and striking as they are at first, become tiresome in time from their uniformity. Nor can I see that the numerous inclosures are advantages to the landscape. Almost every young tree has a fence round it to protect it from the cattle.

Two temples and an obelisk, to which there is no other way than across the turf, have a very heterogeneous appearance in the midst of these pasture-grounds. The distant gothic tower of Walden church, rearing its head picturesquely over

* *Idee des Wildes:*—The double sense of the word *wild* in German,—which when used substantively exactly corresponds to our *game* (feræ naturæ), though adjectively it is the same as the English adjective,—makes it impossible to render this. —Transl.

the summits of the oaks, was in much better keeping.

On the other hand I greatly admired the flower-garden and pheasantry. The first describes a large oval, surrounded with a thick natural evergreen wall of yew, laurel, rhododendron, cedar, cypress, box, holly, &c.; a brook, adorned with a grotto and water-fall, flows through the velvet turf, on which the rare and splendid plants and flower-beds of every form and colour group themselves most beautifully.

The pheasantry, which is nearly two miles from this spot, is a thick shady grove of various sorts of trees, of considerable extent, and surrounded by a high wall. We could only get to it over the wet grass, as the gravel-walk commenced from the entrance-gate. This is from œconomy, for roads are excessively expensive both to make and to keep up in England. There is generally but one carriage-road to the house, and even the foot-paths cease with the iron fences of the pleasure-grounds. The English ladies are not so afraid of setting their feet on wet grass as ours are.

After many windings, the path brought me, under a most lovely leafy canopy, unexpectedly before the ivy-covered door of a little building, adjoining to which, still more buried in the wood, was the gamekeeper's house. This door opened from

within, and most enchanting was the view that it disclosed to us. We had entered a little open saloon, the isolated pillars of which were entirely covered with thick monthly roses ;—between them was seen a large aviary filled with parrots on the right, and on the left an equally extensive habitation for canaries, goldfinches, and other small birds ; before us lay an open grass-plat dotted with evergreens, and behind this a back-ground of high woods, through which small peeps at a distant village and a solitary church-tower had been cut with singular taste and skill.

On this grass-plat, the keeper now called together perfect clouds of gold, silver, and pied pheasants, fowls of exotic breeds, tame rooks, curious pigeons, and other birds that were accustomed to be fed here, and thronged together in the most gay and motley crowd. Their various manners and gestures, rendered more lively by their passionate eagerness, afforded an amusing spectacle. The behaviour of a gold pheasant who, like a beau of the old school, seemed trying to make his court to all the assembled hens with the most ludicrous struts and airs, was so excessively comic that my old B—— burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; whereat the English servants, who are accustomed to observe an exterior of slavish reverence in the

presence of their masters, looked at him with a consternation at his boldness, which amused me as much as the 'Pantalonnade' among the fowls.

There are above five hundred gold and silver pheasants. They have all one wing cut as soon as they are hatched, which for ever prevents their flying. They inhabit these woods winter and summer, without wanting even the shelter of a shed,—so mild is this climate.

Not to weary you, I omit the description of the second park, Short Grove, which had nothing remarkable to boast, and appeared much neglected. The house, park, hot-houses, &c. the former completely furnished, were to let for the moderate rent of four hundred a-year,—a very common custom here when the possessors are travelling.

We should not like to imitate it; while on the other hand, a part of our town-houses are almost always let, the proprietors inhabiting only the 'bel étage.' This again appears very strange to the English, and certainly is extremely inconvenient, for the presence of several families in one house is not favourable either to order or cleanliness.

The house-door at Short Grove was covered on the outside with looking-glass,—a very pretty idea: as you enter the house you have a beautiful picture of the country.

The great wealth of the landholders of England must always strike people from the Continent, where the landed proprietors are the poorest class, and the least protected by laws and institutions. Here everything conspires for their advantage. It is very difficult for the fundholder to acquire the free and full possession of land. Almost the whole soil is the property of the aristocracy, who generally let it only on lease; so that when a great man calls a village *his*, this does not mean, as with us, merely that he has the lordship *(Oberherrschafft)* over it, but that every house is his absolute property, and only granted to the actual inhabitants for a certain time. You may conceive what enormous and ever increasing revenues this must bring them, in a country where trade and population are continually on the increase; and may admire with me the concert and address with which this aristocracy has contrived for centuries to turn all the institutions of the country to its own advantage.

The free sale of a portion of land is attended by many difficult conditions, and at so high a price that it is out of the reach of small capitalists, who find it more advantageous to hire it on lease. Leases here are, however, of a very different nature from ours. The piece of land is let to the tenant for ninety-nine years on payment of a certain

yearly rent, which varies from a few shillings to five and ten pounds yearly per foot of the frontage, if it be for building on; in large portions, it is so much per acre. The tenant now does with it what he likes, builds where he pleases, lays out gardens, pleasure-grounds, and so on; but after the lapse of the ninety-nine years, the whole reverts just as it stands, sound and tight, to the family of the original lord of the soil:—nay more, the tenant must keep the house in perfect repair, and paint it every seven years. During his allotted term he may sell or let it to others, but of course only up to that period when it reverts to the original proprietor. Almost all the country-houses, villas, &c. that one sees, thus belong to great landowners; and although the tenants at the expiration of their term generally re-establish this sort of precarious property in them, yet they must double or treble their rent, according to the increased value of land, or the improvements they themselves have made upon it. Even the greater part of London belongs, on such terms, to certain noblemen, of whom Lord Grosvenor, for instance, is said to derive above 100,000*l.* a year from his ground-rents. Scarcely a single inhabitant of London, therefore, except a few members of the high aristocracy, is the real owner of his house. Even Rothschild's is not his own: and when a man buys one, as it is called,

people ask him for how long. The price varies according as the house is taken at first hand, commonly then for a rent; or at second or third, and then more usually for a sum of money. The greater part of the profits of industry thus inevitably falls into the hands of the aristocracy, and necessarily increases the enormous influence which they already exercise over the government of the country.*

London, October 21st.

This afternoon I got home safe and well through the incessant rain, refreshed myself with a good dinner at the Club, and in the evening, let me tell you, won just six times my travelling expenses. I am well and in good spirits, and find that I want nothing but you.

Let me finish my letter at so favourable a conjuncture. It is already swelled to a packet.

Ever your faithfully devoted

L——.

* The reader will see that there is great confusion in this account of the state and tenure of landed property in England, which, indeed, it is extremely difficult to make a foreigner understand. It cannot be too often repeated, that no attempt is made to correct the author's impressions or statements. To do so, is not to translate but to forge. The mistakes and misrepresentations are numerous,—almost as numerous as those in English works on Germany, which is saying a good deal.—Transl.

LETTER V.*

London, Nov. 20th, 1826.

BELOVED FRIEND,

I ADVISE travellers never to take servants out of their fatherland into strange countries, especially if they imagine they shall save by it,—now-a-days always a prime object. This piece of œconomy belongs to the class of those, *one* of which costs more than *four* pieces of extravagance; besides which, one hangs a load round one's neck which is burthensome in various ways.

These wise reflections are excited in me by my old valet, who seems inclined to fall into the English spleen because he finds so many daily difficulties here;—above all, in getting soup for his dinner, the thought of which beloved aliment of his home calls tears into his eyes. He reminds

* Some letters which contain only personal anecdotes are here suppressed. I remark this only to account to my fair readers,—who must have been delighted at the punctuality with which the departed author devoted the close of every day to his absent friend,—for a silence of twenty days.—EDITOR.

me of the Prussian soldiers, who, amid streams of Champagne, beat the French peasants for not setting Stettin beer before them.

True it is that the English of the middle classes, accustomed to substantial flesh diet, are not acquainted with the Northern broths and soups: what goes under that name in England is an expensive extract of all sorts of peppers and spices from both Indies, like that brewed in a witches' cauldron. The face of my faithful liegeman, at the first spoonful of this compound he put into his mouth, would have been worthy to figure in Peregrine Pickle's antique repast, and turned my anger into loud laughter. Yet I see beforehand that his devotion to me will be wrecked on this rock; for our Germans are, and ever will be, curious beings; holding longer than any others to the accustomed,—be it in faith, love, or soup.

In the absence of society, the various Clubs, (to which, contrary to former custom, a stranger can now gain admittance,) are a very agreeable resource. Our ambassador introduced me into two of them,—the United Service Club, into which no foreigners are admitted except ambassadors and military men,—the latter of the rank of staff-officers: and the Travellers' Club, into which every foreigner of education, who has good introductions,

is admitted; though every three months he is made to undergo the somewhat humiliating ceremony of requesting a fresh permission, to which he is held with almost uncivil severity.

In Germany, people have as little notion of the elegance and comfort of Clubs, as of the rigorous execution of their laws which prevail here.

All that luxury and convenience, without magnificence, demand, is here to be found in as great perfection as in the best private houses. The stairs and rooms are covered with fresh and handsome carpets, and rugs (sheep-skins with the wool nicely prepared and dyed of bright colours) are laid before the doors to prevent drafts: marble chimney-pieces, handsome looking-glasses (always of one piece,—a necessary part of solid English luxury), a profusion of furniture, &c. render every apartment extremely comfortable. Even scales, by which to ascertain one's weight daily—a strange taste of the English—are not wanting. The numerous servants are never seen but in shoes, and in the neatest livery or plain clothes; and a porter is always at his post to take charge of great-coats and umbrellas. This latter article in England deserves attention, since umbrellas, which are unfortunately so indispensable, are stolen in the most shameless manner, be it

where it may, if you do not take particular care of them. This fact is so notorious that I must translate for your amusement a passage from a newspaper, relating to some Society for the encouragement of virtue, which was to award a prize for the most honourable action. "The choice," continues the author, "was become extremely difficult; and it was nearly determined to give the prize to an individual who had paid his tailor's bill punctually for several years; when another was pointed out, who had twice sent home an umbrella left at his house. At this unheard-of act," adds the journalist, "the company first fell into mute wonder that so much virtue was still found in Israel; but at length loud and enthusiastic applause left the choice no longer doubtful."

In the elegant and well-furnished library there is also a person always at hand to fetch you the books you want. You find all the journals in a well-arranged reading-room; and in a small room for maps and charts*, a choice of the newest and best in their kind. This is so arranged that all

* I must remark, that ever since Prussia was promised a Charter, (*Charte,*) my departed friend, to be more accurate, made an orthographical distinction, spelling charts *Carte*, and playing cards *Karte*.—He hopes this caution will not be thrown away.—Editor.

the maps, rolled up, hang one over another on the wall, thus occupying but a small space; and each is easily drawn down for use by a little loop in the centre. A pull at a loop at the side rolls up the map again by a very simple piece of mechanism. The name of each country is inscribed in such large letters on the mahogany staff on which the map is rolled, that it may be read with ease across the room. By this contrivance a great number of maps may be hung in a very small closet, and when wanted, may be found and inspected in a moment, without the slightest trouble, or derangement of the others.

The table,—I mean the eating,—with most men the first thing, and with me not the last,—is generally prepared by a French cook, as well and as cheaply as it is possible to have it in London. As the Club provides the wines, and sells them again to each member, they are very drinkable and reasonable. But 'gourmands' must ever miss the finest wines, even at the best tables in London. This arises from the strange habit of the English (and these people, too, stick faster to their habits than an oyster to its shell,) of getting their wines from London wine-merchants, instead of importing them from the places where they grow, as we do. Now these wine-merchants

adulterate the wine to such a degree, that one who was lately prosecuted for having some thousand bottles of port and claret in his cellars which had not paid duty, proved that all this wine was manufactured by himself in London, and thus escaped the penalty. You may imagine, therefore, what sort of brewage you often get under the high-sounding names of Champagne, Lafitte, &c. The dealers scarcely ever buy the very best which is to be had in the native lands of the several wines, for the obvious reason that they could make little or no profit of it; at best they only use it to enable them to get off other wine of inferior quality.

Excuse this wine-digression, which to you, who drink only water, cannot be very interesting; but you know I write for us both, and to me the subject is I confess not unimportant. "*Gern führe ich Wein im Munde.*"

But let us back to our Clubs.

The peculiarity of English manners may be much better observed here, at the first 'abord', than in the great world, which is everywhere more or less alike; whereas the same individuals, of whom it is in part composed, show themselves here with much less restraint. In the first place, the stranger must admire the refinement of con-

venience with which Englishmen sit: it must be confessed that a man who is ignorant of the ingenious English chairs, of every form, and adapted to every degree of fatigue, indisposition, or constitutional peculiarity, really loses a large share of earthly enjoyment. It is a positive pleasure even to see an Englishman sit, or rather lie, in one of these couch-like chairs by the fire-side. A contrivance like a reading-desk attached to the arm, and furnished with a candlestick, is so placed before him, that with the slightest touch he can bring it nearer or further, push it to the right or the left, at pleasure. A curious machine, several of which stand around the large fire-place, receives one or both of his feet; and the hat on his head completes this enchanting picture of superlative comfort.

This latter circumstance is the most difficult of imitation to a man brought up in the old school. Though he can never refrain from a provincial sort of shudder when he enters the brilliantly lighted saloon of the Club-house, where dukes, ambassadors and lords, elegantly dressed, are sitting at the card-tables, yet if he wishes to be 'fashionable' he must keep on his hat, advance to a party at whist, nod to one or two of his acquaintances; then carelessly taking up a newspaper, sink down

on a sofa, and, not till after some time, 'nonchalament' throw down his hat (which perhaps has all the while been a horrid annoyance to him); or, if he stays but a few minutes, not take it off at all.

The practice of half lying instead of sitting; sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of ladies; of crossing one leg over the other in such a manner as to hold the foot in the hand; of putting the hands in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, and so on,—are all things which have obtained in the best company and the most exclusive circles: it is therefore very possible that the keeping on the hat may arrive at the same honour. In this case it will doubtless find its way into Paris society, which, after being formerly aped by all Europe, now disdains not to ape the English,—sometimes grotesquely enough, —and, as is usual in such cases, often outdoes its original.

On the other hand, the English take it very ill of foreigners if they reprove a waiter who makes them wait, or brings one thing instead of another, or if they give their commands in a loud or lordly tone of voice; though the English themselves often do this in their own country, and much more in ours, and though the dining-room

of the Club is in fact only a more elegant sort of 'restauration', where every man must pay his reckoning after he has dined. It is regarded not only as improper, but as unpleasant and offensive, if any one reads during dinner. It is not the fashion in England; and, as I have this bad habit in a supreme degree, I have sometimes remarked satirical signs of displeasure on the countenances of a few Islanders of the old school, who shook their heads as they passed me. One must be on one's guard, generally, to do things as little as possible unlike the English, and yet not to try to imitate them servilely in everything, for no race of men can be more intolerant. Most of them see with reluctance the introduction of any foreigner into their more private societies, and all regard it as a distinguished favour and obligation conferred upon us.

But of all offences against English manners which a man can commit, the three following are the greatest:—to put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit anywhere in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices,—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected

an adventurer who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial, but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England, don't spit. With these rules, the young man would get on very well. What one must justly admire is the well-adapted arrangement of everything belonging to the œconomy of life and of all public establishments in England, as well as the systematical rigour with which what has once been determined on is unalterably followed up. In Ger-

many, all good institutions soon fall asleep, and new brooms alone sweep clean; here it is quite otherwise. On the other hand, everything is not required of the same person, but exactly so much, and no more, as falls within his department. The treatment of servants is as excellent as their performance of their duties. Each has his prescribed field of activity; in which, however, the strictest and most punctual execution of orders is required of him, and in any case of neglect the master knows whom he has to call to account. At the same time, the servants enjoy a reasonable freedom, and have certain portions of time allotted to them, which their master carefully respects. The whole treatment of the serving classes is much more decorous, and combined with more 'égards', than with us; but then they are so entirely excluded from all familiarity, and such profound respect is exacted from them, that they appear to be considered rather as machines than as beings of the same order. This, and their high wages, are no doubt the causes that the servants really possess more external dignity than any other class in England, relatively to their station.

In many cases it would be a very pardonable blunder in a foreigner to take the valet for the lord, especially if he happened to imagine that

courtesy and a good address were the distinguishing marks of a man of quality. This test would be by no means applicable in England, where these advantages are not to be found among the majority of persons of the higher classes; though there are some brilliant exceptions, and their absence is often redeemed by admirable and solid qualities.

In the men, indeed, their arrogance, often amounting to rudeness, and their high opinion of themselves, do not sit so ill; but in the women, it is as disgusting and repulsive, as, in some other of their countrywomen, the vain effort to ape continental grace and vivacity.

I once before praised the admirable spirit of adaptation and arrangement which pervades all establishments here. As a sample, I will give you the organization of the card-room in the Travellers' Club-house. This is not properly a gaming club, but, as its name denotes, one expressly for travellers. Such only can become actual members of it as have travelled a certain prescribed number of miles on the Continent, or have made yet more distant expeditions. In spite of this, one does not perceive that they are become less English, which, however, I do not quarrel with. At the Travellers' Club, then, short whist and ecarté are played very high, but no hazard.

In our Casinos, 'Ressources', and so on, a man who wishes to play must first laboriously seek out a party; and if the tables are full, may have to wait hours till one is vacant. Here it is a law that every one who comes may take his seat at any table at which a rubber has just ended, when he who has played two consecutive rubbers must give up his place. It is pleasant, too, to a man who has lost, and fancies that the luck goes with the place, to quit it and seek better fortune in another.

In the centre of the room stands a 'bureau' at which is posted a clerk, who rings whenever a waiter is wanted; brings the bill*; and, if any contested point occur, fetches the classical authorities on whist; for never is the slightest offence against the rules of the game suffered to pass without the infliction of the annexed punishment. This is rather annoying to a man who plays only for amusement; but yet it is a wise plan, and forms good players. The same clerk distributes the markers to the players. To obviate the great annoyance of meeting with a bad payer, the Club is the universal payer. Actual money does not make its appearance, but every man who sits down to

* *Rechnung.*—Account, reckoning, bill. The reader, if he happen to know the fact, may apply the right word.—TRANSL.

play receives a little basket of markers of various forms, the value of which is inscribed upon them, and which the clerk enters in his book; as often as he loses, he asks for more. Each player reckons with the clerk, and either proves his loss, or, if he has won, delivers up the markers. In either case he receives a card containing a statement of the result, and the duplicate of the reckoning in the account-book.

As soon as any one is indebted more than a hundred pounds, he must pay it in the following morning to the clerk; and every man who has any demands can claim his money at any time.

None but a nation so entirely commercial as the English can be expected to attain to this perfection of methodizing and arrangement. In no other country are what are here emphatically called 'habits of business' carried so extensively into social and domestic life; the value of time, of order, of despatch, of inflexible *routine*, nowhere so well understood. This is the great key to the most striking national characteristics. The quantity of material objects produced and accomplished—*the work done*—in England, exceeds all that man ever effected. The causes and the qualities which have produced these results have as certainly given birth to the dullness, the contracted

views, the *routine* habits of thought as well as of action, the inveterate prejudices, the unbounded desire for, and deference to, wealth, which characterize the mass of Englishmen.

It were much to be wished that in our German cities we imitated the organization of English Clubs, which would be very practicable as to the essentials, though our poverty would compel us to dispense with many of their luxuries. In this case we ought to repay the English like for like, and not prostrate ourselves in puerile slavish admiration before their money and their name; but while we treated them with all civility, and even with more courtesy than they show to us, yet let them see that Germans are masters of their own house, particularly as many of them only come among us either to œconomize, or to form connexions with people of rank, from which their own station at home excluded them, or to have the satisfaction of showing us that in all arrangements for physical comfort we are still barbarians compared with them *.

* The author's feelings towards Englishmen are evidently so bitter, that his testimony must be received with great allowance. On the other hand, it will be confessed by all who are not blinded by intense self-complacency and insular conceit, that it is extremely rare to find a foreigner of any

It is indeed inconceivable, and a proof that it is only necessary to treat us contemptuously in order to obtain our reverence, that, as I have remarked, the mere name of Englishman is, with us, equivalent to the highest title. Many a person, who would scarcely get admission into very inferior circles in England, where the whole of society, down to the very lowest classes, is so stiffly aristocratical, in the various states of Germany is received at Court and 'fêté' by the first nobility; every act of coarseness and ill-breeding is set down as a trait of charming English originality, till perhaps, by some accident, a really respectable Englishman comes to the place, and people learn with astonishment that they have been doing all this honour to an ensign 'on half-pay', or a rich tailor or shoemaker. An individual of this rank is, however, generally, at least civil, but the impertinence of some of the higher classes surpasses all belief.

I know that in one of the largest towns of Germany, a prince of the house of K——, distinguished for his frank, chivalrous courtesy and his amiable character, invited an English Viscount,

country, who has encountered English people either abroad or at home, without having his most honest and allowable self-love wounded in a hundred ways.—TRANSL.

who was but just arrived, and had not yet been presented to him, to a hunting-party; to which His Lordship replied, *that he could not accept the invitation, as the prince was perfectly unknown to him.*

It is true, that no foreigner will ever have it in his power so to requite a similar civility in England, where a grandee considers an invitation to dinner (they are very liberal of invitations to routs and soirées, for the sake of filling their rooms) as the most signal honour he can confer upon even a distinguished foreigner,—an honour only to be obtained by long acquaintance, or by very powerful letters of introduction. But if by any miracle such a ready attention were to be paid in England, it would be impossible to find a single man of any pretensions to breeding on the whole Continent who would make such a return as this boorish lord did.*

November 21st.

I called yesterday morning on L—— to execute

* Let me here remark, that those who judge of England only by their visit to it in 1814, form extremely erroneous notions. That was a moment of enthusiasm, a boundless joy of the whole nation at its deliverance from its most dreaded enemy, which rendered it peculiarly kind and amiable towards those who had contributed to his destruction.

your commission, but did not find him at home. Instead of him, I found to my great joy a letter from you, which I was so impatient to read, that I set myself down in his room and read it attentively two or three times. Your affection, which strives to spare me everything disagreeable, and dwells only upon those subjects which can give me pleasure, I acknowledge most gratefully. But you must not spare me more than you are convinced you can do without detriment to our common interests. You estimate my letters far more highly than they deserve; but you may imagine that, in my eyes, it is a very amiable fault in you to overvalue me thus. Love paints the smallest merit in magic colours. I will, however, do myself the justice to believe that you, who have had such ample opportunities of knowing me, may find in me qualities which shrink from the rude touch of the world. This consoled me,—but your expression "that all you wrote appeared to you so incoherent, that you thought the grief of parting had weakened your intellects," gave me great pain. Do I then want phrases? How much more delightful is that natural confidential talk, which flows on without constraint and without effort, and *therefore* expresses itself admirably. I am particularly delighted at your sentiments concerning what I tell

you; they are ever exactly such as I expect and share.

Accompany your friend to the capital:—it will amuse you, and at the same time you will find many opportunities of promoting our interests. 'Les absens ont tort'; never forget that. I must disapprove B——'s levity. He who has no solicitude about his reputation, though he be in fact an angel of virtue and benevolence; he who cares not what is said of him,—perhaps even laughs at it,—will soon find that the malignity of men has left him in the same condition as to reputation as Peter Schlemil was with regard to his shadow. At first he thought it nothing to forgo a thing so unsubstantial; but in the end he could scarcely endure existence without it. Only in the deepest solitude, far from all the world, striding restlessly with his seven-league boots from the north pole to the south, and living for science alone, did he find some tranquillity and peace. At the conclusion of your letter I see but too clearly that melancholy gains the upper hand,—and I could say something on that subject too,—'mais il faut du courage'. In every life there are periods of trial, moments when the bitterest drops in the cup must be drained. If the sun do but illumine the evening, we will not murmur at the noontide heat.

But enough of these serious subjects: let me now turn your attention from them, by leading you to the Haymarket Theatre, which I lately visited, when the celebrated Liston enchanted the public for the hundred-and-second time in Paul Pry, a sort of foolish lout. The actor, who is said to have made a fortune of six thousand a-year, is one of those whom I should call natural comic actors, of the same class as were Unzelmann and Wurm in Berlin, and Bösenberg and Döring in Dresden; men who, without any profound study of their art, excite laughter by a certain drollery of manner peculiar to themselves, and an inexhaustible humour, 'qui coule de source'; though frequently in private life they are hypochondriacal, as is said to be the case with Liston.

The notorious Madame Vestris, who formerly made 'furore', was also there. She is somewhat 'passée', but still very fascinating on the stage. She is an excellent singer, and still better actor, and a greater favourite of the English public even than Liston. Her great celebrity, however, rests on the beauty of her legs, which are become a standing article in the theatrical criticisms of the newspapers, and are often displayed by her in man's attire. The grace and the exhaustless spirit and wit of her acting are also truly enchanting, though she sometimes

disgusts one by her want of modesty, and coquettes too much with the audience. It may truly be said, in every sense of the words, that Madame Vestris belongs to all Europe. Her father was an Italian; her mother a German and a good pianoforte player; her husband, of the illustrious dancing family of France, and herself an Englishwoman: any chasms in her connexion with other European nations are more than filled up by hundreds of the most 'marquant' lovers. She also speaks several languages with the utmost fluency. In the character of the German 'broom girl' she sings

"Ach, du lieber Augustin"

with a perfect pronunciation, and with a very 'piquant' air of assurance.

Today I dined with our ambassador. This prevented my visiting the theatre, which I have too much neglected. I have resolved to attend it with more constancy, in order that I may gradually give you a tolerably perfect report of it, though in detached descriptions.

We were quite 'en petit comité', and the company unusually animated and merry. We had a certain great 'gourmand' among us, who took a great deal of joking, 'sans en perdre un coup de dent'. At last Prince E—— told him that when-

ever he went to purgatory his punishment would undoubtedly be to see the blessed eat, while he was kept fasting. * * * * * *
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Lord —— was there too. He treats me in the most friendly manner to my face, but, I am told, loses no opportunity of injuring me in society.
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A man of warmer heart would have spoken to me face to face of this supposed wrong. 'Diplomates,' however, have too much fishes' blood in their organization. * * * * *
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Happily, I can laugh at all such 'menées': for a man who seeks nothing and fears little, who interests himself in the great world only in so far as it affords him opportunities for making experimental observations on himself and others; who is, as to necessaries at least, independent, and has a few but faithful friends,—such a man it is difficult seriously to injure. Experience too has cooled me;—my blood no longer flows with such uncontrollable impetuosity; while my light-heartedness has not deserted me, still less the capacity of loving intensely. I therefore enjoy life better than in the bloom of youth, and would

not exchange my present feelings for that early tumultuous vehemence. Nay, in such a frame of mind, I feel not the least dread of old age, and am persuaded that when that period of life arrives, it will turn to us many a bright and beautiful side whose existence we suspect not, and which those only never find who want to remain youthful for ever.

I lately met with some pretty English verses which I translated, after my fashion, with a thought of you, my best friend, who too often regret departing youth. These are the delightful lines:

Ist gleich bie trübe Wange bleich,
Das Auge nicht mehr hell,
Und nahet schon das ernste Reich,
Wo Jugend fliehet schnell!
Doch lächelt Dir die Wange noch,
Das Auge kennt die Thräne noch,
Das Herz schlägt noch so warm und frei
Als in des Lebens grünstem Mai.
So denk' denn nicht, dass nur die Jugend
Und Schönheit Segen leiht—
Zeit lehrt die Seele schönre Tugend,
In Jahren treuer Zärtlichkeit.
Und selbst wenn einst die Nacht von oben
Verdunkelnd Deine Brust umfängt,
Wird noch durch Liebeshand gehoben
Dein Haupt zur ew'gen Ruh' gesenkt.
O, so auch blinkt der Abendstern,

Ist gleich dahin der Sonne Licht,
Noch sanft und warm aus hoher Fern',
Und Tages-Glanz entbehrst Du nicht.—*

Yes, my beloved Julia, thus has time taught us, in years of tenderness, that nothing can have so genuine a value as that. We have now before us an evening star, whose mild light is far more delightful than that mid-day sun which often rather scorches than warms.

I drove home with L——, and we had a long conversation by the snug fireside on the affairs of our country. * * * * * *

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L—— is very kind to me, and I am doubly attached to him; first, for his own amiable and honourable character; secondly, for the sake of his excellent father, to whom we owe more real gratitude than to ——, though he had no other motive than his own impartial love of justice.

November 23rd.

A strange custom in England is the continual intrusion of the newspapers into the affairs of private life. A man of any distinction not only sees the most absurd details concerning him

* English-German readers will probably find the original of these lines without difficulty.—Transl.

dragged before the public,—such as where he dined, what evening party he attended, and so forth, (which many foreigners read with the greatest self-complacency,)—but if anything really worth telling happens to him, it is immediately made public without shame or scruple. Personal hostility has thus 'beau jeu', as well as the desire of making profitable friends. Many use the newspapers for the publication of articles to their own advantage, which they send themselves. The foreign embassies cultivate this branch with great assiduity. It is easy to see what formidable weapons the press thus furnishes. Fortunately, however, the poison brings its antidote with it. This consists in the indifference with which the public receives such communications. An article in a newspaper after which a Continental would not show himself for three months, here excites at most a momentary laugh, and the next day is forgotten.

About a month ago the papers made themselves extremely merry about the duel of a noble lord here; who, according to their representation of the matter, had not cut a very heroic figure. They made the most offensive remarks, and drew the most mortifying inferences as to the calibre of his valour; and all this had not the smallest per-

ceptible effect in disabling him from presenting himself in society with as much ease and unconcern as ever. They have tried to give me too a 'coup fourré' * * * * * *

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But I have served under an old soldier, and learned from him always to have the first and loudest laugh at myself, and not to spare an inoffensive jest at myself and others. This is the only safe way of meeting ridicule in the world: if you appear sensitive or embarrassed, then indeed the poison works; otherwise it evaporates like cold water on a red-hot stone. This the English understand to perfection.

This evening I spent, true to my determination, in Drury Lane, where, to my infinite astonishment, old Braham appeared, still as first singer, with the same applause with which I saw him, even then an old man, perform the same part for his own benefit the day before my departure from England, twelve years ago. I found little difference in his singing, except that he shouted rather more violently, and made rather more 'roulades' in order to conceal the decline of his voice. He is a Jew, and I am firmly convinced the everlasting

one*, for he does not seem to grow old at all. 'Au reste,' he is the genuine representative of the English style of singing, and, in popular songs especially, the enthusiastically adored idol of the public. One cannot deny to him great power of voice and rapidity of execution, and he is said to have a thorough knowledge of music: but a more abominable style it is impossible to conceive.

The Prima Donna was Miss Paton, a very agreeable, but not a first-rate singer. She is well-made, and not ugly, and is a great favourite with the public. What would appear extraordinary among us,—she is married to Lord W—— L——, whose name she bears in her own family and in private†. On the stage, however, she is Miss Paton again, and paid as such, which is not unacceptable to her lord.

The most striking thing to a foreigner in English theatres is the unheard-of coarseness and brutality of the audiences. The consequence of this is that the higher and more civilized classes

* The traditional personage whom we call the Wandering Jew, the Germans call *der ewige Jude*, the eternal or everlasting Jew.—Transl.

† It is true that our charming Sontag, the queen of song, has lately done nearly the same thing, having contracted a left-handed marriage with Count R——. —Editor.

go only to the Italian Opera, and very rarely visit their national theatre. Whether this be unfavourable or otherwise to the stage, I leave others to determine.

English freedom here degenerates into the rudest licence, and it is not uncommon in the midst of the most affecting part of a tragedy, or the most charming 'cadenza' of a singer, to hear some coarse expression shouted from the galleries in stentor voice. This is followed, according to the taste of the bystanders, either by loud laughter and approbation, or by the castigation and expulsion of the offender.

Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear no more of what is passing on the stage, where actors and singers, according to ancient usage, do not suffer themselves to be interrupted by such occurrences, but declaim or warble away, 'comme si rien n'était'. And such things happen not once, but sometimes twenty times, in the course of a performance, and amuse many of the audience more than that does. It is also no rarity for some one to throw the fragments of his 'gouté', which do not always consist of orange-peels alone, without the smallest ceremony on the heads of the people in the pit, or to shail them with singular dexterity into the boxes; while others hang

their coats and waistcoats over the railing of the gallery, and sit in shirt-sleeves; in short, all that could be devised for the better excitement of a phlegmatic *Harmonie* Society of the workmen in Berlin, under the renowned Wisotsky, is to be found in the national theatre of Britain.

Another cause for the absence of respectable families is the resort of hundreds of those unhappy women with whom London swarms. They are to be seen of every degree, from the lady who spends a splendid income, and has her own box, to the wretched beings who wander houseless in the streets. Between the acts they fill the large and handsome 'foyers', and exhibit their boundless effrontery in the most revolting manner.

It is most strange that in no country on earth is this afflicting and humiliating spectacle so openly exhibited as in the religious and decorous England. The evil goes to such an extent, that in the theatres it is often difficult to keep off these repulsive beings, especially when they are drunk, which is not seldom the case. They beg in the most shameless manner, and a pretty, elegantly dressed girl does not disdain to take a shilling or a sixpence, which she instantly spends in a glass of rum, like the meanest beggar. And these are the scenes, I repeat, which are exhibited in the

national theatre of England, where the highest dramatic talent of the country should be developed; where immortal artists like Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, have enraptured the public by their genius, and where such actors as Kean, Kemble, and Young still adorn the stage.

Is not this—to say nothing of the immorality—in the highest degree low and undignified? It is wholly inconsistent with any real love of art, or conception of its office and dignity. The turbulent scenes I have described above scarcely ever arise out of anything connected with the performance, but have almost always some source quite foreign to it, and no way relating to the stage.

Farewell!

Ever your

L——.

LETTER VI.

London, Nov. 25th, 1826.

Beloved,

It is sometimes a perfect want with me to spend a day entirely alone in my own room. I pass it in a sort of dreamy brooding. I go over the past and the future,—all that I have felt and suffered,—till, by the mixture of so many colours, one misty grey tint overspreads the whole; and the dissonances of life melt away at length, in a soft objectless melancholy.

The barrel-organs which resound day and night in every street, and are at other times insufferable, are favourable to such a state of mind. They too mingle a hundred different airs, till all music loses itself in an indistinct dreamy ringing in the ears.

A much more entertaining thing is another sort of street performance,—a genuine national comedy. It afforded me great amusement from my window, and is well worth a somewhat particular description.

The hero of this drama is Punch,—the English Punch,—perfectly different from the Italian Pulci-

nella. I send you a faithful portrait of him in the act of beating his wife to death;—for he is the most godless droll that ever I met with; and as completely without conscience as the wood out of which he is made;—a little, too, the type of the nation he represents.

Punch has, like his namesake, something of rum, lemon and sugar in him; he is strong, sour and sweet, and withal pretty indifferent to the confusion he causes. He is, moreover, the most absolute egotist the earth contains, 'et ne doute jamais de rien'. He conquers everything by his invincible merriment and humour, laughs at the laws, at men, and at the devil himself; and shows in part what the Englishman is, in part what he wishes to be, in one composite picture;—on the native side, selfishness, perseverance and high spirit, and, wherever it is called for, reckless determination;—on the foreign, unconquerable levity, and ever ready wit. But allow me to paint Punch to you by his own proper words, and to take my further account of him from his biography.

As a descendant of Pulcinella of Acerra, he is, in the first place, unquestionably a nobleman of ancient stock. Harlequin, Clown, the German Casperle and others are his near of kin;—but he, for his great audacity, stands best as head of

the family. Pious, alas! he is not: being a true Englishman, he doubtless goes to church on Sundays; though, may be, he would beat any parson to death who bored him with attempts to convert him. It is not to be denied that Punch is a wild fellow,—no very moral personage, and not made of wood for nothing. No man can be better fitted for a boxer,—other men's hits he feels not, and his own are irresistible. With that, he is a true Turk in his small respect for human life; endures no contradiction, and fears not the devil himself. On the other hand, we can but admire his great qualities in many respects. His admirable insensibility, and his already-commended invariable good-humour; his high heroic egotism; his unalterable self-complacency; his exhaustless wit, and the consummate cunning with which he gets himself out of every scrape, and triumphs victoriously over every antagonist,—throw a bright lustre over all the little freedoms which he is apt to take with human life. In him has not inaptly been observed a compound of Richard the Third and Falstaff. Even in his outward man he unites the crooked legs and hump-back of Richard, with the portly rotundity of Falstaff; to which are added the long nose and the fiery black eyes of Italy.

His dwelling is a box, with suitable internal

decorations, set on four poles,—a theatre which can be erected in a few seconds in any place; a drapery falling over the poles, or legs, conceals Punch's soul, which animates the puppets and lends them the needful words. The drama in which he daily appears in the streets, varies, therefore, with the talents of the person who acts as interpreter between Punch and the public. The course of the incidents is however always essentially the same, and pretty nearly as follows:

As the curtain rises, Punch is heard behind the scenes trolling the French ballad 'Malbrooke s'en va- t- en guerre,' and presently appears dancing, and in high good-humour, and in droll verses tells the spectators what manner of humour he is of. He calls himself a gay merry fellow, who loves to give a joke, but is not very ready to take one; and if he is ever gentle, it is only towards the fair sex. With his money he is frank and free; and his grand object is to laugh his whole life long, and to grow as fat as he can. He declares himself a great admirer and seducer of the girls, and, as long as he can get it, a friend of good cheer; when he cannot, however, he can live on cheese-parings, and if he die—why then there 's no more to be said, than that all 's over, and there 's an end of Punch and the play. (This

latter avowal unquestionably smells a little of atheism.)

After this monologue he calls behind the scenes for Judy, his young wife, who will not come, but at last sends her dog instead. Punch strokes and caresses him, but the spiteful cur seizes him by the nose, and holds him fast, till after a laughable fight, and various rough jokes of the not too discreet Punch, he at last beats off the dog and gives him a sound drubbing.

His neighbour Scaramouch, hearing the noise, here enters with a large stick, and calls Punch to account why he beat Judy's favourite dog, "that *never* bit anybody." "And I *never* beat a dog," replied Punch; "but," continues he, "what have you there in your hand, my dear Scaramouch?" "Oh, nothing but a fiddle; will you hear the tone of it? Do but come and hear what a fine instrument it is." "Thank ye, thank ye, my good Scaramouch," replies Punch modestly, "I can distinguish the tone of it very well here." Scaramouch, however, is not to be so put off, and while he dances about to the sound of his own singing, and flourishes his stick, he gives Punch, as if by accident, a great knock on the head. Punch affects not to heed it, but begins to dance too, and watching his opportunity suddenly snatches the

stick out of Scaramouch's hand, and in a trice gives him such a blow with it that poor Scaramouch's head rolls down at his feet,—for where Punch lays about him the grass does not grow. "Ha! ha!" cries he, laughing, "did you hear the fiddle, my good Scaramouch? What a fine tone it has! As long as you live, my lad, you 'll never hear a finer. But where is my Judy? My sweet Judy, why don't you come."

Meanwhile Punch has hidden the body of Scaramouch behind the curtain, and Judy, the feminine 'pendant' of her husband, with the same monstrous nose, enters. A comically tender scene ensues, after which Punch asks for his child; Judy goes to fetch it, and Punch breaks forth into an ecstatic monologue on his happiness as a husband and father. The little monster arrives, and now the parents can hardly contain themselves for joy, and lavish upon it the tenderest names and caresses. Judy, however, called away by her household duties, soon departs, and leaves the infant in its father's arms, who somewhat awkwardly tries to play the nurse and to dandle the child, which begins to cry piteously, and to behave very naughtily. Punch at first tries to soothe it, but soon grows impatient, beats it, and, as it screams all the more violently, he flies into a rage, and

throws it out of the window, with curses, plump into the street, where it falls among the spectators and breaks its neck. Punch leans over the edge of the stage and looks after it, makes a few grimaces, shakes his head, and begins to laugh, and then dances about, singing merrily.

Meantime Judy returns, and asks with alarm for her darling. "The child is gone to sleep," replies Punch carelessly; however, after a long investigation he is forced to confess that while he was playing with him, he let him fall out of the window. Judy is out of herself, tears her hair, and overwhelms her cruel tyrant with the most dreadful reproaches. In vain does he try to soothe her; she will not hear him, and runs away uttering vehement threats. Punch holds his belly for laughter, dances about, and for very wantonness beats time with his own head upon the walls. But Judy now comes behind him with a broomstick and belabours him with all her might.

At first he gives her good words, promises never to throw another child out of the window; begs her, however, not to take the joke so seriously;—but finding that nothing will avail, he loses his patience at last, and concludes the affair as with Scaramouch;—he beats poor Judy to death. "Now," says he drily, "our quarrel is over, dear

Judy, and if you are satisfied, so am I. Come, stand up again, Judy. Oh, don't sham, this is only one of your tricks. What, you won't get up? Well, then, off with you!" So saying, he flings her after her child into the street.

He does not even trouble himself to look after her, but bursting into one of his usual fits of loud laughter, cries out, "'Tis a fine piece of luck to lose a wife!"

In the second act we find Punch at a rendezvous with his mistress Polly, to whom he pays his court, not in the most refined manner, and assures her that she alone can drive away all his cares, and that if he had as many wives as Solomon, he could kill them all for her sake. A courtier and friend of Polly's then pays him a visit; this time he does not kill his man, but only thrashes him well: he is then 'ennuyé', and declares that the weather being fine he will take a ride. A wild horse is brought, upon which he capers about for some time in a ludicrous fashion; but at last, from the dreadful plunging of the untameable animal, is thrown. He calls out for help, and happily his friend the Doctor happens to be passing, and comes immediately. Punch lies like dead, and groans piteously. The Doctor tries to tranquillize him, and feels his pulse: Punch, to be

short, makes so uncivil a return for the Doctor's attentions, that the latter exclaims, "Here, Master Punch, I bring you a wholesome medicine, the only one fit for you," and begins to thump him soundly with his gold-headed cane.

"Oh dear!" cries Punch, "many thanks to you; I want none of your physic, it gives me the head-ache." "Ah, that 's only because you have taken it in too small doses," says the doctor; "take a little more, and it will cure you."

Punch at last feigns himself conquered, falls down exhausted, and begs for mercy; but when the credulous Doctor bends down over him, Punch darts upon him like lightning, wrests the stick out of his hand and lays about him as usual.

"Now," cries he, "you must take a little of your charming physic,—only a little, respected friend;—there—there!"

"Oh Lord, you will kill me!" cries the Doctor.

"Not worth talking of—only what 's usual—Doctors always die when they take their own physic. Come, only one last pill:"—and so saying, the ruthless Punch runs him through the body with the point of his stick. The Doctor dies. Punch, laughing, exclaims, "Now, my good friend, cure yourself if you can."

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*

After other adventures, which have almost all the same tragical end, justice is at length awake, and the constable is sent to arrest Punch. He finds him, as usual, in the highest glee, and just busied, as he says, in making music with the help of a dustman's bell (a very 'naïf' confession of the musical capacity of the nation).

The dialogue is brief and important*. It ends with the constable showing Punch the warrant for his arrest: "And," says Punch, "I have a warrant for you, which I will soon execute." Hereupon he seizes the bell, which he has held concealed behind him, and gives the constable such a blow on the occiput, that, like his predecessors, he falls lifeless; whereupon Punch springs off with a 'capriole', and is heard singing behind the scenes.

The magistrate, who comes after the death of the constable, has no better fate. At length the hangman, in proper person, lies in wait for Punch, who in his joyous recklessness runs upon him without seeing him. For the first time he seems somewhat embarrassed by this rencontre, is very slightly cast down, and does his best to flatter Mr. Ketch; calls him his old friend, and inquires very parti-

* As the biography of Punch seems becoming rather diffuse, and is tolerably well known here (though not so well as might be imagined), this is omitted.—TRANSL.

cularly after the health of Mistress Ketch. The hangman, however, soon makes him understand that all friendship must now have an end; and sets before him what a bad man he is to have killed so many men, and his wife and child.

"As to them," says he, "they were my own property, and 't is hard if a man may not do what he likes with his own." "And why did you kill the poor Doctor, who came to help you?" "Only in self-defence, good Mr. Ketch; he wanted me to take his medicine."

But all excuses and evasions are useless. Three or four men spring forward and bind Punch, whom Ketch leads into prison.

In the next scene we behold him at the back of the stage, trying to look out from behind an iron grating, and rubbing his long nose against the bars. He is very wroth and miserable, yet, according to his use and wont, sings a song to drive away time. Mr. Ketch enters, and with the assistance of his helpers erects a gallows before the prison-door. Punch becomes sorrowful, but, instead of feeling repentance, has only a fit of greater fondness and longing for his Polly. He however mans himself again, and makes various 'bon mots' on the handsome gallows, which he compares to a tree planted, as it seems, for the adornment of

his prospect. "How beautiful it will be when it bears fruit!" cries he.

Some men now bring the coffin, and place it at the foot of the gallows. "What have you there?" says Punch. "Ah ha! that is no doubt the basket to put the fruit in."

Meanwhile Ketch returns, and greeting Punch, and opening the door politely, tells him that all is ready,—he may come when he likes. You may think that Punch is not very eager to accept the invitation. After a good deal of discussion Ketch calls out, "It's of no use, Master Punch, you must come out and be hanged."

"You won't be so cruel."

"Why were you so cruel as to kill your wife and child?"

"Is that any reason for your being cruel too?" —(argument against capital punishment.)

Ketch appeals to no better principle than that of the strongest, and drags out Punch by his hair, begging for mercy and promising amendment.

"Now, my good Punch," says Ketch, coolly, "do but have the goodness to put your head into this noose, and all will soon be over." Punch affects awkwardness, and can't get his head right into the noose.

"Good God! how awkward you are!" exclaims

Ketch; "you must put your head in so"—showing him. "Ay so, and then draw it tight," cries Punch, drawing up the unwary hangman in a moment, and hanging him on the gallows; after which he hides himself behind the wall. Two men come to take away the body, lay it in the coffin, believing it to be that of the criminal, and carry it out, while Punch laughs in his sleeve, and dances away as usual.

But the shrewdest battle is yet to come, for the devil himself, 'in propriâ personâ,' now comes to fetch him. Vainly does Punch lay before him the most acute observations; that he is a very stupid devil to wish to carry off the best friend he has on earth, and the like. The devil will not hear reason, and stretches out his long claws horribly at him. He appears just about to fly away with him, as erst with Faust, but Punch is not so easily to be dealt with; manfully he grasps his murderous staff, and defends himself even against the devil. A fearful fight ensues, and—who would have thought it possible?—Punch, so often in uttermost danger, at length remains universal conqueror, spits the black fiend on his stick, holds him up aloft, and whirling about with him with shouts of triumph, sings, while he laughs more heartily than ever.

I leave it to you to make all the philosophical reflections; of which Punch's career is fitted to excite not a few. Above all interesting would be the inquiry, how far the daily repetition of this favourite popular drama for so many years has influenced the morality of the lower classes.

To conclude,—for the sake of tragic justice, I sketch on the margin of my sheet a second portrait of Punch, as he appears sitting in prison, when the gallows is just brought before him.

In my next letter you will have all the details you desire concerning B——, which pious personage I have today forgotten for the more interesting sinner Punch.—Adieu for today!

December 1st.

You remember what I told you of the mode of letting land in this country. As the builders of houses have only ninety-nine years to reckon on, they build as slightly as possible; the consequence of which is that one is not very sure of one's life in some of the London houses. A house, by no means old, fell last night in St. James's-street, close by me, just like a house of cards, carrying the half of another with it. Several persons were severely hurt, but the greater number had time to escape, as there were threatening warnings. Such

is the rapidity with which they build here, that in a month the whole will doubtless be standing again, though perhaps not much safer than before.

A few days ago I attended the interesting ceremony of the opening of Parliament by the King in person; a ceremony which has not taken place for several years.

In the centre of the House of Lords were assembled the Peers, their scarlet mantles negligently thrown over their ordinary morning dress. Near the wall opposite to the entrance stood the King's throne; on benches on the left sat a number of ladies in full dress; on the right, the diplomatic corps and foreigners. In front of the throne was a bar, and behind it the members of the Lower House, in the common dress of our day. The house without, and the staircase, were filled with servants and heralds in the costume of the fourteenth century.

At two o'clock discharges of cannon announced the arrival of the King in state. A number of magnificent carriages and horses composed the procession, a sketch of which I have taken in my book of reminiscences *, and have placed it in

* My deceased friend executed a singular idea, and left a relic which his survivors preserve with melancholy pleasure. He had filled several large folio volumes with drawings,

contrast with a drawing of one of Cæsar's triumphs. At the sight of these pictures one involuntarily asks oneself, whether mankind have really made any progress. Scarcely, as it seems, in as far as art is concerned; especially when we look at the two prominent personages,—those who occupy the highest seats at the respective ceremonies,—the King's body-coachman, and Cæsar.

At about half-past three the King made his appearance, he alone being in full dress, and truly covered from top to toe with the ancient kingly decorations; with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand. He looked pale and bloated, and was obliged to sit on the throne for a considerable time before he could get breath enough to read his speech. During this time he turned friendly glances and condescending bows towards some favoured ladies. On his right stood Lord Liverpool, with the sword of state and the speech

prints, autographs, and even small pamphlets; not as is commonly the case with 'scrap-books,' all sorts of things 'pèle mèle';—he inserted only those things which he had himself seen and witnessed, in the same order in which he had seen them. Every sketch or engraving was accompanied by a note, the sum of which notes gives a consecutive sketch of his whole career in this world; a perfect *atlas of his life*, as he often called it.—Edit.

in his hand; and the Duke of Wellington on his left. All three looked so miserable, so ashy-grey and worn out, that never did human greatness appear to me so little worth; indeed the tragic side of all the comedies we play here below, fell almost heavily on my heart; and yet it excited in me a strong feeling of the comic, to see how the most powerful monarch of the earth was obliged to present himself, as chief actor in a pantomime, before an audience whom he deems so infinitely beneath him. In fact, the whole pageant, including the King's costume, reminded me strikingly of one of those historical plays which are here got up so well; nothing was wanting but the 'flourish of trumpets' which accompanies the entrance and exit of one of Shakspeare's kings, to make the illusion complete.

In spite of his feebleness, George the Fourth read the 'banale' speech with great dignity and a fine voice; but with that royal 'nonchalance' which does not much concern itself what His Majesty promises, or whether or not he is sometimes unable to decipher a word. It was very evident that the monarch was heartily glad when the 'corvée' was over, so that the conclusion went off somewhat more rapidly than the beginning.

Since my last letter I have been twice to the theatre, which the late hours of dining render it impossible to do when one has any engagement.

I saw Mozart's Figaro announced at Drury-lane, and delighted myself with the idea of hearing once more the sweet tones of my fatherland:—what then was my astonishment at the unheard-of treatment which the master-work of the immortal composer has received at English hands! You will hardly believe me when I tell you that neither the Count, the Countess, nor Figaro sang; these parts were given to mere actors, and their principal songs, with some little alteration in the words, were sung by the other singers; to add to this, the gardener roared out some interpolated popular English songs, which suited Mozart's music just as a pitch-plaster would suit the face of the Venus de' Medici. The whole opera was moreover 'arranged' by a certain Mr. Bishop (a circumstance which I had seen noticed in the bill, but did not understand till now),—that is, adapted to English ears by means of the most tasteless and shocking alterations.

The English national music, the coarse heavy melodies of which can never be mistaken for an instant, has, to me at least, something singularly offensive; an expression of brutal feeling both in

pain and pleasure, which smacks of 'roast-beef, plum-pudding, and porter.' You may imagine, therefore, what an agreeable effect these incorporations with the lovely and refined conceptions of Mozart must produce.

'Je n'y pouvais tenir'—poor Mozart appeared to me like a martyr on the cross, and I suffered no less by sympathy.

This abominable practice is the more inexcusable, since here is really no want of meritorious singers, male and female; and, with better arrangement, very good performances might be given. It is true, even if the stage were in good order, a second Orpheus would still be required to tame English audiences.

Far better was the performance in Covent Garden, where Charles Kemble, one of the best English actors, gave an admirable representation of the part of Charles the Second. Kemble is a man of the best education, and has always lived in good society; he is therefore qualified to represent a king royally;—with the 'aisance', that is, proper to all exalted persons. He very skilfully gave an amiable colouring to the levity of Charles the Second; without ever, even in moments of the greatest 'abandon', losing the type of that inborn conscious dignity, so difficult to imitate. The costume, too, was as if cut

out of the frame of an old picture, down to the veriest trifle; and this was observed by all the other actors, for which Kemble, who is also manager, deserves great praise.

I must, however, confess that in the next piece, in which Frederic the Great plays the principal part, there was not the same intimate knowledge and perfect imitation of foreign costume; both the king and his suite seemed to have borrowed their wardrobe from that of a pantomime. Zieten presented himself in a high grenadier's cap, and Seydlitz appeared in locks 'a là Murat', and with as many orders as that royal actor used to wear; a profusion of which were by no means the fashion in Frederic's day, nor were they then worn as mere appendages of the toilet.

December 2nd.

I often dine at Prince E——'s, who exhibits a perfect model to 'diplomates' how dignified 'représentation' may be combined with agreeable facile manners; and how a man may please every body if he understands the art of placing himself 'à sa portée,' yet without suffering his own dignity to be forgotten for an instant:—'un vrai Seigneur,'—such as are every day becoming rarer. Never too did a foreigner *succeed* so perfectly in

England; and yet, most assuredly, without the slightest concession to English arrogance. This implies infinite tact; the lighter, more vivacious character of a South German; and the most astute intellect concealed beneath the most unpretending 'bonhommie;' the whole backed and set off by a great name and a splendid fortune.

The other members of the diplomatic corps, with few exceptions, are left by him quite in the back-ground, and most of the plenipotentiaries here disappear completely in the crowd. Among the ambassadors there is, however, one of the female sex who plays a great part * * *

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But more of this another time. I entered upon the subject of Diplomates, only for the sake of repeating to you a very pretty 'bon mot' of one of them whom you know. I heard it today at dinner. Count H—— was ambassador at a German court renowned for its economy ('pour ne pas dire mesquinerie'), and on some solemn occasion received a snuff-box with the portrait of the sovereign; which, however, was set round with very small, paltry diamonds. Shortly afterwards, one of his colleagues asked him to show him his present. "Vous ne trouverez pas le portrait ressem-

blant," said the Count, giving him the snuff-box, —"mais les diamants."

I occasionally see, with great satisfaction, the venerable Elliot, who, together with the dry but very interesting Lord St. Helens, whom Ségur so often mentions in his Memoirs, belongs to the 'Doyens' of English diplomacy, and still dwells with extraordinary pleasure on the recollection of his residence at Dresden. He has several very charming daughters, and finds it difficult to live in a style befitting his rank, for his long services have not been rewarded with English liberality*.

Another very interesting person is Sir L—— M——, who was formerly in high favour with the king, then Prince of Wales, and deserves mention, first, because he is a most agreeable Amphitryon and entertains his friends admirably, and secondly because he is one of the

* It is a very characteristic trait of the gay careless character of this amiable old man, that he let a number of large boxes, containing his effects, stand at Dresden from the time he quitted it. At length he was induced to entrust some one with the charge of overlooking the contents. This person, who knew his very narrow circumstances, was not a little surprised at finding the presents made to him as English ambassador, set with jewels of considerable value, still in their packing cases.

most original of men, and one of the few *truly practical* philosophers I have ever met with. The prejudices of the many seem for him to have no existence; and nobody could be more difficult to impose on by mere authority, whether on matters of heaven or earth. Although sixty years old, and a martyr to the most unheard of tortures with which gout and stone can rack an unhappy mortal, no one ever heard a complaint from him; nor is his cheerful, nay merry humour ever saddened by it for a moment. It must be confessed that there are dispositions and temperaments which are worth a hundred thousand a year.

When I was first introduced to him, a short time since, he had just undergone the terrible operation for the stone. The surgeon refused to undertake it, on the ground that the weakness of the patient rendered it too hazardous, but was at length almost compelled by him to perform it. At that time he kept his bed, and looked like a corpse, and at going in I involuntarily made 'une mine de doléance,' upon which he instantly interrupted me, and told me to lay aside all grimaces. "What cannot be cured," said he, "must be endured; and better gaily, than sadly:" for himself, he said, he had certainly abundant cause to laugh at his physicians, who had given him his passport with the

utmost certainty at least ten times, but had almost all gone to the d——l before him. "Besides," said he, "I have enjoyed life as few have, and must now learn the dark side." In spite of all his pleasures, and all his pains, the gay-hearted man is still in such good preservation, that, since he is about again, with his artist-like perruque, he does not look much above forty, and exhibits a spirited and 'rayonnante' physiognomy, whose features must once have been handsome.

December 3rd.

Kemble gave me a high treat this evening as Falstaff. It is certain that even the greatest dramatic poets stand in need of the actor's aid to bring out their work. I never so fully understood the character of the mad knight; never was it so manifest to me what his outward deportment must have been, as since I saw him new-born in the person of Charles Kemble. His dress and mask were striking indeed, but by no means such a caricature as on our stages. Still less had he the air of a man of low rank and breeding, visibly a mere 'farceur,' as Devrient, for instance, represented him in Berlin. Falstaff, although a man of vulgar *soul*, is still by habit and inclination a practised courtier; and

the coarseness which he often assumes in the prince's company is at least as much intentional acting, employed by him to amuse the Prince (for princes often love vulgarity from its very contrast with the gloomy elevation of their own station), as to gratify his own humour. Mr. Kemble caught the finest shades of the character; for, although he never lost sight of the natural, invincible humour, the witty presence of mind, and the diverting drollery which made Falstaff such an agreeable companion,—nay, which rendered him almost a necessary of life to those who had once associated with him,—he is quite another man when he appears at Court in the presence of the king and other dignified persons; or when he plays antics with the Prince and his companions; or, lastly, when he is alone with the latter. In the first case, you see a facetious man, somewhat like the Maréchal de Bassompierre, ludicrously fat, but a man of dignified and gentlemanlike air; always a joker, it is true, but in a good 'ton,' never forgetting the respect due to the place and the presence in which he is. In the second stage, he allows himself to go much further; takes all sorts of coarse freedoms; but ever with observable care to exalt the Prince, and to assume only the privilege of a Court fool, who,

apparently, may say all that comes into his head. In the last stage, we see Falstaff in complete 'negligé,' after he has thrown off all regard to appearances. Here he wallows delightedly in the mire, like a swine in a ditch; and yet even here he still remains original, and excites more laughter than disgust. This is the supreme art, the last triumph, of the poet: he alone can give, even to the most horrid monsters of sin and shame, something like a divine impress; something which awakens our interest and attracts us, even to our own astonishment. This is the high dramatic truth, the creative power of genius, speaking of which Walter Scott so prettily says, "I can only compare Shakspeare with that man in the Arabian Nights, who has the power of passing into any body at pleasure, and imitating its feelings and actions."

I must here remark, that there is but one character in this immortal poet's works which always appeared to me ill-drawn and unnatural, nor does any excite less interest in general. This is the king in Hamlet. To mention only one trait, it appears to me quite psycologically false, when the author makes the king kneel down, and then exclaim, "I cannot pray." The king is never represented as an irreligious man, a subtle sceptic, but merely as a coarse sensual sinner; now we daily

see that a man of this cast can not only pray regularly and zealously, but even pray that his crimes may prosper: like that woman who was found alone in a robber's cave, after the capture of the gang, on her knees, praying earnestly to heaven that the expedition in which she believed them then engaged might be successful, and that they might return laden with booty.

Nay even public pre-appointed prayers have often no better aim. What examples of this kind does not history afford! No, the sinful king *can* pray,—the person in this tragedy who *cannot*, is Hamlet. For it is only the unbelieving; the man who wants to fathom everything; the spiritual chemist who sees one apparently firm substance after another melt away; this man—till he is enabled by the divine influence to construct one,* inward and indestructible, (and this point Hamlet has mani-

* How may this be effected? Only when a man brings himself to acknowledge that religion is entirely and solely an affair of the heart and the feelings; to which the head can be profitable only by standing as watchman of the sanctuary, and guarding it with the sword of reason from its two hereditary foes, superstition and intolerance. If he cannot be satisfied with this, if he will insist upon understanding what our nature forbids us to understand, he must fall into one of two difficulties; either he must take refuge in a so-called positive religion, or in a system of speculative philosophy.

festly not reached) this man alone, I say, *cannot pray*, for the Object fails him. He cannot deny it to himself,—when he prays, he is only acting a part with himself. This is a melancholy process to pass through, and is imputed to unhappy mortals as a crime by those who first place the poor child on the bed of Procrustes, and by that means often render it impossible for the cramped and shortened limbs ever to extend themselves again to their natural length.

But back to the play. It concluded with a melodrama, in which a large Newfoundland dog really acted admirably; he defended a banner for a long time, pursued the enemy, and afterwards came on the stage wounded, lame, and bleeding, and died in the most masterly manner, with a last wag of the tail that was really full of genius. You would have sworn that the good beast knew at

Both are unsatisfactory, as soon as he seeks to find more in them than an interesting sport of the fancy or of the intellect. While the profound innate sentiment of God, of Love, and of the Good, in every healthy state of the mind, stands with a steady irrefragable security, as clear to the lowest capacity, as to the highest, not merely as a belief, but as the true essence of his being,—his proper individual self. And this, without either reason or understanding being brought into immediate activity;—though both, when reflection is called in, must entirely confirm the sentiment.—EDITOR.

least as well as any of his human companions what he was about.

I left the Theatre in such good humour that I won eight rubbers at whist after it at the Club, for luck at play goes with good spirits and confidence. —But good night.

December 4th.

In consequence of the opening of Parliament, society begins to be more lively, though London 'en gros' is still empty.

The most elegant Ladies of the first circles now give small parties, access to which is far more difficult to most Englishmen than to foreigners of rank; for the despotism of fashion, as I have already told you, rules in this land of freedom with iron sceptre, and extends through all classes in a manner we on the Continent have no conception of.

But without indulging too early in general observations, I will describe to you my own way of life in London.

I rise late; read, like a half-nationalized foreigner, three or four newspapers at breakfast; look in my 'visiting-book' what visits I have to pay, and either drive to pay them in my cabriolet or ride.—In the course of these excursions, I sometimes catch the enjoyment of the picturesque; the struggle of the blood-red sun with the winter fogs often produces

wild and singular effects of light. After my visits are paid, I ride for several hours about the beautiful environs of London, return when it grows dark, work a little, dress for dinner, which is at seven or eight, and spend the evening either in the Theatre or at some small party. The ludicrous 'routs,'—at which one hardly finds standing-room on the staircase,—where one pushes and is pushed, and is kept for hours in a hot-house temperature,—have not yet commenced. In England however, except in a few diplomatic houses, you can go nowhere in an evening except on special invitation.—In these small parties there is not much 'géne', but general conversation has no place: each gentleman usually singles out a lady who peculiarly interests him, and does not quit her for the whole evening. Many fair ones are thus frequently left sitting alone, without an opportunity of speaking a word; they however do not betray any dissatisfaction, even by a look or gesture, for they are of a very passive nature.—Everybody of course speaks French, as with us, 'tant bien que mal', but this continued 'géne' annoys the ladies so much after a time, that a man has no little advantage who can speak English tolerably.

You see this life is pretty much a 'far niente', though not a very sweet one to my taste, for I

love society only in intimate circles, and attach myself with difficulty,—indeed now scarcely at all,—to new acquaintances. The ennui, which seizes me in such an indifferent state of mind, is too clearly written on my undiplomatic face not to extend to others as contagiously as yawning. Here and there I find an exception:—today for instance I made the acquaintance of Mr. Morier, the clever and very agreeable author of Hadji Baba; and of Mr. Hope, the imputed author of Anastasius, a work of far higher genius. This book is worthy of Byron: many maintain that Mr. Hope, who is rather remarkable for his reserve than for anything poetical in his appearance, cannot possibly have written it. This doubt derives considerable force from a work which Mr. Hope formerly published on furniture, the style and contents of which certainly contrast strangely with the glowing impassioned Anastasius, overflowing with thought and feeling. An acquaintance of mine said to me, "One thing or the other: either Anastasius is not by him, or the work on furniture." But matter so different brings with it as different a style; and, as I observed Mr. Hope, perhaps with involuntary prepossession, he appeared to me no ordinary man. He is very rich, and his house full of treasures of art, and of luxuries which I

shall describe hereafter. His furniture theory, which is fashioned on the antique, I cannot praise in practice:—the chairs are ungovernable; other trophy-like structures look ridiculous, and the sophas have such sharp salient points in all directions, that an incautious sitter might hurt himself seriously.

On my return home at night I found your letter, which, like every thing from you, gave me more pleasure than aught else can. Say not, however, that the pain of parting occasions you such deep depression,—let it not be deeper than a joyful meeting can at once remove; and that is probably not very distant.

That you point to another life, as soon as things do not go precisely according to our wishes in this, seems to me, dearest, to show a want of Christian patience and confidence. No, I confess it, spite of transient fits of melancholy, I still feel the attractions of earth; and this 'span of life,' as you call it, has strong hold on my heart. If indeed you, my affectionate tutelary goddess, were also Fortuna, I should fare better than any mortal living: 'et toutes les étoiles pâliraient devant la mienne':—but since you love me, you are my Fortuna, and I desire no better.

Do not suffer your own melancholy, or mine, to

deceive you. As for me, you know that a nothing raises the barometer of my spirits, and a nothing often depresses it. This is certainly too delicate a nervous organization, and little fitted for every-day, home-baked (*hausbacknen*) happiness,—which requires stronger nerves.

December 5th.

Oberon, Weber's song of the swan, has occupied my evening.—The execution of both the instrumental and vocal parts left much to desire; but on the whole, the Opera was extremely well performed, for London. The best part was the decorations, especially at the conjuration of the spirits. They appear, not, as usual, in the standing costume,—scarlet jackets and breeches, with snaky locks and flames on their heads,—but in the form of huge rocky caves, which occupy the whole stage; every mass of rock then suddenly changes into some fantastic and frightful form or face, gleaming with many-coloured flames and lurid light, out of which here and there a whole figure leans grinning forward, while the fearful thrilling music re-echoes on every side from the moving chorus of rocks.

The Opera itself I regard as one of Weber's feebler productions. There are beautiful parts, especially the introduction, which is truly elf-like.

I am less delighted with the overture, though so highly extolled by connoisseurs.

I ought to have begun by telling you that I was presented to the King today, at a great Levée.—I give it you as a proof of the extraordinary voluntary seclusion of the present sovereign, that our Secretary of Legation was presented with me *for the first time*, though he has been here in that capacity for two years. His Majesty has a very good memory. He immediately recollected my former visit to England, though he mistook the date of it by several years. I took occasion to make my compliments to him on the extraordinary embellishment of London since that time, which indeed is to be ascribed in great measure to him. After a gracious reply, I passed on, and placed myself in a convenient station for seeing the whole spectacle. It was odd enough.

The King, on account of the feeble state of his health, remained seated;—the company marched past him in a line; each made his bow, was addressed or not, and then either placed himself in the row on the other side of the room, or quitted it. All those who had received any appointment kneeled down before the king and kissed his hand, at which the American Minister, near whom I had accidentally placed myself, made a rather satiri-

cal face. The clergymen and lawyers in their black gowns and white powdered wigs, short and long, had a most whimsical masquerading appearance. One of them was the object of an almost universal ill-suppressed laugh. This personage had kneeled to be 'knighted,' as the English call it, and in this posture, with the long fleece on his head, looked exactly like a sheep at the slaughter-block. His Majesty signed to the great Field Marshal to give him his sword. For the first time, perhaps, the great warrior could not draw the sword from the scabbard; he pulled and pulled,—all in vain. The king waiting with outstretched arm; the Duke vainly pulling with all his might; the unhappy martyr prostrate in silent resignation, as if expecting his end, and the whole brilliant Court standing around in anxious expectation:—it was a group worthy of Gilray's pencil. At length the state weapon started like a flash of lightning from its sheath. His Majesty grasped it impatiently,—indeed his arm was probably weary and benumbed with being so long extended,—so that the sword, instead of alighting on a new knight, fell on an old wig, which for a moment enveloped king and subject in a cloud of powder.

December 6th.

Mr. R—— had long ago invited me to visit him at his country-house, and I took advantage of a disengaged day to drive out with my friend L—— to dine there. The royal banker has bought no ducal residence, but lives in a pretty villa. We found some Directors of the East India Company, and several members of his own family and faith, whom I liked very much. I extremely respect this family for having the courage to remain Jews. Only an idiot can esteem a Jew the less for his religion, but renegades have always a presumption against their sincerity, which it is difficult to get over.

There are three cases in which I should unconditionally allow Jews to change their religion. First, if they really believe that only Christians can be saved; secondly, if their daughters wish to marry Christians, who will have them on no other terms; thirdly, if a Jew were elected King of a Christian people,—a thing by no means impossible, since men far below the rank of Jewish barons, and notorious for the absence of all religion, have frequently ascended the throne in these latter days*.

* It is very problematical which is the worst in the eyes of the pious,—to have no religion at all, or one different from

Mr. R—— was in high good-humour, amusing, and talkative. It was diverting to hear him explain to us the pictures around his dining-room, (all portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, presented through their ministers,) and talk of the originals as his very good friends, and, in a certain sense, his equals. "Yes," said he, "the —— once pressed me for a loan, and in the same week in which I received his autograph letter, his father wrote to me also with his own hand from Rome to beg me for Heaven's sake not to have any concern in it, for that I could not have to do with a more dishonest man than his son. 'C'était sans doute très Catholique;' probably, however, the letter was written by the old ——, who hated her own son to such a degree, that she used to say of him,—everybody knows how unjustly,—"He has the heart of a t—— with the face of an a——."

their own. Louis XIV., who was unquestionably a champion of religion, decided for the latter opinion. The Duke of Orleans proposed to him an ambassador to Spain, whom he accepted, but the next day recalled, because he had heard he was a Jansenist. "By no means, Your Majesty," said the Duke; "for, as far as I know, he does not even believe in a God." May I depend upon that?" asked the King gravely. "Certainly," replied the Duke, smiling. "Well, then, let him take the post, in God's name."

The others' turn came next. * * *

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He concluded, however, by modestly calling himself the dutiful and generously paid agent and servant of these high potentates, all of whom he honoured equally, let the state of politics be what it might; for, said he, laughing, "I never like to quarrel with my bread and butter."

It shows great prudence in Mr. R—— to have accepted neither title nor order, and thus to have preserved a far more respectable independence. He doubtless owes much to the good advice of his extremely amiable and judicious wife, who excels him in tact and knowledge of the world, though not perhaps in acuteness and talents for business.

On our way there we had been tempted to alight to see the state-carriage of another monarch of Asiatic origin, the King of the Birmans. It was taken in the late war. It is crowded with precious stones, valued at six thousand pounds, and has a splendid effect by candle-light: its canopy-like pyramidal form seemed to me in better taste than that of our carriages. The attendants sitting on it were odd enough,—two little boys

and two peacocks, carved in wood and beautifully painted and varnished. At the time it was taken, it was drawn by two white elephants; and fifteen thousand precious stones, great and small, all unpolished, still adorn the gilded wood of which it is made. A number of curious and costly Birman arms were placed, as trophies, round the spacious apartment, which gave a doubly rich and interesting effect to the whole exhibition. As people always give a great deal for money here, there was a Pœcilorama in an adjoining room, consisting also of Birman and Indian views, over which the light is ingeniously thrown so as to produce very lively and varied effects.

I don't know why such things are not used as decorations for rooms. At a fête, for instance, a room thus fitted up would surely be a much greater novelty than the hacknied ornaments of gay draperies, orange trees, and flowers.

December 8th.

On my way home from a dinner at M. de Polignac's, a very agreeable but highly orthodox representative of 'l'ancien regime,' I was in time to find the celebrated Mathews "At Home" at

his theatre. The curtain was dropped, and Mr. Mathews sitting in front of it at a table covered with a cloth.

He began by discursively relating to the public that he was just returned from a journey to Paris, where he had met with many original individuals and droll adventures. Imperceptibly he passed from the narrative style to a perfectly dramatic performance, in which, with almost inconceivable talent and memory, he placed before the eyes of his audience all that he had witnessed; while he so totally altered his face, speech, and whole exterior, with the rapidity of lightning, that one must have seen it to believe it possible. His outward helps consist only of a cap, a cloak, a false nose, a wig, &c., which he draws from under the table-cover, and with these slender means produces an entire and instant transformation. The applause was tumultuous and the laughter incessant. The principal persons (who were introduced in various situations,) were an old Englishman, who found fault with everything abroad and praised everything at home; a provincial lady who never walked in the street without a French dictionary in her hand, worried the passers-by with incessant questions, and seized every opportunity of assisting other English people with her

superior knowledge, in doing which, as may be imagined, she stumbled upon the most perverted, burlesque, and often equivocal expressions; a Dandy from the City, who affected 'le grand air'; and his opposite, a fat farmer from Yorkshire, who played pretty much the part of farmer Feldkümmel. The most amusing thing to me was an English lecture on craniology by Spurzheim. The likeness to that person, so well known in England,—to his whole manner and his German accent,—was so perfect, that the theatre shook with incessant laughter.

I was less pleased with some other imitations; particularly that of Talma, who is far above the reach of any mere mimic, be his talents what they may. Besides, his death is too recent, and sorrow for his irreparable loss too great in the mind of every lover of art, to render such a parody agreeable.

The performance concluded with a little farce, for which the curtain was drawn up, and in which Mathews again played alone. He filled seven or eight different parts, exclusive of those of a dog and a child, which were indeed personated by puppets, but which he barked and prattled, in as masterly a manner as he spoke the others. At first he is a French tutor, who is going to travel

with a little lord ten years old, whom he shuts into a guitar-case that he may save the fare of the diligence, and at the same time charge it to the papa. At every stage he takes him out, to give him air and make him say his lesson. He carries on the conversation with infinite drollery, and surprising skill as a ventriloquist. The boy's resistance to being shut up in his box again,—the way in which his murmurs and complaints die away, like the waltz in the Freischütz, till at length the lid is clapped to, and the last tones come from the shut case like a faint echo,—are inconceivably comic.

After many adventures which beset the diligence and its passengers, an old maid (again Mathews) makes her appearance. She has a favourite lap-dog, which is not suffered to travel inside, but which she is trying to smuggle in, and fixes her eye on the guitar-case as a fit hiding place for her darling. In her hurry to accomplish her purpose she does not observe that the place is already occupied. But hardly has she laid the case out of her hand, when the dog begins to growl and bark, the boy to howl, and she to scream for help; which trio made the gallery almost frantic with delight.

The whole affair is, as you perceive, not ex-

actly æsthetic, and rather fitted to an English stomach than to any other. It is, indeed, almost painful to see such skill devoted to such absurd buffooneries; the talent, however, is still most remarkable; and even the physical powers wonderful, which can support these efforts of acting and continual speaking, with all these fatiguing disguises, without a single slip or stumble, for hours together.

Not to require as great an exertion of patience from you, I will now conclude. I wish heartily that my display of the meagre peepshows of the town may not tire you too much. You asked for pictures of daily life; you expect from me no statistical work, no topography, no regular enumeration of the so-called sights of London, and no systematic treatise on England; nor am I in any condition to afford you such.

Receive, therefore, the unpretending humble fare I send you, in good part. It is at all events now and then seasoned with a grain of pepper.

Your faithful

L——.

LETTER VII.

London, Dec. 9th, 1826.

DEAREST FRIEND,

IT is not uninteresting to attend the auctions here; first, on account of the multitude of extremely rare and valuable things, which from the wonderful activity of life and the constant vicissitudes of fortune are daily brought into the market, and often sold very cheap; and secondly, for the ingenuity and eloquence of the auctioneers, of which I have already made honourable mention. They embroider their orations with more wit gratis, than ours would be willing to furnish for ready money.

This morning I saw the sale of an Indian cabinet, the property of a bankrupt Nabob, which contained some curious and beautiful works of art. "The possessor of these treasures," said the orator, "has taken much trouble for nothing;—for nothing to himself, I mean, but a great deal to you, gentlemen. He had once doubtless more money than wit, but has now, as certainly, more

wit than money." "Modesty and merit," observed he afterwards, "go together only thus far, —both begin with an *m*." And in this style, and with such 'jeus de mots,' he continued.—"What enables the poor to live?" concluded he. "Charity or liberality do but little towards it. Vanity, vanity is the thing,—not theirs, poor devils, but that of the rich. If you then, gentlemen, will but display a little of this praiseworthy vanity, and buy, you will earn a blessing even without meaning it."

Yes, truly, thought I, there you are right, old jester, for so admirably is the world contrived, that good must ever arise out of evil; and the existence of evil only serves to render the good which succeeds it more conspicuous.

One must moralize everywhere.

I dined at the house of a lady of distinction, who talked to me the whole time we were at table about Napoleon, and, with true English exaggeration, was so enamoured of him, that she thought the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the betrayal of Spain, laudable acts.

Though I do not go quite so far, I am, as you know, an admirer of this man's colossal greatness, and delighted my neighbour highly by describing to her Napoleon's former magnificence, of which I

was an eye-witness,—those brilliant days in which Cæsar himself stood amazed at his splendour;

> "Quand les ambassadeurs de tant de rois divers
> Vinrent le reconnoître au nom de l'univers."

For his own fame, I do not wish otherwise any of his later misfortunes; nor for *the tragic interest,* any of his errors and faults. He bore 'coups d'épées' and 'coups d'épingles' with equal fortitude and dignity; and left an epitaph worthy of his life in the words, 'Je lègue l'opprobre de ma mort à l'Angleterre.'

Thus much is certain, he is still too near us for impartial judgement; and experience has amply taught us that it was less his despotic principles than his personal aggrandisement which provoked such inveterate hostility. The principles exist still; but, God be praised, the energy with which he put them in practice, is utterly wanting, and that is a great gain for human nature*.

There is now a French theatre here, which is attended only by the best company, and never-

* Bourienne's Memoirs have unfortunately furnished us with fewer materials for forming a judgement on Napoleon's real character than was expected. Bourienne paints Napoleon as Bourienne, and if the dwarf had run around the feet of the giant for a century, he could never have looked in his eyes. In one thing, however, which was quite 'à sa por-

theless is like a dark little private theatre. Perlet and Laporte are its great supports, and play admirably. The latter also, with true French assurance, acts on the English stage, and thinks, when the audience laughs at his accent and French manners, that it is merely a tribute to his 'vis comica'.

I went to the theatre with Mrs. ——, wife of the well-known minister and member of parliament, and accompanied her after the play to the first genuine rout I have attended this time of my being in England,—what is more, too, in a house in which I was entirely a stranger. It is the custom here to take your friends to parties of this sort, and to present them, then and there, to the mistress of the house, who never thinks you can bring enough to fill her small rooms to suffocation: the more the better; and for the full satisfaction of her vanity, a 'bagarre' must arise among the carriages below; some must be broken to pieces, and a few men and horses killed or hurt, so that the 'Morning Post' of the following

tée', he was right; namely, that the grand enemy by which Napoleon was overthrown, was the commercial class, so impoliticly driven to extremity; a class now-a-days far more powerful than church or army, and which will yield only to the still stronger power of public opinion, if ever they should come into collision.—Edit.

day may parade a long article on the extremely 'fashionable soirée' given by 'Lady Vain', or 'Lady Foolish'.

In the course of the evening I made a more interesting acquaintance than I expected on the staircase, (I could get no further,) in Lady C—— B——, who has some reputation as an authoress. She is the sister of a Duke, and was a celebrated beauty.

The next morning I called on her, and found everything in her house brown, in every possible shade;—furniture, curtains, carpets, her own and her childrens' dresses, presented no other colour. The room was without looking-glasses or pictures, and its only ornaments were casts from the antique.

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After I had been there some time, the celebrated bookseller C—— entered. This man has made a fortune by Walter Scott's novels, though, as I was told, he refused his first and best, Waverley, and at last gave but a small sum for it. I hope the charming Lady C—— B—— had better cause to be satisfied with him. I thought it discreet to leave her with her man of business, and made my bow.

December 10th.

The affairs of Portugal are now much discussed

in all circles; and the Marquis P—— read us the just-printed English Declaration to-night, in a box at the French theatre. Politics are here a main ingredient of social intercourse; as they begin to be in Paris, and will in time become in our sleepy Germany; for the whole world has now that tendency. The lighter and more frivolous pleasures suffer by this change; and the art of conversation as it once flourished in France, will perhaps soon be entirely lost. In this country I should rather think it never existed, unless perhaps in Charles the Second's time. And, indeed, people here are too slavishly subject to established usages; too systematic in all their enjoyments; too incredibly kneaded up with prejudices; in a word, too little vivacious, to attain to that unfettered spring and freedom of spirit, which must ever be the sole basis of agreeable society. I must confess that I know none more monotonous, nor more persuaded of its own pre-excellence, than the highest society of this country,—with but few exceptions, and those chiefly among foreigners, or persons who have resided a good deal on the Continent. A stony, marble-cold spirit of caste and fashion rules all classes, and makes the highest tedious, the lower ridiculous. True politeness of the heart and cheerful 'bonhommie' are rarely to be met with

in what is called society; nor, if we look for foreign ingredients, do we find either French grace and vivacity, or Italian naturalness; but at most, German stiffness and awkwardness concealed under an iron mask of arrogance and 'hauteur'.

In spite of this, the 'nimbus' of a firmly anchored aristocracy and vast wealth, (combined with admirable taste in spending it, which no one can deny them,) has stamped the Great World of this country as that, 'par excellence', of Europe, to which all other nations must more or less give way. But that foreigners individually and personally do not find it agreeable, is evident by their rarity in England, and by the still greater rarity of their desire to stay long. Every one of them at the bottom of his heart thanks God when he is out of English society; though personal vanity afterwards leads him to extol that uninspiring foggy sun, whose beams assuredly gave him but little 'comfort' when he lived in them.

Far more loveable, because far more loving, do the English appear in their domestic and most intimate relations; though even here some 'baroque' customs prevail;—for instance, that sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are fledged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay actually do not present themselves at their fathers' dinner-

table without a formal invitation. I lately read a moving instance of conjugal affection in the newspaper: The Marquis of Hastings died in Malta; shortly before his death he ordered that his right-hand should be cut off immediately after his death, and sent to his wife. A gentleman of my acquaintance, out of real tenderness, and with her previously obtained permission, cut off his mother's head, that he might keep the skull as long as he lived; while other Englishmen, I really believe, would rather endure eternal torments than permit the scalpel to come near their bodies. The laws enjoin the most scrupulous fulfilment of such dispositions of a deceased person; however extravagant they may be, they must be executed. I am told there is a country-house in England where a corpse, fully dressed, has been standing at a window for the last half-century, and still overlooks its former property.

Just as I was going to entertain you with more English originalities, my long-desired head-gardener entered my room, bringing your letters. What a pity that you could not put yourself into the large packet, (of course in all your 'fraicheur', and not like Lord Hastings's hand,) or inhabit a pretty box, like Göthe's delightful Gnome, so that I might call you out and share with you every

enjoyment, fresh as it arises, without this long interval! As it is, you are melancholy, because I was so a fortnight before; or your sympathizing answer to a cheerful letter of mine arrives just as I am labouring under a fresh attack of 'spleen'. As you say, such an old letter is often like a dead body which, after being long forgotten, is fished up out of the sea.

I must laugh at you and scold you for one thing—that you write me, as is your way, scarcely any details about what is passing at my beloved M——, and send me, instead, long extracts out of a book of Travels in Africa, which I had read here ages ago in the original. I will certainly pay you in your own coin next time you do so. I am just studying a very interesting work, *Dass Preussische Exercier-Reglement von* 1805, out of which, when other matter fails me, I shall send you the cleverest and most entertaining extracts. O you gentle lamb! you shall often be 'shorn' with these African novelties of yours; the more so, as the last shearing took place a long time ago, and you must be sitting as deeply imbedded in your wool as the Knights of St. John in B——, when, displaying their double crosses, they await the highest bidder on their Woolsacks. The seat of the Lord Chancellor here is also a

Woolsack, but of rather a more aristocratical sort, more nearly allied to the Golden Fleece.

I now make almost daily park-excursions with R——, to render his visit to England as useful as possible; for a good gardener will learn more here in his profession during a short stay, than in a study of ten years at home. There are indeed in the immediate neighbourhood of London a great number of very interesting seats, all of them situated on very pleasant and animated roads. Amongst these may particularly be mentioned a villa of Lord Mansfield's, the decorations of which do much honour to the taste of his lady. Sion House, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, and laid out by Brown, is also extremely worth seeing, on account of its remarkable green-houses, and the multitude of gigantic exotic trees in the open air, none of which would bear our climate. Here are also to be seen whole groves of rhododendrons, camellias, &c., which are but partially covered in winter; and all kinds of beautiful evergreens thrive luxuriantly in every season.

The green- and hot-houses, which form a front of three hundred feet, consist only of stone, iron and glass; a style of building which has here the additional advantage of being cheaper than that with wood.

I was interested by a kind of chain, the links of which consisted of scythes, for the purpose of clearing the large standing waters (a defect in most English parks): by merely drawing it, like a drag-net, along the bottom, it entirely removes the weeds. In the vast pleasure-ground twelve men are daily mowing from five till nine o'clock. By this means high grass is never to be seen there, and at the same time the disagreeable general mowing is avoided, which destroys the neatness of the garden for some days. It is true that they can do only a part daily; but it is so managed that they finish a certain allotted portion, and they come round so often that the difference in the turf is not perceptible. This short grass is, indeed, quite lost to œconomy; but beauty and utility cannot always be combined, and the latter must certainly be subordinate in a pleasure-ground, or it is better to relinquish all pretension to one. Kew, which is on the opposite bank of the river, unquestionably possesses the most complete collection of exotic plants in Europe. The park has also a great advantage in its beautiful situation on the Thames, but is in general rather neglected. Yew-trees are found here of the height of our firs, and very fine specimens of holly and

evergreen oak; in other respects the old Queen's plantations are not very tasteful.

Wimbledon Park, stretching over several hills and full of beautiful groups of trees, presents fine views, but the effect of the whole is spoiled by some degree of monotony.

—— House is very near, and almost in the suburbs of London: its architecture is not without interest.

I tell you nothing of the enchanting valley of Richmond. Every traveller falls into an ecstasy about it, and with justice; but he does not always excite a similar feeling in the reader by his descriptions. I therefore avoid them, and remark only that the excellent aristocratic inn (the Star and Garter), from which one overlooks this paradise, whilst one's corporeal wants are admirably provided for, enhances the pleasure. Solitude and tranquillity joined to every comfort of life, in a country beautiful above all expression, powerfully invite to enjoyment.

In the evening I took R—— to the Adelphi Theatre. It is small and neat, and distinguished for the goodness of its machinery; just now, too, it possesses several excellent actors. One of them

played the drunkard more naturally than I ever saw it. It is true that he has more facilities here for the study of that state of mind,—for the same reason that the ancients represented the naked figure better than our artists,—namely, because they saw it more frequently. An excellent trait of real life was, that the drunkard, who cherished a tender passion for a young and poor girl in the house where he lodged, when sober formed other projects, but in his drunken fits invariably returned with tears 'à ses anciennes amours', and in that state of mind was at length happily brought to marry her.

December 23rd.

Many thanks for the news from B——. I am particularly pleased that Alexander Von Humboldt is employed by Government. It must give pleasure to every patriot to see a man like him at length fixed in his native country, which is so justly proud of his fame in all parts of the world. It must be a happy occurrence too for many circles there, in which the salt will at length be mingled, the want of which has so long rendered them quite unpalatable.

How much I lament the accident which has befallen our good and noble King, (and I had al-

ready learned it from L——,) you can easily imagine, as you know my feelings on that subject; but I hope to God that his strong constitution, and the help of such skilful men, will remove every remaining evil. How rare, and how beautiful, to hear a whole nation exclaim with one heart and mind, "May Heaven preserve to us our beloved Monarch*!"

My own state of spirits is, 'au reste', somewhat of the same melancholy cast, probably from the everlasting fogs, which are often so bad that one is obliged to light candles in the middle of the day, and yet cannot see. 'Le pire est, que je suis tantôt trop, et tantôt trop peu sensible à l'opinion et aux procédés des autres.' In the former disposition, (and dispositions unfortunately govern me with despotic power,) they not only make me sad or cheerful, but, what is worse, wise or foolish. I sometimes appear to myself like a person who has climbed up a ladder of ropes, where his hands have grown benumbed; and after hanging for a long time near the top, and endeavouring to get still higher, is now on the point of being obliged to let go, and fall down again to

* This is no exaggeration, as those who have had any opportunity of observing the strong personal attachment of the Prussian people to their present King can attest.—Trans.

the bottom. And yet, perhaps, when once arrived on the level plain of common-place and obscurity, he may be more tranquil than in the stormy breezes; and though his hopes be less, he may be surrounded by a happier, though a more simple reality. But a truce to such vain speculations. They are unprofitable, and even fears of a threatening real misfortune ought always to be forcibly banished; for why torment oneself with anxieties about that which *may* come, and yet perhaps never *does* come; yet, as a mere dreamy phantom, has embittered so much of a present which might otherwise have been cheerful?

In all such states of mind, your image is my best comfort; and to you, my only and unchanging friend, I turn at length with tearful eyes, and tender gratitude for all your manifold love, kindness and indulgence. In your faithful bosom I deposit my grief as well as my joy, and all my hopes; the most brilliant fulfilment of which would, without you, lose all value for me.

But now I must leave you, as my duty requires, (for otherwise I would not,) to go to a large party; where I am destined, as in life, to lose myself in the multitude. It is, I think, my last visit to the gay world, as I am preparing to set out on a park- and garden-journey with B——, which

probably will take us a month. The present season is indeed just the best for him who wishes to make landscape-gardening a study, for the leafless trees afford a clear and free view in all directions; one can thus see the whole artificial landscape in a single tour, understand the effects produced, and judge of the whole like a plan on paper; as well as distinguish the parts of every plantation in their intended order.

Yesterday we visited, 'en attendant', the parks in town,—Kensington Gardens;—Regent's Park, 'en détail', &c., on which occasion we did not omit to look in at the Diorama exhibited there. This far surpassed my expectations, and all that I had formerly seen of the same kind. It is certainly impossible to deceive the senses more effectually; even with the certitude of illusion one can hardly persuade oneself it exists. The picture represented the interior of a large abbey-church, appearing perfectly in its real dimensions. A side door is open, ivy climbs through the windows, and the sun occasionally shines through the door, and lightens with a cheering beam the remains of coloured windows, glittering through cobwebs. Through the opposite window at the end you see the neglected garden of the monastery, and above it, single clouds in the sky, which, flitting stormily

across, occasionally obscure the sunlight, and throw deep shadows over the church—tranquil as death; where the crumbled but magnificent monument of an ancient knight reposes in gloomy majesty.

As our departure is fixed for tomorrow, I send off this letter, although it has not yet grown to the usual corpulence. How slender are yours in comparison! Certainly, whenever our descendants find the dusty correspondence of their ancestors in a corner of the old library, they will be equally astonished at my prodigality and at your avarice. 'A' propos', do not be too dissipated in B——, and forget not, even for the shortest time,

The most faithful of your friends,

L——.

LETTER VIII.

Watford, December 25, 1826.

Dear friend,

This morning we started,—unluckily in bad rainy weather. Ten miles from London we commenced operations with the inspection of two villas and a large park, near the pretty little village of Stanmore. The first villa was thoroughly in the rural-gothic style, with ornamented pointed gables; a 'genre' in which English architects are peculiarly happy. The interior was also most prettily fitted up in the same style, and at the same time extremely comfortable and inviting. Even the doors in the walls surrounding the kitchen-garden were adorned with windows of coloured glass at the top, which had a singular and beautiful brilliancy among the foliage. The little flower-garden, too, was laid out in beds of gothic forms surrounded by gravel walks, and the fancy had not a bad effect.

Very different was the aspect of the other villa, in the Italian taste, with large vases before it, filled not with flowers but with green and yellow gourds and pumpkins. A superabundance of wooden

statues, painted white, decorated, or rather deformed, the gardens. Among them a roaring rampant lion vainly sought to inspire terror, and a Cupid hanging in a bush threatened, as abortively, the passengers with his darts.

The Priory, formerly a religious house, now the seat of Lord Aberdeen, has many beauties. The number of magnificent firs and pines in the park give it a singularly foreign air. The simple beautiful house is almost concealed amid trees of every size and form, so that one catches only glimpses of it glancing between the shrubs, or overtopping the high trees. This is always very advantageous to buildings, especially those of an antique character. One seldom sees here those unbroken views over a long and narrow strip of level grass, the triumph of our landscape-gardeners, but which have no other effect than that of making distance appear less than it really is. We walked about the grounds for a considerable time, while a bevy of young ladies and gentlemen of the family came around us, mounted on small Scotch poneys; and one of the latter, a pretty boy, attached himself to us as guide, and showed us the interior of the house, whose dark walls were most luxuriantly clothed, up to the very roof, with ivy, pomegranate and China-rose.

It was twilight before we quitted the park, and in half an hour we reached the little town of Watford, where I am now reposing in a good inn. R—— takes this opportunity of commending himself most respectfully to you, and is writing very busily in his journal, which makes me laugh.

I must just remark, that at Stanmore Priory we saw (I steal it out of the fore-named journal) a single rhododendron standing abroad, fifteen feet high, and covering a circumference of at least twenty-five feet with its thick branches. Such vegetation is more inviting to 'parkomanie' than ours.

Woburn, Dec. 26th.

We have made a calculation, dear Julia, that if you were with us (a wish ever present to the minds of your faithful servants) you could not, with your aversion to foot-exercise, see above a quarter of a park a-day; and that it would take you at least four hundred and twenty years to see all the parks in England, of which there are doubtless at least a hundred thousand, for they swarm whichever way you turn your steps. Of course we visit only the great ones, or look, 'en passant', at any little villa that particularly strikes and pleases us. Notwithstanding this, we have seen so many proud and magnificent seats today, that we are still in perfect

rapture at them. For I, you know, never could subscribe to the rule of the 'nil admirari', which cramps and destroys our best enjoyments.

Before I begin my description, I must, however, give the excellent inns their meed of praise. In the country, even in small villages, you find them equally neat and well attended. Cleanliness, great convenience, and even elegance, are always combined in them; and a stranger is never invited to eat, sit and sleep in the same room, as in the German inns, in which there are generally only ball-rooms and bed-chambers.

The table-service generally consists of silver and porcelain: the furniture is well contrived; the beds always excellent; and the friendly, flickering fire never fails to greet you.

A detailed description of this morning's breakfast will give you the best idea of the wants and the comfortable living of English travellers.

N.B. I had ordered nothing but tea. The following is what I found set out when I quitted my bedroom,—in a little town scarcely so extensive as one of our villages. In the middle of the table smoked a large tea-urn, prettily surrounded by silver tea-canisters, a slop-basin, and a milk-jug. There were three small Wedgwood plates, with as many knives and forks, and two large cups of

beautiful porcelain: by them stood an inviting plate of boiled eggs, another 'ditto' of broiled 'oreilles de cochon à la Sainte Méneho'uld'; a plate of muffins, kept warm by a hot water-plate; another with cold ham; flaky white bread, 'dry and buttered toast', the best fresh butter in an elegant glass vessel; convenient receptacles for salt and pepper, English mustard and 'moutarde de maille'; lastly, a silver tea-caddy, with very good green and black tea.

This most luxurious meal,—which I hope you will think I have described as picturesquely as a landscape,—is, moreover, in proportion very cheap; for it was charged in the bill only two shillings (16 Gr.). Travelling is however, on the whole, very expensive,—especially the posting (which is exactly four times as much as with us), and the fees which you are expected to be giving all day long, in all directions, to every species of servant and attendant.

At ten o'clock we reached Cashiobury Park, the seat of the Earl of Essex. I sent in my name to him; upon which his son-in-law, Mr. F——, (whom I had formerly known in Dresden, and with whom I was happy to renew my acquaintance,) came to conduct me about. The house is modern gothic, and magnificently furnished.

You enter a hall with coloured windows, which afford a view into an inner court laid out as a flower-garden: leaving the hall, you go through a long gallery on the side, hung with armour, to the rich carved oak staircase leading to the library, which here generally serves as principal drawing-room. The library has two small cabinets looking on the garden, and filled with rarities. Among these I was particularly pleased with two humorous sketches by Denon, representing the levée of Cardinal Bernis at Rome, and a dinner at Voltaire's, with the Abbé Maury, Diderot, Helvetius, d'Alembert, and other philosophers,—all portraits.

I was much interested too by a complete toilet of Marie Antoinette's, on which the portraits of her husband and of Henry the Fourth were painted in several places. From the library you go into an equally rich second drawing-room; and from thence into the dining-room. Near to both these rooms was a green-house, in the form of a chapel; and in every apartment windows down to the ground afforded a view of the noble park and the river flowing through it. On a distant rising ground you look along a very broad avenue of limes, exactly at the end of which, during a part of the summer, the sun sets: its horizontal rays

passing along the whole length of the green-house must afford the most splendid natural decoration, heightened by the reflection of its beams from a large mirror at the end. The walls of the dining-room are covered with oaken 'boiserie', with beautiful cornices and carving; the furniture is of rose-wood, silk and velvet; and valuable pictures in antique gilded frames adorn the walls. The proportions of the room may be called hall-like, and the whole is regularly heated to a temperature of fourteen degrees of Reaumur.

The somewhat remote stables and all the domestic offices, &c. are on the left, connected with the house by an embattled wall; so that the building extends along an uninterrupted length of a thousand feet.

The flower-gardens occupy a very considerable space. Part of them are laid out in the usual style; that is, a long green-house at the bottom, in front of which are several 'berceaux' and shady walks around a large grass-plat, which is broken with beds of all forms, and dotted with rare trees and shrubs. But here was also something new;—a deep secluded valley of oval form, around which is a thick belt of evergreens, and rock-plants planted impenetrably thick on artificial rockeries; a background of lofty fir-trees and oak, with their tops

waving in the wind; and, at one end of the grass-plat, a single magnificent lime-tree surrounded by a bench. From this point the whole of the little valley was covered with an embroidered parterre of the prettiest forms, although perfectly regular. The egress from this inclosure lay through a grotto overgrown with ivy, and lined with beautiful stones and shells, into a square rose-garden surrounded with laurel hedges, in the centre of which is a temple, and opposite to the entrance a conservatory for aquatic plants. The rose-beds are cut in various figures, which intersect each other. A walk, overarched with thick beeches neatly trimmed with the shears, winds in a sinuous line from this point to the Chinese garden, which is likewise inclosed by high trees and walls, and contains a number of vases, benches, fountains, and a third green-house,—all in the genuine Chinese style. Here were beds surrounded by circles of white, blue, and red sand, fantastic dwarf plants, and many dozens of large China vases placed on pedestals, thickly overgrown with trailing evergreens and exotics. The windows of the house were painted like Chinese hangings, and convex mirrors placed in the interior, which reflected us as in a 'camera obscura'. I say nothing of the endless rows of rich hot-houses and forcing-beds,

nor of the kitchen-gardens. You may estimate the thing for yourself, when I repeat to you Mr. F——'s assurance that the park, gardens, and house cost ten thousand a-year to keep up. The Earl has his own workmen in every department; masons, carpenters, cabinet-makers, &c., each of whom has his prescribed province. One has, for instance, only to keep the fences in order, another the rooms, a third the furniture, &c.; a plan well worthy of imitation in the country.

I paid my visit to the venerable Earl, who kept his chamber with the gout, and received from the kind friendly old man the best information, and some (highly necessary) cards of admittance for my further journey.

Our road lay for a long time through the park, till we reached one of the principal features in it, called the Swiss Cottage, which stands in a lovely secluded spot in the midst of a grove on the bank of the river. We drove over the turf; for, as I have told you, many parks here are quite like free uncultivated ground, and have often only one road, which leads up to the house and out on the other side. Having regained the high road, we drove along twenty miles of country, all equally beautiful, equally luxuriant in fertility and vegetation, and at five o'clock reached Ash-

ridge Park, the seat of the Earl of Bridgewater. Here you can follow me better, dear Julia, if you open Repton's book, in which you will find several views, and the ground-plan of this charming garden, which old Repton himself laid out. Remember the 'Rosary,' and you will immediately know where to look for it. This park is one of the largest in England, for it is nearly three German miles in circumference; and the house which, like Cashiobury, is modern gothic, is almost endless, with all its walls, towers, and courts. I must however frankly confess, that this modern gothic ('castellated') style, which looks so fairy-like on paper, in reality often strikes one not only as tasteless, but even somewhat absurd, from its overloaded and incongruous air.

If in the midst of the most cultivated, peaceful fields, amid the mingled beauties of countless flowers, you see a sort of fortress, with turrets, loopholes, and battlements, not one of which has the slightest purpose or utility, and, moreover, many of them standing on no firmer basis than glass walls (the green-houses and conservatories connected with the apartments), —it is just as ridiculous and incongruous, as if you were to meet the possessor of these pretty flower-gardens walking about in them in helm

and harness. The antique, the old Italian, or merely romantic * style, adapted to our times, harmonizes infinitely better with such surrounding objects, has a more cheerful character, and even, with smaller masses, a much grander and more majestic air.

The interior of this house has certainly the most striking effect, and may truly be called princely. The possessor has very wisely limited himself to few, but large, entertaining-rooms. You enter the hall, which is hung with armour and adorned with antique furniture. You then come to the staircase, the most magnificent in its kind that can be imagined. Running up three lofty stories, with the same number of galleries, it almost equals the tower of a church in height and size: the walls are of polished stone, the railings of bright brass, the ceiling of wood beautifully carved in panels and adorned with paintings, and around each landing-place or gallery are niches with statues of the Kings of England in stone. Ascending this staircase we reached a drawing-room decorated with crimson velvet and gilded furniture,

* By 'romantic' the author apparently means the style of the domestic architecture of Elizabeth's and the succeeding reigns, which affected nothing like the air of places of defence.—TRANSL.

lighted in front by enormous windows which occupy nearly the whole side of the room, and disclose the view of the 'pleasure-ground' and park. Sidewards, on the left, is another room as large, in which are a billiard-table and the library. On the other side, in the same suite, is the dining-room; and behind it a noble green-house and orangery, through which you pass into the chapel, which is adorned with ten windows of genuine antique painted glass, and with admirable carvings in wood. All the benches are of walnut-tree, covered with crimson velvet.

In the rooms are some fine and interesting pictures, but most of them by modern artists. The pleasure-grounds and gardens are still larger than those at Cashiobury. You will find a part of them in Repton, viz. the American garden, the Monk's garden, and the Rosary; to which I must add, first, the very elegant French garden, with a covered gallery, on one side; a porcelain-like ornament with flower-pots in the centre; and a large parterre, every bed of which is filled with a different sort of flower: secondly, the Rockery, in which are to be found every kind of rock and creeping plant. Nothing but the long habit of great luxury could enable people even to conceive a whole so manifold, so equally exemplary in all its parts,

and in such perfect order and condition; for we must confess that even our sovereigns possess only fragments of what is here found united. Some thousand head of deer, and countless groups of giant trees, animate and adorn the park, which, with the exception of the road leading through it, is left wholly to nature, and to its numerous grazing herds.

Accept it as a small sacrifice, dear Julia, that I send you all these minute details. They may not be useless in our own plans and buildings, and are at least more tedious to write than to read*.

For better illustration, I take sketches of everything interesting, which will stand us in good stead, as furnishing new ideas. In the morning we are going to see Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, one of the richest peers of England, which is said to exceed Ashbridge in extent and grandeur, as much as that does Cashiobury; a very agreeable climax.

The inn whence I write is again very good, and I purpose, after all my fatigues, to do as much honour to my principal meal as I did to my breakfast; though the former is here far more simple, and consists of the same dishes day after

* I know not whether the reader will admit this apology. —Editor.

day. The eternal 'mutton chops' and a roast fowl with 'bread sauce', with vegetables boiled in water, and the national sauce, melted butter with flour, always play the principal part.

Leamington, Dec. 21st.

I am now in a large watering-place, of which, however, I have as yet seen but little, as I only arrived at eleven o'clock last night. The greater part of the day was spent in seeing Woburn Abbey. This beautiful palace is in the Italian taste; the design simple and noble, and infinitely more satisfactory than the colossal would-be-gothic 'nonsense'.

Its stables, riding-school, ball-rooms, statue and picture galleries, conservatories and gardens, form a little town. For three centuries this estate has been transmitted in a direct line in this family,—even in England a rare instance;—so that it is not to be wondered at, if, with an income of a million of our money, an accumulation of luxury and magnificence has been formed here, far exceeding the powers of any private person in our country: and indeed even were money here and there forthcoming in like profusion, yet the state of society adapted for centuries to the providing of the materials for a luxury so refined,

and so complete in all its parts, exists not among us.

The house, properly speaking, is a regular quadrangle; and the 'bel étage', which is always 'de plein pied' in country-houses, forms an unbroken suite of rooms, occupying the whole superficial extent. These rooms are hung with valuable pictures, and richly furnished with massive and magnificent stuffs; the ceilings and the 'embrasures' of the doors are of white plaster with gold ornaments, or of rare carved wood,—all equally simple and massy. In one room was a remarkable collection of miniature portraits of the family, from the first Russell (the name of the Dukes of Bedford) to the present Duke, in an unbroken line. Under such circumstances, a man may be permitted to be a little proud of his family and his noble blood*. These miniatures were arranged in a very tasteful manner on crimson velvet, in a long narrow gold frame, and set like medallions. The stoves are mostly of gilt metal, with high marble

* It would have been but an act of justice had the author added, that *under these very circumstances,* not only the head of the family, but those who bear his illustrious name, and are destined to inherit his honours, are singularly free from the *morgue* and arrogance with which he justly charges the English aristocracy.—TRANSL.

chimney-pieces; the chandeliers of bronze, richly gilded; everywhere the same magnificence, yet nowhere overloaded. The library is at the end, divided into two rooms, and opening immediately on the delightful garden with wide glass doors.

The gardens appeared to me peculiarly charming, so admirably interwoven with the buildings and so varied that it is difficult to describe them adequately.

To give you at least a general idea of them, let me tell you, that all along the various buildings, which sometimes project, sometimes retreat, form now straight and now curved lines, runs an unbroken arcade clothed with roses and climbing plants. Following this, you come to a succession of different and beautiful gardens. Over the arcade are partly chambers, partly the prettiest little green-houses. One of them contains nothing but heaths, hundreds of which, in full blow, present the loveliest picture, endlessly multiplied by walls of mirror. Immediately under this Erica-house was the garden for the same tribe of plants; a glass-plat with beds of various forms, all filled with the larger and hardier sorts of heath. In one place the bowery-walk leads quite through a lofty Palm-

house, before which lie the most beautiful embroidered parterres, intersected with gravel walks. Adjoining this house is the statue-gallery, the walls of which are covered with various sorts of marble; there are also very beautiful pillars from Italy. It contains a number of antique sculptures, and is terminated at either end by a temple, the one dedicated to Freedom, and adorned with busts of Fox, &c., the other to the Graces, with Canova's exquisite group of the tutelary goddesses. From this point the arcade leads along an interminable plantation, on a sloping bank entirely filled with azaleas and rhododendrons, till you reach the Chinese garden, in which 'the Dairy' is a prominent and beautiful object. It is a sort of Chinese temple, decorated with a profusion of white marble and coloured glasses; in the centre is a fountain, and round the walls hundreds of large dishes and bowls of Chinese and Japan porcelain of every form and colour, filled with new milk and cream. The 'consoles' upon which these vessels stand are perfect models for Chinese furniture. The windows are of ground glass, with Chinese painting, which shows fantastically enough by the dim light.

A further pleasure-ground, with the finest trees and many beautiful surprises,—among others

pretty children's gardens, and a grass garden in which all sorts of gramineous plants were cultivated in little beds, forming a sort of chequer-work,—led to the Aviary. This consists of a large place fenced in, and a cottage, with a small pond in the centre, all dedicated to the feathered race. Here the fourth or fifth attendant awaited us, (each of whom expects a fee, so that you cannot see such an establishment under some pounds sterling,) and showed us first several gay-plumed parrots and other rare birds, each of whom had his own dwelling and little garden. These birds' houses were made of twigs interwoven with wire, the roof also of wire, the shrubs around evergreen, as were almost all the other plants in this inclosure. As we walked out upon the open space which occupies the centre, our Papageno whistled, and in an instant the air was literally darkened around us by flights of pigeons, chickens, and heaven knows what birds. Out of every bush started gold and silver, pied and common, pheasants; and from the little lake a black swan galloped heavily forward, expressing his strong desire for food in tones like those of a fretful child. This beautiful bird, raven black with red feet and bill, was exceedingly tame, ate his food 'chemin faisant' out of the keeper's pocket, and did not

leave us for a moment while we were sauntering about the birds' paradise, only now and then pushing away an intrusive duck or other of the vulgar herd, or giving a noble gold pheasant a dig in the side. A second interesting but imprisoned inhabitant of this place was Hero, an African crane, a creature that looks as if it were made of porcelain, and frequently reminded me in his movements of our departed dancing Ballerino. The incident of his history which had gained him his lofty name was unknown to the keeper.

The park, which is four German miles in circuit, does not consist merely of heath or meadowland and trees, but has a fine wood, and also a very beautiful part fenced in, called 'the Thornery,' a wild sort of copse intersected with walks and overgrown with thorns and brushwood; in the midst of which stands a little cottage with the loveliest flower-garden.

Here terminate the splendours of Woburn Abbey. But no—two things I must still mention. In the house, the decorations of which I have described to you 'en gros', I found a very ingenious contrivance. Round all the apartments of the great quadrangle runs an inner wide gallery, on which several doors open; and a variety of collections, some open, some in glass cases, and here

and there interspersed with stands of flowers, are set out. This affords a walk as instructive as it is agreeable in winter or bad weather, and is rendered perfectly comfortable by the 'conduits de chaleur', which heat the whole house.—The second remarkable thing is a picture of the Earl of Essex as large as life. He is represented as of a fine and slender person, but not a very distinguished face; small features without much expression, small eyes, and a large red beard with dark hair.

But I have written off a quarter of an inch of my finger, and must conclude. Tomorrow another step in the ascending scale, for I must see Warwick Castle, which is spoken of as England's pride. I am curious to see if we can really mount higher; hitherto we have certainly ascended from beautiful to more beautiful.

As the mail is just going off I inclose this to L——, who will have the kindness to forward it to you more quickly than it would otherwise go.

Think of the wanderer in your tranquil solitude, and believe that if fate drove him to the antipodes, his heart would ever be near you.

Your L——.

LETTER IX.

Warwick, Dec. 28th, 1826.

Dear Julia,

Now indeed, for the first time, I am filled with real and unbounded enthusiasm. What I have hitherto described was a smiling country, combined with everything that art and money could produce. I left it with a feeling of satisfaction; and, although I have seen things like it,—nay, even possess them,—not without admiration. But what I saw today was more than that,—it was an enchanted palace decked in the most charming garb of poetry, and surrounded by all the majesty of history, the sight of which still fills me with delighted astonishment.

You, accomplished reader of history and memoirs, know better than I that the Earls of Warwick were once the mightiest vassals of England, and that the great Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, boasted of having deposed three kings, and placed as many on the vacant throne. This was his castle, standing ever since the ninth century, and in the possession of the same family since the reign of

Elizabeth. A tower of the castle, said to have been built by Beauchamp himself, remains unaltered; and the whole stands colossal and mighty, like an embodied vision of former times.

From a considerable distance you see the dark mass of stone towering above primæval cedars, chestnuts, oaks and limes. It stands on the rocks on the shore of the Avon, and rises to a perpendicular height of two hundred feet above the level of the water. Two towers of different forms overtop the building itself almost in an equal degree. A ruined pier of a bridge, overhung with trees, stands in the middle of the river, which becoming deeper just at the point where the building begins, forms a foaming waterfall, and turns a mill, which appears only like a low abutment of the castle. Going on, you lose sight of the castle for a while, and soon find yourself before a high embattled wall, built of large blocks of stone covered by Time with moss and creeping plants. Lofty iron gates slowly unfold to admit you to a deep hollow way blasted in the rock, the stone walls of which are tapestried with the most luxuriant vegetation. The carriage rolled with a heavy dull sound along the smooth rock, which old oaks darkly overshadow. Suddenly, at a turn of the way, the castle starts from the wood

into broad open daylight, resting on a soft grassy slope; and the large arch of the entrance dwindles to the size of an insignificant doorway between the two enormous towers, at the foot of which you now stand. A still greater surprise now awaits you when you pass through the second iron gate into the court-yard: it is almost impossible to imagine anything more picturesque, and at the same time more imposing.

Let your fancy conjure up a space about twice as large as the interior of the Colosseum at Rome, and let it transport you into a forest of romantic luxuriance. You now overlook the large court, surrounded by mossy trees and majestic buildings, which, though of every variety of form, combine to create one sublime and connected whole, whose lines now shooting upwards, now falling off into the blue air, with the continually changing beauty of the green earth beneath, produce, not symmetry indeed, but that *higher harmony*, elsewhere proper to Nature's own works alone. The first glance at your feet falls on a broad simple carpet of turf, around which a softly winding gravel-walk leads to the entrance and exit of the gigantic edifice. Looking backwards, your eye rests on the two black towers, of which the oldest, called Guy's Tower, rears its head aloft in solitary threatening

majesty, high above all the surrounding foliage, and looks as if cast in one mass of solid iron;—the other, built by Beauchamp, is half hidden by a pine and a chestnut, the noble growth of centuries. Broad-leaved ivy and vines climb along the walls, here twining around the tower, there shooting up to its very summit. On your left lie the inhabited part of the castle, and the chapel, ornamented with many lofty windows of various size and form; while the opposite side of the vast quadrangle, almost entirely without windows, presents only a mighty mass of embattled stone, broken by a few larches of colossal height, and huge arbutuses which have grown to a surprising size in the shelter they have so long enjoyed. But the sublimest spectacle yet awaits you, when you raise your eyes straight before you. On this fourth side, the ground, which has sunk into a low bushy basin forming the court, and with which the buildings also descend for a considerable space, rises again in the form of a steep conical hill, along the sides of which climb the rugged walls of the castle. This hill, and the keep which crowns it, are thickly overgrown at the top with underwood, which only creeps round the foot of the towers and walls. Behind it, however, rise gigantic venerable trees, towering above all the

rock-like structure. Their bare stems seem to float in upper air; while at the very summit of the building rises a daring bridge, set, as it were, on either side within trees; and as the clouds drift across the blue sky, the broadest and most brilliant masses of light break magically from under the towering arch and the dark coronet of trees.

Figure this to yourself;—behold the whole of this magical scene at one glance;—connect with it all its associations;—think that here nine centuries of haughty power, of triumphant victory and destructive overthrow, of bloody deeds and wild greatness,—perhaps too of gentle love and noble magnanimity,—have left, in part, their visible traces, and where *they* are not, their vague romantic memory;—and then judge with what feelings I could place myself in the situation of the man to whom such recollections are daily suggested by these objects,—recollections which, to him, have all the sanctity of kindred and blood;—the man who still inhabits the very dwelling of that first possessor of the fortress of Warwick, that half-fabulous Guy, who lived a thousand years ago, and whose corroded armour, together with a hundred weapons of renowned ancestors, is preserved in the antique hall. Is there a human being so unpoetical as not to feel that the

glories of such memorials, even to this very day, throw a lustre around the feeblest representative of such a race?

To make my description in some degree clear, I annex a ground-plan, which may help your imagination. You must imagine the river at a great depth below the castle-plain, and not visible from the point I have been describing. The first sight of it you catch is from the castle windows, together with the noble park, whose lines of wood blend on every side with the horizon.

You ascend from the court to the dwelling-rooms by only a few steps, first through a passage, and thence into the hall, on each side of which extend the entertaining-rooms in an unbroken line of three hundred and forty feet. Although almost 'de plein pied' with the court, these rooms are more than fifty feet above the Avon, which flows on the other side. From eight to fourteen feet thickness of wall forms, in each window-recess, a complete closet, with the most beautiful varied view over the river, wildly foaming below, and further on flowing through the park in soft windings, till lost in the dim distance. Had I till now, from the first sight of the castle, advanced from surprise to surprise,—all this was surpassed, though in another way, by what awaited

me in the interior. I fancied myself transported back into by-gone ages as I entered the gigantic baronial hall,—a perfect picture of Walter Scott's; —the walls panelled with carved cedar; hung with every kind of knightly accoutrement; spacious enough to feast trains of vassals,—and saw before me a marble chimney-piece under which I could perfectly well walk with my hat on, and stand by the fire, which blazed like a funeral pile from a strange antique iron grate in the form of a basket, three hundred years old. On the side, true to ancient custom, was a stack of oak logs piled up upon a stand of cedar, which was placed on the stone floor partially covered by 'hautelisse' carpets. A man-servant dressed in brown, whose dress, with his gold knee-bands, epaulets and trimmings, had a very antique air, fed the mighty fire from time to time with an enormous block. Here, in every circumstance, the difference between the genuine old feudal greatness and the modern imitations was as striking, as that between the moss-grown remains of the weather-beaten fortress and the ruins built yesterday in the garden of some rich contractor. Almost everything in the room was old, stately, and original; nothing tasteless or incongruous, and all preserved with the greatest care and affection. Among them

were many rich and rare articles which could no longer be procured,—silk, velvet, gold and silver blended and interwoven. The furniture consists almost entirely either of uncommonly rich gilding, of dark brown carved walnut or oak, or of those antique French 'commodes' and cabinets inlaid with brass, the proper name of which I have forgotten. There were also many fine specimens of mosaic, as well as of beautiful marquetry. A fire-screen, with a massy gold frame, consisted of a plate of glass so transparent that it was scarcely distinguishable from the air. To those who love to see the cheerful blaze without being scorched, such a screen is a great luxury. In one of the chambers stands a state bed, presented to one of the Earls of Warwick by Queen Anne; it is of red velvet embroidered, and is still in good preservation. The treasures of art are countless. Among the pictures, there was not one 'mediocre'; they are almost all by the first masters: but, beyond this, many of them have a peculiar family interest. There are a great many ancestral portraits by Titian, Van Dyk, and Rubens. The gem of the collection is one of Raphael's most enchanting pictures, the beautiful Joan of Arragon,—of whom, strangely enough, there are four portraits, each of

which is declared to be genuine. Three of them must of course be copies, but are no longer distinguishable from the original. One is at Paris, one at Rome, one at Vienna, and the fourth here. I know them all, and must give unqualified preference to this. There is an enchantment about this splendid woman which is wholly indescribable. An eye leading to the very depths of the soul; queenlike majesty united with the most feminine sensibility; intense passion blended with the sweetest melancholy; and withal, a beauty of form, a transparent delicacy of skin, and a truth, brilliancy and grace of the drapery and ornaments, such as only a divine genius could call into perfect being.

Among the most interesting portraits, both for the subject and the handling, are the following.

First, Machiavelli, by Titian.—Precisely as I should imagine him. A face of great acuteness and prudence, and of suffering,—as if lamenting over the profoundly-studied worthless side of human nature; that hound-like character which loves where it is spurned, follows where it fears, and is faithful where it is fed. A trace of compassionate scorn plays round the thin lips, while the dark eye appears turned reflectingly inward.

It appears strange, at first sight, that this great and classic writer should so long have been misunderstood in the grossest manner. Either he has been represented as a moral scarecrow (and how miserable is Voltaire's refutation of that notion!); or the most fantastic hypothesis is put forth, that his book is a satire. On more attentive observation, we arrive at the conviction that it was reserved for modern times, in which politics at length begin to be viewed and understood from a higher and really humane point of view, to form a correct judgement of Machiavel's Prince.

To all arbitrary princes—and under that name I class all those who think themselves invested with power solely 'par la grace de Dieu' and for their own advantage,—all conquerors, and children of fortune, whom some chance has given to the people they regard as their property,—to all such as these, this profound and acute writer shows the true and only way to prosper; the exhaustive system they must of necessity follow, in order to maintain a power radically sprung from the soil of sin and error. His book is, and must ever be, the true, inimitable gospel of such rulers; and we Prussians, especially, have reason to congratulate ourselves that Napoleon had learned his Machiavel

so ill;—we should otherwise probably be still groaning under his yoke.

That Machiavel felt all the value and the power of freedom is plain, from many passages in his book. In one he says, "He who has conquered a *free* city, has no secure means of keeping it, but either to destroy it, or to people it with new inhabitants; *for no benefit a sovereign can confer will ever make it forget its lost freedom.*"

By proving, as he incontestably does, that such a degree of arbitrary power can be maintained only by the utter disregard of all morality, and by seriously inculcating this doctrine upon princes, he also demonstrates but too plainly, that the whole frame of society, in his time, contained within itself a principle of demoralization; and that no true happiness, no true civilization, was possible to any people till that principle was detected and destroyed. The events of modern times, and their consequences, have at length opened their eyes to this truth, and they will not close them again!

The Duke of Alva, by Titian.—Full of expression, and, as I believe, faithful;—for this man was by no means a caricature of cruelty and gloom;—earnest, fanatical, proud, firm as iron; practi-

cally exhibiting the Ideal of an inflexibly faithful servant, who, having once undertaken a charge, looks neither to the right nor the left in the execution of it; is ready blindly to fulfil the will of his God and of his master, and asks not whether thousands perish in torture; in a word, a powerful mind, not base but contracted, which lets others think for it, and works to establish their authority.

Henry the Eighth and Ann Boleyn, by Holbein *.—The King in a splendid dress,—a fat, rather butcher-like man, in whom sensuality, cunning, cruelty, and strength, rule in a frightfully complacent and almost jovial physiognomy. You see that such a man might make you tremble, and yet somehow attach you. Ann Boleyn is a good-natured, unmeaning, almost stupid-looking, genuine English beauty, like many one sees now, only in another dress.

Cromwell, by Van Dyk.—A magnificent head: somewhat of the bronze gladiator-look of Napoleon; but with much coarser features, through which, as behind a mask, is seen the light of a great soul: enthusiasm is, however, too little

* There are so many pictures of Henry and Elizabeth in England, that you must forgive my frequent mention of them There are shades of difference in all.

perceptible in them. There is an expression of cunning in the eye, combined with something of honesty, which renders it the more deceptive; but not a trace of cruelty,—with that, indeed, the Protector cannot be reproached. The execution of the King was a cruel act, but one which appeared to Cromwell's mind in the light of a necessary political operation, and in no degree sprang from a delight in bloodshed. Under this picture hangs Cromwell's own helmet.

Prince Rupert, by Van Dyk.—Completely the bold soldier! Every inch a cavalier! I do not mean in the exclusive sense of an adherent of the King, but in that of an accomplished gentleman and knight: a handsome face, as dangerous to women as to the enemy, and the picturesque garb and port of a warrior.

Elizabeth, by Holbein.—The best and perhaps most faithful picture I have ever seen of her. She is represented in her prime, almost disgustingly fair, or rather white, with pale red hair. The eyes somewhat Albino-like, and almost without eyebrows. There is an artificial good-nature, but a false expression. Vehement passions and a furious temper seem to lie hidden under that pallid exterior, like a volcano under snow; while the intense desire to please is betrayed by the rich and

over-ornamented dress. Quite different,—stern, hard, and dangerous to approach,—does she appear in the pictures of her at an advanced age, but even then extremely over-dressed.

Mary of Scotland.—Probably painted in prison, and shortly before her death: it has the air of a matron of forty.—There is still the faultless beauty; but it is no longer the light-minded Mary, full of the enjoyment of life, and of her own resistless charms; but visibly purified by misfortune,—with a sedate expression;—in short, Schiller's Mary,—a noble nature, which has at length found itself again! It is one of the rarest pictures of the unhappy Queen, whom one is accustomed to see depicted in all the splendour of youth and beauty.

Ignatius Loyola, by Rubens.—A very beautifully painted and grand picture; but which immediately strikes one as a fiction, and no portrait. The sanctified expression, common to so many pictures of saints and priests, is unmeaning. The colouring is by far the finest thing about the picture.

But I should never have done, were I to attempt to go through this gallery. I must take you for a minute into the furthest cabinet, which contains a beautiful collection of enamels, chiefly after designs by Raphael, and a marble bust of the Black

Prince, a sturdy soldier both in head and hand,—at a time when the latter alone sufficed to secure the highest renown.

Many valuable Etruscan vases and other works of art, besides the pictures and antiques, decorate the various apartments, and with great good-taste are arranged so as to appear as harmonious accessories, instead of being heaped up in a gallery by themselves as dead masses.

It was pointed out to me as a proof of the perfect and solid architecture of the castle,—that, in spite of its age, when all the doors of the suite of rooms are shut, you see the bust placed exactly in the centre of the furthest cabinet, through the keyholes, along a length of three-hundred-and-fifty feet;—a perfection, indeed, which our present race of workmen would never think of approaching. Though, as I told you, the walls of the hall are hung with a great quantity of armour, there is also an armoury, which is extremely rich. Here is the leathern collar, stained with blood blackened by time, in which Lord Brook, an ancestor of the present Earl, was slain at the battle of Litchfield. In one corner of the room lies a curious specimen of art, very heterogeneous with the rest,—a monkey, cast in iron, of a perfection and 'abandon' in the disposition of the limbs which ri-

vals Nature herself. I was sorry the 'châtellaine' could not tell me who had made the model for this cast. He must be an eminent master who could thus express all the monkey grace and suppleness with such perfect fidelity, in an attitude of the most enjoying laziness.

Before I quitted the princely Warwick, I ascended one of the highest towers, and enjoyed a rich and beautiful prospect on every side. The weather was tolerably clear. Far more enchanting than this panorama, however, was the long walk in the gardens which surround the castle on two sides, whose character of serene grandeur is admirably adapted to that of the building. The height and beauty of the trees, the luxuriance of the vegetation and of the turf, cannot be exceeded; while a number of gigantic cedars, and the ever-varying aspect of the majestic castle, through whose lofty cruciform loop-holes the rays of light played, threw such enchantment over the whole scene that I could hardly tear myself away. We walked about till the moon rose; and her light, as we looked through the darkening alleys, gave to all objects a more solemn and gigantic character. We could therefore only see the celebrated colossal Warwick Vase by lamplight. It holds several hundred gallons, and is adorned with the most

beautiful workmanship. We also saw some ancient curiosities which are kept in the Porter's Lodge; particularly some cows' horns and wild-boars' tusks, ascribed to beasts which Guy,—a hero of Saxon times, the fabulous ancestor of the first Earls of Warwick,—is said to have destroyed. The dimensions of his arms, which are preserved here, bespeak a man of such strength and stature as Nature no longer produces.

Here at length I took a lingering farewell of Warwick Castle, and laid the recollection, like a dream of the sublime and shadowy past, on my heart. I felt, in the faint moonlight, like a child who sees a fantastic giant head of far distant ages beckoning to it with friendly nod over the summit of the wood.

With such fancies, dear Julia, I will go to sleep, and wake to meet them again in the morning, for another scene of romance awaits me,—the ruins of Kenilworth.

Birmingham, Dec. 29th: Evening.

I must continue my narrative.—Leamington ('car il faut pourtant que j'en dise quelque chose') was only a little village a few years ago, and is now a rich and elegant town, containing ten or twelve palace-like inns, four large bath-houses

with colonnades and gardens, several libraries, with which are connected card-, billiard-, concert- and ball-rooms (one for six hundred persons), and a host of private houses, which are almost entirely occupied by visitors, and spring out of the earth like mushrooms. All here is on a vast scale, though the waters are insignificant. The same are used for drinking as for bathing, and yet it swarms with visitors. The baths are as spacious as the English beds, and are lined throughout with earthenware tiles.

Not far from Leamington, and a league from Warwick, is a beautiful enchanting spot called Guy's Cliff; part of the house is as old as Warwick Castle. Under it is a deep cavern, in the picturesque rocky shore of the Avon, into which, as tradition says, Guy of Warwick, after many high deeds at home and abroad, secretly retired to close his life in pious meditation. After two years of incessant search, his inconsolable wife found him lying dead in his cave, and in despair threw herself down from the rocks into the Avon. In later times a chapel was built in the rock to commemorate this tragic event, and adorned by Henry the Third with a statue of Sir Guy. This has unhappily been so mutilated by Cromwell's troops, that it is now but a shape-

less block. Opposite to the chapel are twelve monks' cells hewn in the rock, now used as stables. The chapel itself, which has been entirely renovated in the interior, is connected with the dwelling of the proprietor, part of which is gothic some centuries old, part in the old Italian style, and part quite new, built exactly to correspond with the most ancient part. The whole is extremely picturesque, and the interior is fitted up with equal attention to taste and comfort. The drawing-room, with its two deep window-recesses, struck me as uncommonly cheerful. One of these windows stands above a rock which rises fifty feet perpendicularly from the river, in whose bosom lies a lovely little island, and behind it a wide prospect of luxuriant meadows, beautiful trees, and, quite in the background, a village half buried in wood. At a short distance on the side is an extremely ancient mill, said to have been in existence before the Norman invasion. A little further off, the picture was terminated by a woody hill, also within the inclosure of the park, on which a high cross marks the spot where Gavestone, the infamous favourite of Edward the Second, was executed by the rebellious lords Warwick and Arundel. All these recollections, united with so many natural beauties, make a strong impression

on the mind.—The other window afforded a perfect contrast with this. It overlooks a level plain laid out as a very pretty French garden, in which gay porcelain ornaments and coloured sand mingled their hues with the flowers, and terminates in a beautiful alley overshadowed with ivy cut into a pointed arch. In the room itself sparkled a cheerful fire; choice pictures adorned the walls, and several sofas of various forms, tables covered with curiosities, and furniture standing about in agreeable disorder, gave it the most inviting and home-like air.

I returned back to the town of Warwick to see the church, and the chapel containing the monument of the great King-maker, which he placed there in his life-time, and now reposes under. His statue of metal lies on the sarcophagus; an eagle and a bear are at his feet. The head is very expressive and natural. He does not fold his hands, as is the case in most statues of knights, but only raises them a little to heaven, as though he would not pray, and could greet even his Maker only with a gesture of courtesy; his head is slightly inclined, but with no air of humility. Round his stone coffin are emblazoned the splendid bearings of all his lordships, and an enormous sword lies threatening by his side. The splendid painted

windows, and the numerous well-preserved and richly gilded ornaments, give to the whole a stately, solemn character.

A family of the town most unfortunately got permission, about a hundred-and-fifty years ago, to erect a monument to some country 'squire or other, immediately under the large central window. It occupies the entire wall, and destroys the beautiful simplicity of the whole by this hideous, disgraceful modern excrescence.

By the side-wall lies another intruder carved in stone, but one of better pretensions;—no less a man than the powerful Earl of Leicester: he is represented of middle age, a handsome, high-bred and haughty-looking man; but without the lofty genius in his features so strikingly portrayed on the metal countenance of the great Warwick.

A few posts from Leamington, in a country which gradually becomes more solitary and dreary, lies Kenilworth.

With Sir Walter Scott's captivating book in my hand I wandered amid these ruins, which call up such varied feelings. They cover a space of more than three quarters of a mile in circumference, and exhibit, although in rapid decay, many traces of great and singular magnificence.

The oldest part of the castle, built in 1120, still

stands the firmest, while the part added by Leicester is almost utterly destroyed. The wide moat which formerly surrounded the castle, and around which stretched a park of thirty English miles in circuit, was dried up in Cromwell's time, in the hope of finding treasure in it. The park, too, has long disappeared, and is now changed into fields, on which are some scattered cottages. A part of the castle, standing isolated and almost hidden under creeping plants, is transformed into a kind of out-work; and the whole surrounding country has a more barren, deserted and melancholy aspect than any part we have travelled through. But this harmonizes well with the character of the principal object, and enhances the saddening effect of greatness in such utter decay.

The balcony called Elizabeth's Bower is still standing; and the tradition goes, that in moonlight nights a white figure is often seen there looking fixedly and immoveably into the depth below. The ruins of the banqueting-hall, with the gigantic chimney-piece, the extensive kitchen, and the wine-cellar beneath, are still clearly distinguishable; and many a lonesome chamber may still be standing in the towers, to which all access is cut off. The fancy delights in guessing the past by

what still remains; and I often dreamed, while climbing among the ruins, that I had found the very spot where the infamous Vernon traitorously plunged the truest and most unhappy of wives into eternal night. But equally lost are the traces of the crimes and of the virtues which lived within these walls; Time has long since thrown his all-concealing veil over them; and gone are the eternally-repeated sorrows and joys, the mouldered splendour, and the transient struggle.

The day was gloomy; black clouds rolled across the heavens, and occasionally a yellow tawny light broke from between them; the wind whistled among the ivy, and piped shrilly through the vacant windows; now and then a stone loosened itself from the crumbling building, and rolled clattering down the outer wall. Not a human being was to be seen; all was solitary, awful;—a gloomy but sublime memorial of destruction.

Such moments are really consolatory:—we feel more vividly than at any other that it is not worth while to grieve and trouble ourselves about earthly things, since sorrow, like joy, lasts but for a moment. As an illustration of the eternal mutation of human affairs, I found myself transported in the evening from the mute and lifeless ruins to the prosaic tumult of a multitude, busied but in gain;

in the reeking, smoky, bustling manufacturing town of Birmingham. The last romantic sight was the flames which at night-fall illumined the town on all sides from the tall chimneys of the iron-works. Here is an end to all sport of the fancy till more fitting time and place.

December 30th.

Birmingham is one of the most considerable and one of the ugliest towns of England. It contains a hundred-and-twenty-thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are doubtless workmen, and indeed, it presents only the appearance of an immeasurable workshop.

Immediately after breakfast I went to the manufactory of Mr. Thomasson, our consul here,—the second in extent. The first,—where a thousand workmen are daily employed, and an eighty-horse-power steam-engine is applied to innumerable uses, even in the manufactory of livery-buttons and pins' heads,—has been hermetically sealed to all foreigners ever since the visit of the Austrian princes, one of whose suite carried away some important secret.

I passed several hours here with great interest, though in hideous, dirty, and stinking holes, which serve as the various workshops; and made a but-

ton, which R—— will deliver to you as a proof of my industry.

In a better room below are set out all the productions of the manufactory, in gold, silver, bronze, plated, and lackered wares, the latter surpassing their Japan originals in beauty; steel wares of every kind;—all in a profusion and elegance which really excite amazement. Among other things, I saw the copy of the Warwick Vase, of the same size as the original. It is cast in bronze, and cost four thousand pounds. I saw also magnificent table-services in plated ware, brought to such perfection that it is impossible to distinguish it from silver. The great people here often mix it among their plate, as the Paris ladies mix false stones and pearls with their real ones.

I made acquaintance with a multitude of new and agreeable inventions of luxuries in great and small, and could not quite resist the temptation to buy, which is here so powerful. The trifles I bought will soon reach you in a well-packed box.

The iron-works, with their gigantic steam-engines, the needle manufactory, the steel works,—where you find every article from the most delicate scissars to the largest grate, polished like mirrors, with all the intermediate 'nuances',—

afford agreeable occupation for a day:—but pardon me any further description of them; 'Ce n'est pas mon métier.'

December 31st:—Sunday.

As the manufactories are at rest today, I made an excursion to Aston Hall, the seat of Mr. Watt, where, indeed, there is little to be seen in the way of gardening, but the old house contains many curious portraits. Unfortunately an ignorant porter could give me but little information about them.

There was an extremely fine picture of Gustavus Adolphus, as large as life. The good-nature, dignity and prudence; the clear honest eyes, which yet express much more than honesty; and the gentle, but not the less firm, assurance in his whole aspect,—were in the highest degree attractive. Near to it stood an excellent bust of Cromwell, which I should think a better likeness than the picture at Warwick. It is more consonant with his historic character;—coarse, and, if you will, vulgar features; but a rocky nature in the whole countenance, clearly allied to that dark enthusiasm and demoniac cunning which so truly characterize the man. Two cannon-balls which Cromwell threw into the house, then fortified, and which broke the

banisters in two places, are carefully left on the very spot where they fell, and the railing not repaired,—though it has since most stupidly been painted white even in the broken part.

Not to lose a day, as there is nothing to see here but workshops, I intend to set off this evening and travel through the night to Chester. There we shall spend tomorrow in seeing Eaton, Lord Grosvenor's celebrated seat, of which I wrote you word that Bathiany gave me such a magnificent description, and which, according to all I hear, contains whatever gold can procure. The day after tomorrow I shall return hither, visit some more manufactories, and then go back to Oxford, in the neighbourhood of which are two of the largest parks in England, Blenheim and Stowe.

Chester, January 1st, 1827.

Another year gone! None of the worst to me, except for the separation from you. I lighted the lamp in the carriage and read Lady Morgan's last novel with great pleasure, while we rolled swiftly over the level road. As soon as the hand reached twelve o'clock, R—— congratulated me on the new year, for myself and for you. In twelve hours more we reached Chester, an ancient 'baroque' city.

Though we had gone nineteen German miles in thirteen hours, I find that in England, as well as in France, as you go further from the metropolis you find a general deterioration;—the inns are less excellent, the post-horses worse, the postilions more dirty, the dress of the people generally less respectable, and the air of bustle and business less. At the same time the dearness increases, and you are subjected to many extortions which, nearer to London, are prevented by the great competition.

The new year set in with unfavourable weather. It rained the whole day. As soon as we had made a little toilet, we hastened to see the wonders of Eaton Hall, of which, however, my expectations were not very high. Moderate as they were, they were scarcely realized. The park and the gardens were, to my taste, the most unmeaning of any of their class I had seen, although of vast extent; and the house excited just the same feeling in me as Ashridge, only with the difference that it is still more overloaded, and internally far less beautiful, though furnished still more expensively, in patches. You find all imaginable splendour and ostentation which a man who has an income of a million of our money can display; but taste not perhaps in the same profusion. In this

chaos of modern gothic excrescences, I remarked ill-painted modern glass windows, and shapeless tables and chairs, which most incongruously affected to imitate architectural ornaments. I did not find one single thing worth sketching; and it is perfectly inconceivable to me how M. Lainé, (to whose merits in the embellishment of his country all must do justice,) could, in the Annals of the Berlin Horticultural Society, prefer this to any he had seen; at which indeed his English critics have made merry not a little. M. Lainé imitated this garden in the one in front of the new palace at Potsdam. In his place I should, I confess, have chosen another model; though this style is certainly far better suited to the palace in question than to a gothic castle. Treasures of art I saw none; the best was a middling picture by West. All the magnificence lay in the gorgeous materials, and the profuse display of money. The drawing-room or library would, for size, make a very good riding-school. The large portraits of the possessor and his wife, in the dining-room, have little interest, except for their acquaintances. A number of 'affreux' little gothic temples, deface the pleasure-ground, which has, moreover, no fine trees: the soil is not very favourable, and the whole seems laid out in comparatively recent

times. The country is rather pretty, though not picturesque, and too flat.

As we had time to spare, we visited the royal castle of Chester, which is now converted into an excellent county gaol. The whole arrangement of it seemed to me most humane and perfect. The view from the terrace of the 'corps de logis', in which are the Courts of Justice, down upon the prisoners in their cells, is extremely curious and surprising.

Imagine a high terrace of rock, on which stands a castle with two wings. The 'corps de logis' is, as I said, dedicated to the Courts, which are very spacious; and the wings, to the prisoners for debt. The court-yard is laid out as a little garden, in which the debtors may walk. Under the court are cells in which the criminals are confined; the further end on the right is appropriated to the women. The cells are separate, and radiate from a centre; the little piece of ground in front of each is a garden for the use of the prisoner, in which he is permitted to walk; before trial his dress is gray; after it, red and green. In each division of the building behind the cells is a large common-room, with a fire, in which the prisoners work. The cells are clean and airy; the food varies with the degree of crime,—the lowest is bread, potatoes

and salt. Today, being new-year's-day, all the prisoners had roast-beef, plum-pudding, and ale. Most of them, especially the women, became very animated, and made a horrible noise, with hurrahs to the health of the Mayor who had given them this fête.

The view from the upper terrace, over the gardens, the prison, and a noble country, with the river winding below, just behind the cells;—on the side, the roofs and towers of the city in picturesque confusion; and in the distance, the mountains of Wales,—is magnificent, and 'à tout prendre', our country counsellors of justice (*Oberlandes gerichtsräthe*) are seldom lodged so well as the rogues and thieves here.

Thank Heaven, we set out on our return tomorrow, for I am quite weary of parks and sights. I am afraid you will be no less so, of my monotonous letters; but as you have said A you must say B, and so prepare for a dozen parks before we reach London.

Meanwhile I send my epistle thither, to afford you at least an interval, and pray God to have you in his merciful and faithful keeping.

Your ever devoted

L——.

LETTER X.

Hawkestone Park, Jan. 2nd, 1827.

BELOVED FRIEND,

THOUGH I felt perfectly 'blasé' of parks yesterday, and thought I could never take any interest in them again, I am quite of another mind today, and must in some respects give Hawkestone the preference over all I have seen. It is not art, nor magnificence, nor aristocratical splendour, but nature alone, to which it is indebted for this pre-eminence, and in such a degree that were I gifted with the power of adding to its beauty, I should ask, What can I add?

Turn your imagination to a spot of ground so commandingly placed, that from its highest point you can let your eye wander over fifteen counties. Three sides of this wide panorama rise and fall in constant change of hill and dale, like the waves of an agitated sea, and are bounded at the horizon by the strangely-formed jagged outline of the Welsh mountains, which at either end descend to a fertile plain shaded by thousands of lofty trees, and in the obscure distance where it blends with

the sky is edged with a white misty line—the ocean.

The Welsh mountains are partly covered with snow, and all the cultivated country between so thickly intersected with hedge-rows and trees, that at a distance it has rather the appearance of a thinly planted wood, here and there broken by water or by numberless fields and meadows. You stand directly in the centre of this scene, on the summit of a group of hills, looking down over the tops of groves of oaks and beeches alternating with the most luxuriant slopes of meadow-land, upon a wall of rock five or six hundred feet high, which forms numerous steep precipices and pretty valleys. In one of the gloomiest spots of this wilderness arise the venerable ruins of 'the Red Castle', a magnificent memorial of the time of William the Conqueror.

Now imagine this whole romantic group of hills, which rises isolated from the very plain, to be surrounded almost in a perfect circle by the silver waves of the river Hawke. This naturally bounded spot is Hawkestone Park, a spot whose beauties are so appreciated even in the neighbourhood, that the brides and bridegrooms of Liverpool and Shrewsbury come here to pass their honeymoon. The park seems indeed rather the property of the

public than of its possessor, who never resides here, and whose ruinous and mean-looking house lies hidden in a corner of the park, like a 'hors d'œuvre'. There is, however, a pretty inn, in which visitors find all that is needful to their comfort. Here we passed the night, and after a good breakfast 'à la fourchette', set out on our long excursion on foot; for the roads are so bad that we could not drive. Our scrambling walk, almost dangerous in winter, lasted four hours.

We crossed a grassy plain, shaded by oaks and covered with grazing cattle, to the rocks I have mentioned, in which the pale green veins show the existence of copper. They rise out of a lofty hanging wood of old beeches, and are crowned at their summits with black firs, the whole effect of which is most striking. In this natural wall is a grotto, which, after climbing wearily along a zigzag path in the wood, you reach through a dark covered way more than a hundred feet long, hewn in the rock. The grotto consists of numerous caverns incrusted with all sorts of minerals. There are small openings in which are set pieces of coloured glass cut like brilliants; in the dark they gleam like the precious stones of Aladdin's cave. An old woman was our guide, and excited our wonder by her unwearied walking, and the dexte-

rity with which she climbed up and down the rocks in slippers. The irregular steps of stone were as smooth as glass, and so difficult sometimes to pass over, that our good R——, who had iron heels to his boots, complained bitterly of the efforts he had to make to keep himself up. We reached a summer-house, built of trunks and branches of trees and covered with moss, which commanded a picturesque view of a fantastic hill called the Temple of Patience. Our way then led us to the so-called Swiss Bridge, which is boldly thrown from one rock to another. As the railing is partly broken down and the passage rather a dizzy one, my good Julia, if it were possible for her to have come thus far, would have found an end to her expedition. How fortunate it is to have such an unwearied guide through the regions of imagination—one who bears you in an instant across the giddy bridge, and now places you before a black tower-like rock projecting out of the glittering beeches, overgrown with thorns and festooned with garlands of ivy! This was long the abode of a fox, who lived secure from pursuit in his castle of Malapartus; it is still called Reynard's House. We went on, up hill and down dale, and at length, rather tired, reached the terrace, an open place with beautiful peeps at the country cut in the wood.

Not far from thence, behind very high trees, stands a column a hundred-and-twenty feet high, dedicated to the founder of the family,—a London merchant and Lord Mayor of London in the time of Henry the Third,—whose statue crowns the pillar. A convenient winding staircase in the inside leads to its summit, whence you overlook the panorama of fifteen counties already mentioned. You pass through still wilder chasms between the rocks to a lovely cottage, standing in complete seclusion at the end of a green valley, where formerly various beasts and birds were kept, which are now preserved stuffed in a room of the cottage. A young woman showed them to us, with the strange announcement,—'All these animals that you see *used to live* formerly'. I spare you the greenhouse built of masses of rock and branches of trees, and the gothic tower—a sort of summer-house, and lead you a long, long way through wood, then over green hills and through a narrow defile to the magnificent ruin, the sublimely situated Red Castle. The decayed walls and the hewn rocky sides are of great extent. You can reach the interior only through a winding passage blasted in the rock, so utterly dark that I found myself obliged to use my guide's petticoat as an

Ariadne's clue, for I literally could not see my hand before my eyes. Out of this tunnel you emerge into a picturesque alley of rock, with smooth high walls overarched with mountain-ashes. On the side you perceive a cavern, the mouth of which is still closed with a rusty iron gate. Climbing rude steps in the rock, you reach the upper part of the ruin—a high roofless tower, in whose walls, fifteen feet thick, many trees centuries old have struck their roots, and in the interior of which is a well, which appears to sink down to the entrails of the earth. The massy and unshaken barrier around it, the lofty tower through which the sky appears above, and the bottomless depth beneath, where reigns eternal night, produce an effect I never remember to have experienced. You see Hope and Despair allegorically united in one picture before you. The tower, and the rock on which it stands, look down from a giddy height, in a perfectly perpendicular line, upon the valley, in which the huge trees appear like copse-wood.

By a somewhat considerable leap of the imagination you reach a New Zealander's hut on the banks of a little lake, built many years ago from a drawing of Captain Cook's, and furnished with

arrows, spears, tomahawks, skulls of eaten enemies, and such-like pretty trifles, the innocent luxuries of these children of nature.

Here we closed our walk, leaving unseen several devices which deform the place, and which, as well as (alas!) the paths, are somewhat in decay. But these defects are slight, in a whole so full of sublime and wondrously-varied natural beauty.

Newport, Jan. 3rd.

It is winter in good earnest;—the earth covered with ice and six inches of snow, and the cold in the rooms, so insufficiently warmed by open fires, almost insufferable. As I passed the greater part of the day in the carriage, I have little to tell.

Birmingham, Jan. 4th.

Today too we saw nothing remarkable on our road, but a newly laid-out park through which we drove, with a small but elegant garden, with very pretty flower-stands of various sorts, and baskets, all of fine wire, and clothed with creepers. R—— was obliged to draw them with stiff fingers.

The inn at which we ate our luncheon bore the date 1603 carved in stone, and is the prettiest specimen of a cottage in an antique style, with brickwork in various patterns, I have met with.

Towards evening we reached Birmingham, where I am reposing comfortably after the excessive cold.

January 6th.

The whole day has been, as in my last visit, devoted to the manufactories and warehouses. The poor workmen, however, have a bad time of it. Their earnings are sufficient, it is true; but many of their occupations are of such a kind that the slightest neglect or carelessness may be productive of the most dreadful consequences. I saw a man whose business it is to hold the piece of metal out of which livery buttons are stamped. He has had his thumbs twice shattered, and they are now only little formless lumps of flesh. Woe to those whose clothes approach too near to the steam-engines or other hideous machines! Many a one has this inexorable power seized and crushed, as the boa crushes its helpless prey. Some occupations are as unhealthy as those of the lead-works in Siberia; and in others there is a stench which a stranger can scarcely endure for a minute.

Everything has its dark side,—this advanced state of manufacture among the rest; but that is no reason for rejecting it.

Even virtue has its disadvantages when it oversteps the bounds of moderation; while on the

other hand the greatest evil, crime itself not excepted, has its bright spots.

It is remarkable that, in spite of this wonderful progress in all discoveries, the English have not yet been able, as Mr. Thomasson assured me, to rival the iron-castings of Berlin. What I saw of this kind were immeasurably inferior. I am sometimes tempted to think that we are arrived at that point at which, far as the English now excel us, they will begin to descend, and we to ascend. But as they have to fall from such a height, and we to rise from such a depth, a long time may elapse before we arrive at the meeting point. However, as I said, I think we have started on the road. *Deutschland, Glück auf!* If thy sons obtain but freedom, their efforts will succeed.

Stratford-on-Avon, Jan. 6th.

This day's journey was not long, but full of interest; for the place whence my letter is dated is the birth-place of Shakspeare.

It is profoundly affecting to see the familiar trifles which centuries ago stood in immediate and domestic contact with so great and beloved a man; then to visit the place where his bones have long been mouldering; and thus in a few moments to traverse the long way from his cradle to

his grave. The house in which he was born, and the very room hallowed by this great event, still stand almost unchanged. The latter is perfectly like a humble tradesman's room, such as we commonly find them in our small towns; quite suited to the time when England stood on the same step of civilization which the lower classes still occupy with us. The walls are completely covered with the names of men of every country and rank; and although I do not particularly like these parasitical appendages on foreign greatness, like insects clinging to marble palaces, yet I could not resist the impulse of gratitude and veneration, which led me to add my name to the others.

The church on the Avon (the same river which washes the noble walls of Warwick,) where Shakspeare lies buried, is a beautiful remnant of antiquity, adorned with numerous remarkable monuments; among which, that of the chief of poets is, of course, the most conspicuous. It was formerly painted and gilded, as was the bust; but through the stupidity of a certain Malone, was whitewashed over about a century ago, by which it lost much of its singular character. The bust is far from having any merit as a work of art: it is devoid of expression, and probably, therefore, of resemblance. It was not without a considerable

outlay of trouble and money that I succeeded in getting a little engraving of the monument in the original colours,—the last copy the clerk's wife had, as she assured me. I send it with my letter.

I also bought in a bookseller's shop several views of the place, and of the objects I have mentioned. In the town-house there is a large picture of Shakspeare, painted in more recent times; and a still better one of Garrick, which has some resemblance, not only in the features but the 'tournure', to Iffland.

Oxford, Jan. 7th.

After having given the 'parkomanie' two days rest, we revived it today, having visited no less than four great parks, the last of which was the famous Blenheim. But in order:—'Exécutez vous.'

First we passed through Eastrop Park, remarkable in as far as it is of the time in which the French style had just begun to decline; but at this transition period the change was as yet so slight, that avenues of clumps, of different but regularly alternating figures, replaced avenues of single trees; and hedges were planted in serpentine lines. The whole appeared in great decay.

Ditchley Park is more beautiful. Unfortunately, the English climate played us a sad trick today. In the morning (for the second time since we left London) the sun shone, and we were triumphing in our good luck, when suddenly there fell such a fog that during the whole remaining day we never could see a hundred steps before us,—often scarcely ten. In the house we found a number of good pictures, especially very fine portraits, but no creature could tell us whom they represented. We learned nothing new in *our* art, but we found a novelty in another department. In the gamekeeper's lodge, in default of spoils of nobler beasts, were about six dozen rats nailed up, their legs and tails displayed with great taste.

Our third visit was to Blandford Park, belonging to Lord Churchill; very inconsiderable as a park, but the house contains some noble pictures. Two, I particularly envied the possessor. The first, a female figure, attributed, no doubt falsely, to Michael Angelo. The drawing is certainly bold, but there is a truth and elasticity in the flesh, a Titian-like colouring, and a lovely archness of expression, which betray no Michael Angelo,—even suppose the assertion to be false, that we possess no oil-paintings of that great master.

The second riveted me still more;—a Judith

ascribed to Cigoli, a painter whose works I do not remember to have seen. The subject is common enough: the triumphant virgin, with the trunkless head in her hand, has always appeared to me rather disgusting than attractive; but here the artist has diffused an expression over Judith's elevated and captivating face, which appears to me conceived in the very spirit of poetry.

I had rather possess good copies of such exquisite pictures, than less interesting originals even by great masters:—it is the poetical, not the technical part of a work of art that has charms for me. I pass over a fine collection of drawings by Raphael, Claude, and Rubens, and many interesting portraits.

The horrid fog was thicker and thicker, and we saw Blenheim as if by twilight. In grandeur and magnificence it is doubtless extraordinary; and I was much pleased with what I saw, or rather divined; for it was all shrouded in a veil, behind which the sun appeared rayless, like the moon. The house is very large and regular, built, unhappily, in the old French style, and truly royal in magnificence. The park is five German miles in circumference, and the piece of water, the finest work of its kind existing, occupies alone eight hundred acres. The pleasure-grounds are on an

equally vast scale; forty men are daily employed in mowing. Opposite to the house the water forms a cascade, so admirably constructed of large masses of rock brought from a great distance, that it is difficult to believe it artificial.

One cannot help admiring the grandeur of Brown's genius and conceptions, as one wanders through these grounds: he is the Shakspeare of gardening. The plantations have attained to such a height that we saw a single Portugal laurel growing out of the turf, which measured two-hundred feet in circumference.

The present possessor, with an income of seventy thousand pounds, is so much in debt that his property is administered for the benefit of his creditors, and he receives five-thousand a-year for his life. It is a grievous pity that he spends this little in pulling in pieces Brown's imposing gardens, and modernizing them in a miserable taste; transforming the rich draperies which Brown had thrown around Nature, into a harlequin jacket of little clumps and beds. A large portion of the old pleasure-ground is thus destroyed; as the old gardener, almost with tears in his eyes, remarked to us. Many noble trees lay felled around; and a black spot on the turf showed the place where a laurel, nearly as large as the one I mentioned, lately stood in all

its pride and beauty. I thought with grief how vain it is to attempt to found anything lasting, and saw in imagination those of my successors who will destroy the plantations which we have designed and tended together with so much fondness. Blenheim is chiefly situated on the spot where stood the ancient royal park of Woodstock (which you remember from Walter Scott's last novel). A great part of the oak wood which existed in the time of the unhappy Rosamond is still alive, and dying in an agony of a century's duration. There are perfect monsters of oaks and cedars, both as to form and size. Many are so entirely enwreathed with ivy that it has killed them, but at the same time clothed them with a new and more beautiful evergreen foliage which enwraps the decayed trunk, like a magnificent shroud, till it falls into dust.

Deer, pheasants and cattle, people the park, whose green plains seemed, in the uncertain mist, boundless as the sea; in some places, bare as a Steppe, in others thickly planted.

The interior of the house looks rather neglected, but contains a number of valuable works of art. It must be confessed that never did a nation bestow a richer reward on one of its great men

than Blenheim, which is princely even in its minutest details*.

As we entered, there was such a smoke that we thought we had to encounter a second fog in the house. Some very dirty shabby servants—a thing almost unheard-of here—ran past us to fetch the 'Châtelaine', who, wrapped in a Scotch plaid, with a staff in her hand and the air of an enchantress, advanced with so majestic an air towards us, that one might have taken her for the Duchess herself. The magic wand was for the purpose of pointing more conveniently to the various curiosities. As a preliminary measure, she required that we should inscribe our names in a large book: unhappily, however, there was no ink in the inkstand, so that this important ceremony was necessarily dispensed with. We passed through many chill and faded rooms, decorated with numerous and fine pictures, though among them are many inferior ones, on which the names of Raphael, Guido, &c. are liberally bestowed. The gallery is extremely rich in fine and genuine Rubens'; the most attractive among which, to me, was his own frequently-

* The description is abridged. It is feared the English reader has already been sated with parks and houses.—TRANSL.

repeated but excellent portrait. I was also much interested by a whole-length portrait of the wild Duke of Buckingham, by Van Dyk,—a roué of a very different sort, both in the delicate turn of the features, the chivalrous dignity, and the tasteful dress, from our modern ones. Further on is a beautiful Madonna, by Carlo Dolce, less smooth and 'banale' than most of those by the same master; and an excellent and most characteristic portrait of Catharine of Medicis. She is very fair, with exquisitely beautiful hands, and a singular expression of cold passion (if I may use the words) in her features, which yet does not excite the feeling of repulsion one would anticipate. Rubens's wife hangs opposite to her,—a handsome Flemish housewife, somewhat vulgar, but beautifully painted and admirably conceived. Philip the Second, by Titian, appeared to me unmeaning:—two beggar boys, by Morillo, admirable. Lot and his daughters, by Rubens;—the female figures somewhat less vulgar and coarse than most of his beauties, who generally have too much in common with the chief produce of his native country: Lot is admirably painted: the picture is however a very unpleasing one.—In the bedroom was hung, oddly enough, a disgusting,

fearful picture of Seneca's death in the bath,—Seneca already a livid corpse.

The portrait of the Duke's mother, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is extremely pleasing. Her beauty and sweet child-like look were worthy of a Madonna; and the little boy is a perfect Cupid, full of archness and grace.

The library is a magnificent room, containing seventeen thousand volumes, decorated on the one side with a marble statue of Queen Anne; on the other, a strange pendant—a colossal antique bust of Alexander; a model of youthful beauty, in my opinion excelling the Apollo Belvedere. It is more human, and yet the god-like nature appears through the human,—not indeed in the christian, but the pagan sense of the word.

It is but fair to notice the portrait of the great Duke of Marlborough, to whom this whole splendid edifice owes its existence. His history is remarkable in many points of view: I especially advise every man who *wishes to make his fortune* to study it attentively; he may learn much from a character so formed to *get on* in the world.—The following anecdote has always appeared to me remarkable, insignificant as was the incident.

The Duke was one day overtaken by a violent

shower of rain while riding with his suite. He asked his groom for his cloak; and not receiving it at the instant, repeated his order in a rather hasty tone. This provoked the man, and he replied with an impertinent air, "Well, I hope you will wait just till I have unbuckled it." The Duke, without evincing the slightest irritation, turned smiling to the person next him, and said, "Now would I give anything in the world to have that man's temperament!"

The more well-known story of the 'petulance' of the Duchess of Castlemaine, which Churchill turned to such good account, and which in the strangest way laid the basis of his great career, showed an entirely similar 'disposition', and power over himself.

In night and fog we reached Oxford, where I alighted at the Star, and refreshed myself with an admirable dinner prepared by a French cook from London. Though I do not, like the ancients, regard cooks as objects of religious veneration, I cannot deny that I have singular respect for their art: 'Il est beau au feu' may be said with as much justice of a virtuoso of this kind, as of the most dashing soldier; and in the field of politics and diplomacy, every minister knows how much he is indebted to his cook.

My excursion draws to a close, and in three days I hope to send off B—— with all the materials he has collected, like a bee laden with honey.

January 8th.

Oxford is a most singular city. Such a crowd of magnificent gothic buildings, from five hundred to a thousand years old, can nowhere else be found collected in one place. There are spots in which you can imagine yourself transported back to the fifteenth century. You see nothing around you but monuments of that period, without a single incongruous object. Many, nay almost all, of these old colleges and churches are also very beautiful in detail, and all of a most picturesque character. I have often wondered why we do not adopt many of the details of this style of architecture;—for instance, the broad light windows in two or three divisions, sometimes diversified with large bows and irregularly divided: only habit could make us endure the uniform rows of square holes which we call windows.

I went first to the so-called Theatre, which was built by a bishop three hundred years ago. The iron railing which surrounds it has, instead of pillars, a sort of 'termini' with the heads of the Roman Emperors; a strange fancy, but the effect

is not bad. In this theatre—which, as might be expected from its origin, is more like a church—the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent were made Doctors, and were obliged to appear in scarlet robes. The portraits of all three have since been placed here. The King of England in his coronation robes—an admirable picture by Lawrence, worthy of ancient times—hangs in the centre, in a most splendid frame; on either side, in far simpler frames and simpler garb, hang the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, also by Lawrence. The King is not like: of the Emperor Alexander I never saw a better portrait.

At the University Stereotype Press, where the printing of a sheet on both sides is accomplished in five minutes, I again displayed my activity, and had the honour to print a sheet, which I send you as companion to the Birmingham button: it contains some interesting incidents concerning the Maccabees.

A great deal of the printing for the Bible Society is done here; and if it goes on at this rate, the time will soon arrive concerning which a periodical called 'The Catholic', of the year 1824, prophesied in this wise: "If it comes to that, that all read the Bible, the world will be a fit abode only for wild-

beasts." If "the Catholic" means that all will *understand* it, he may be right, for then the whole human race will be ripe for another world. Nevertheless I am so far of "the Catholic's" mind, that I think the indiscriminate diffusion of the Bible among all,—even the rudest savages,—is throwing pearls before swine.

I next went to the Museum, which contains a very heterogeneous mixture of things. On the staircase as you enter is a picture of the battle of Pavia, in which the principal figures are portraits painted at the time, as is expressed on the canvas. It is precisely in the style of the old miniatures, and very interesting for the accuracy of the dresses and armour: under it is the inscription "Comen les gens de Lempereur deffirent les francoys en lan 1525." Portraits of Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Richelieu also adorn the staircase. Under them was that of Tradescant, a noted gardener of Charles the First, from which it was impossible to tear his colleague R—— away; he looked at the picture with a sort of protecting air, and was specially delighted with a garland of mulberries and cucumbers which picturesquely surrounded this father of gardeners. The most interesting thing in the picture, to me, was the portrait of a strange large bird, worthy of the Arabian Nights, called

Dodo, which belonged to the gardener when alive, and whose like has never been seen in these parts since. As a proof that this is no fable, they showed us the genuine head and beak—wonderfully odd.

In the collection of natural history were a great many rare parrots, and a curious bird with spikes on its wings, with which it spears fish as with a lance. The diminutive warrior, who is only six inches high, looks uncommonly fierce and bold; he is like a miniature crane, only much more cunning and pugnacious. Here is the duck-billed platypus, that strange animal from New Holland. The productions of that part of the globe are so unlike those of all the others, that they almost make one imagine it belongs to another era of creation, or that it dropped on our earth from some wandering star.

The colours of a picture made of humming-birds' feathers seemed something unearthly. Equally curious was a bas-relief of a knight in splendid gold-green armour made of beetles' wings. Our modern knights might be very handsomely represented in steel-blue armour made from the wings of the dung-beetle. I cannot attempt to give you an inventory of the cabinet of curiosities; I confined myself, as I always do, to what struck me, which was not always the most celebrated;—a jewelled glove of Henry the Eighth's;—an autograph letter

of Queen Elizabeth's to Lord Burleigh, beautifully written;—a pretty riding-cloak and shoe of the Maiden Queen, which latter proves the extreme beauty of her foot; lastly, her watch, with a tasteful chain consisting of five medallions in a row, each containing hair of a different colour—probably of her chief favourites. Far more curious and sacred is a medallion with a portrait rudely executed in mosaic, and an inscription signifying that it belonged to the great Alfred. This precious relic was found ten years ago in ploughing a field in the island of Athelney, where Alfred lay hidden from the Danes.

I must now conduct you to the picture-gallery built by Elizabeth, and preserved exactly 'in statu quo'. The roof is of wainscot panelled, and in each panel a coat-of-arms, which has a most antique and magnificent effect. Very good models of the principal temples of antiquity stand in the ante-room. There are some excellent pictures. The one which charmed me the most was an authentic portrait of Mary of Scotland, by Zuccaro, painted just after her arrival from France, and brilliant in all the indescribable radiance and fascination of her youth and freshness. It is easy to understand how it was that this woman had only passionate adorers and devoted Partisans, or

furious enemies. A face more, in the true sense of the word, *charming*,—seductive,—can scarcely be imagined: with all its French graces, it however betrays the selfishness of the beauty, the recklessness of unbridled passion; but of malignity or vulgarity, such as we see, the former in Elizabeth, the latter in Catharine of Medicis, not a trace;—in short, a perfectly womanlike, and *therefore* perfectly captivating character of countenance, with all the virtues and all the weaknesses and vices of her sex in their fullest proportions. I should think the possession of such a picture a real happiness,—that of the original might give one rather too much trouble. The same artist painted a portrait of Elizabeth, precisely like that at Warwick.—The Earl of Leicester, taken shortly before his death, is extremely interesting. His face is as elegant and high-bred as it is handsome; and though not indicative of genius, has the expression of a sagacious, dignified, and powerful man. There are no remains of the brilliancy of youth, but a proud complacent consciousness of secure unalterable favour. —In a copy of the School of Athens by Giulio Romano, I admired once more the exquisite face of the young Duke of Urbino,—that ideal of soft youthful beauty:—the loveliest girl might be more than satisfied with the possession of it.—Garrick's por-

trait, by Raphael Mengs, did not answer my idea of that great actor so perfectly as the one at Stratford-on-Avon.—I was delighted with a picture of Charles the Twelfth, by Schröter,—every inch a grand Don Quixote: and with a very characteristic Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely. Charles's aspect, like his age, seems to me entirely French, even to his features, which are strikingly like those of Bussy Rabutin. His father hangs near,—a more attractive picture than usual. He has unquestionably a fine face, with very speaking eyes; but the soft, melancholy, ideological expression too plainly shows that the bearer of such features was little fitted to encounter such a man as Cromwell, or such an age as that he lived in. It is the greatest calamity for a prince to fall upon an ill-suited time, unless he be strong enough to impress his own stamp upon it.—The great Locke, by Gibson, is a pale attenuated student. Near him is a handsome portly Luther, by Holbein;—the stately Handel, by Hodson;—and Hugo Grotius, with his acute, crafty, and yet high chivalrous face, more that of an energetic man of the world than of a man of letters. These are the subjects that struck me the most.

January 9th.

Today I have walked all over Oxford; and I

cannot express with what intense delight I wandered from cloister to cloister, and refreshed myself at this living spring of antiquity.

There is a magnificent avenue of elms, which, like the buildings around it, dates from the year 1520. From this queen of avenues, in which not a single tree is wanting, and which leads through a meadow to the river, you see on one side a charming landscape, on the other a part of the city, with five or six of the most beautiful gothic towers,—ever a noble view, but today rendered almost like a picture of fairy enchantment: the sky was overcast, the wind drove the black fantastic clouds, like a herd of wild beasts, across it; at length the most beautiful rainbow, vaulting from one tower and descending on another, spanned the whole city.

From this ancient seat of the Muses of England, from all its colleges,—each different from the other,—each inclosing a spacious court, and adorned with noble towers,—each with its own more or less beautifully ornamented church, its library and picture-gallery, all in their kind of new and varied interest,—I carry away the most agreeable recollections. If you can bear to drink again and again from the old cup, you shall accompany me in my ramble.

My first walk was to the Ratcliffe Library; a round and modern building,—erected, that is, in the last century, at Dr. Ratcliffe's cost,—nearly in the centre of the town. The interior is simply a rotunda in three stages or stories, with a cupola and two open galleries, whence side-rooms radiate from the inner to the outer circle. Below are casts of the best antiques. A small winding staircase leads to a side tower, from the roof of which you have a splendid view of the gothic palaces pointing to heaven with their hundred spires. The surrounding country is cheerful, fertile, and well wooded. There are four-and-twenty colleges (a sort of cloister for education), and thirteen churches in this small town, containing only sixteen thousand inhabitants.

From hence we proceeded to Henry the Eighth's Library, preserved, externally and internally, in nearly its original state, and containing not less than three hundred thousand volumes. The 'locale' is like no other of the kind, and transports one completely into past ages. The cruciform room; the strange shelves; the iron gratings, half blue, half gilded, and of a form no longer seen; the enormous windows, as broad as three church windows together, and ornamented with beautiful coloured glass; the gay gilded ceiling, with num-

berless panels, each containing the picture of an open Bible with four crowns; even the Doctors sitting at the tables in the dress of Luther, which they still wear,—how strangely is the fancy excited by such a scene! A gallery runs round midway of the high shelves, for the purpose of reaching the books above. On the railing of this gallery are hung the portraits of the various librarians, from the first to the last; some, unhappily, in modern dresses, who look like apes among their venerable predecessors. In the middle of the room the shelves are so arranged on either side, that they form a long alley of inclosed closets, in which every man who wishes to use the library can work completely undisturbed,—an old and most exemplary arrangement. There are also books in the rooms which occupy the whole ground-floor of this quadrangular edifice. Here are some very curious manuscripts and specimens of early printing. I saw with sorrow how large a tribute the poverty of Germany has been compelled to pay to the wealth of England; among other things, a magnificent copy of Faust's first Bible, of the year 1440, which I think belonged to our Doctor Barth, and is inscribed with a number of notes in his hand-writing. I was delighted to find a manuscript so exactly like a volume of Froissart in our

library, (that with the miniatures in every leaf,) embellished with the same arabesques of fruit and flowers on a gold ground, the style and colouring of the figures so precisely the same, that it is scarcely to be doubted they are by the same painter. Unfortunately there is neither name nor date. The text is Quintus Curtius,—all the figures exactly in the costume of the time of the illuminator: Alexander, cased in iron from head to foot, breaks a lance with Darius, and throws him from his saddle, just in the style of the French and English knights in Froissart.

A very curious French manuscript, the subject of which is an heroic poem, contains the name of the writer with the date 1340, (an extremely rare occurrence,) and under it the name of the painter with the date 1346; this gives reason to conclude that the latter had spent six years in the illuminating, which is almost all executed on a very unusual design, in gold, blue and red in squares, like a carpet. This manuscript is peculiarly interesting from the circumstance that the painter, instead of inclosing the text within a border or arabesque, has surrounded it with a representation of the trades, sports, and pastimes of his time. A cursory glance showed me, together with many games and occupations which we have lost,

so many which are still so precisely the same, that I was really surprised. For instance, a masked-ball; *Kämmerchen vermiethen**; the *Händespiel*, or 'gioco di villano'; the same with the feet, which we boys often used to play in winter to warm ourselves; throwing at cocks, and cockfighting; rope-dancers and conjurors; horse-riders and trained horses, whose feats are more wonderful than ours; rifle-shooting at a man who ('mille pardons') turns himself in unseemly wise to the company, like one still existing on a gate in Lausitz; a smithy, where a horse is shoeing; a waggon, with three large cart-horses harnessed out at length, with harness, &c. all in the present form, even the driver's costume—a blue slop—the very same; and many other things which I have not time to notice, —showed that though many things change, yet an infinite deal remains unaltered, and perhaps, 'à tout prendre', human life is more the same in different ages than we generally imagine.

A Boccaccio, with exquisitely beautiful miniatures, is one of the show-pieces of the library. A copy of the Acts of the Apostles, of the seventh century, in Greek and Latin, is shown as a great curiosity: each line contains only one word in

* Literally, 'Little rooms to let'; I think we call the game, 'Seats'.—TRANSL.

each language. Considering its great antiquity, it is in very good preservation.

In the beautiful court of All Souls College—which moreover is carpeted with the finest turf—there is a spot whence you have a most magnificent view of spires, towers, and façades of ancient buildings, rising in unbroken series, one behind another, without the least mixture of modern houses. Here is another noble library. In the middle is an orrery, which illustrates our solar system very clearly, and keeps equal course with the sun and planets through the year.

Christ's College is a beautiful building of modern times; a part of it only is very old. The church is of Saxon architecture; round and pointed arches intermingle, but do not at all offend the eye. Here is the famous shrine of St. Frisdewilde, a most magnificent and tasteful gothic monument of the beginning of the eighth century, and still in good preservation. It was enriched with silver Apostles and other ornaments, which were plundered in Cromwell's time. That unhappy religious war did irreparable damage to the antiquities of England; till then, all these sacred relics were in perfect preservation.

Attached to this college is that most charming walk I described to you above. It leads us to

Magdalen College, which has been in part newly restored. The restoration is perfectly in the ancient style, and renders this part of the building secure for five hundred years to come; it has already cost forty thousand pounds, though but a small part is completed:—it may be imagined what enormous sums the execution of such works from the foundation would cost. Nothing great in art can be executed now, for the money it would cost is absolutely unattainable. The sum which formerly purchased a god-like work of Raphael's, would now (even allowing for the difference in the value of money) scarcely buy a moderate portrait by Lawrence. The Botanic Garden, which closed our walk, contains nothing worth describing. I therefore release you for the present, my dear Julia; 'mais c'est à y revenir demain'.

Buckingham, Jan. 10th.

It is a sin how long my private journal has been neglected. The more my letters to you swell, the more does my unhappy journal shrink. If you were to burn these letters, I should have no trace of what had become of me all this time. Imagine how unpleasant to vanish from one's own memory!

My imagination is so 'montée' by the many

vestiges and echoes of past times, that I dream of a distant future, in which even ruins will be no more,—in which we shall lose not only these shadows of humanity, but human nature itself, and begin a new life in new spheres. For in remembrance, say what you will, we entirely lose that which we actually were;—even here, the old man nearly loses himself as a child. We may indeed find ourselves again, my best friend, and then will the tie that binds us necessarily re-unite. Let this satisfy us.

'Mais revenons à nos moutons;—c'est à dire, parlons de nouveau de parcs.'

Dreadful weather—rain and darkness, detained me at Oxford till three in the afternoon, when it cleared sufficiently for me to set out. The postilion missed the road, which is not a main one, and drove us a long way about, so that we arrived very late. While the fire was lighting in my room, I sat down in mine host's, where I found a very pretty girl, his niece, and two doctors of the place, with whom I talked away the evening very pleasantly.

Aylesbury, Jan. 11th.

Stowe is, like Blenheim, another specimen of English grandeur and magnificence. The park embraces a large tract of undulating ground, with

fine trees; the house is a noble building in the Italian style. The grounds were laid out long ago; and though in many respects beautiful, and remarkable for fine lofty trees, are so overloaded with temples and buildings of all sorts, that the greatest possible improvement to the place would be the pulling down ten or a dozen of them. There is a charming flower-garden, thickly surrounded with high trees, firs, cedars and evergreens, and flowering shrubs. The parterre forms a regular pattern like a carpet, in front of a crescent-formed house filled with rare birds. In the middle of this carpet is a fountain, and on either side are two pretty 'volières' of wire.

In the park stands a tower called the Bourbon Tower, from the circle of limes around it which Louis the Eighteenth planted during his long residence at Hartwell in this neighbourhood. The tower, though modern, is half fallen in. I wish this be no ill omen for the Bourbons in France, where even the sage Charter-giver could obtain no better titles from his subjects than 'Louis l'Inévitable', and 'Deux Fois Neuf'.

Here is a monument deserving of mention, dedicated to the great men and women of England, with very appropriate inscriptions, and busts modelled after the best pictures.

The façade of the building is four hundred and fifty feet long, and as long is the unbroken 'enfilade' of rooms in the 'bel étage', which you enter from the garden by a fine flight of steps. You pass through a bronze door into an oval marble hall with a beautiful dome, whence alone it is lighted. A circle of twenty pillars of red scagliola marble surrounds it, and in the niches between them are ten antique statues. The floor is paved with real marble, and a gilded grating admits heated air. I will not weary you with further description of the rooms;—they are very rich, and all more or less decorated with pictures and curiosities. The state bed-room, which is not used, is crowded with fine porcelain, and contains a curious old bed of embroidered velvet with gold fringe.

In a boudoir near were many other curiosities, which we were only permitted to see through a grating. The loss of a ruby necklace formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette, is the very sufficient reason for this prohibition, which is never removed but in the Duke's presence.

The library is a long gallery covered from top to bottom with shelves, with a light and elegant gallery in the middle. An adjoining room, fitted up in the same way, contains nothing but maps

and engravings, probably one of the richest collections in the world. This seems the peculiar taste of the present Duke.

The hall on the other side of the house, looking on the park, commands a view which struck me as quite peculiar. You see a large open grassy plain, skirted on either side by an oak wood, and in the middle and background meadows and wood interspersed. In the centre of the plain, about sixty or seventy paces from the house, stands, perfectly isolated, a colossal snow-white equestrian statue, of admirable workmanship. The pedestal is so high that the horseman seems to rest on the top of the wood behind him. Not a building, nor any other object than trees, grass, and sky, are visible; and the whole scene so utterly still and inanimate, that the white spectral image rivets the attention:—no finer decoration for Don Juan could be imagined. It happened, too, by a fortunate chance, that the sky on that side of the house was perfectly black with a threatening snow-storm, so that the dazzling white statue stood out in almost fearful grandeur. At the moment, it looked alive, and every muscle seemed to rise in the sharp lights.

Among the pictures is a treasure which seems to be unknown to our German travellers, at least

I never saw it noticed:—a genuine portrait of Shakspeare, painted during his life-time by Barnage. The hypercritics of England will have it there is no genuine portrait of Shakspeare; but it seems to me almost impossible to *invent* a physiognomy carrying on it such a triumphant air of truth, so fully expressing the grandeur and originality of the man; furnished with all the intellectual elevation, all the acuteness, wit, delicacy, all the genuine humour, whose exhaustless treasures were never so lavished on any mortal. The countenance is nowise what is vulgarly called handsome; but the sublime beauty of the mind within beams from every part. Across the lofty forehead gleam the bright flashes of that daring spirit; the large dark brown eyes are penetrating, fiery, yet mild; around the lips play light irony and good-natured archness, but wedded to a sweet benevolent smile, which lends the highest, the most heart-winning charm to the lofty, awful dignity of the intellectual parts of the face. Wondrously perfect appears the structure of the skull and forehead; there are no single prominences, but all the organs so capacious and complete that we stand astonished before such a glorious pattern of perfect organization, and feel a deep joy at finding the man in so beautiful a harmony with his works.

Two excellent Albrecht Dürers—a pair of female saints in a fantastic landscape—attracted me particularly by their primitive German character. They are two genuine Nürnberg housewives, dressed in their fatherlandish caps, and taken from nature itself; good-natured, and busied about their saintly affairs.—A picture of Luther, by Holbein, is more intellectual and less fat than usual.

There is a remarkable picture, by Van Dyk, of the Duke of Vieuxville, ambassador from the Court of France to Charles the First, who with chivalrous devotion followed the King into the field and was killed at Newbury. The dress is odd, but picturesque;—a white 'juste-au-corps, à la Henri Quatre', with a black mantle thrown over it; full short black breeches falling over the knee, with silver points; pale violet stockings with gold clocks, and white shoes with gold roses. On the mantle is embroidered the star of the Holy Ghost, four times as large as it is now worn, the blue ribband 'en sautoir', but hanging down very low, and the cross worn in the present fashion, on the side; it is narrower and smaller than now, and hangs by the broad ribband almost under the arm.

The Duke de Guise was not such as I had pictured him to myself:—a pale face with reddish beard and hair; with the expression rather of an

'intriguant' than of a great man.—A picture which corresponds better with the character of the person it represents is Count Gondemar, Spanish ambassador to the Court of James the First, by Velasquez; he ingratiated himself with the King by his dog-Latin, in which burlesque form he made free to say anything. He brought the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, the favourite of Elizabeth, to the scaffold by his Jesuitical intrigues.

A picture of Cromwell, by his Court painter Richardson, has a double interest for the family. It was painted expressly for one of the Duke's ancestors, who appears in the same picture as page, in the act of tying the Protector's scarf. This portrait is not much like the others of the same personage I have seen; it represents him as younger, and of a more refined nature, and is therefore probably flattered. From the hand of a Court painter this is to be expected.

I must only mention two fine and large Teniers', one of which represents three wonderfully characteristic Dutch boors, meeting in a village and gossiping with their pipes in their mouths; an excellent Ruysdael; six famous Rembrandts, and Titian's lovely mistress. I admired, too, a new specimen of art,—two Sèvres cups with miniatures after Pétitot, by that admirable porcelain-

painter Madame Jaquotot. The one represents Ninon de l'Enclos, of whom I had never before seen a picture that answered to my idea of her. This expressed her character fully, and is of the most attractive beauty,—genuine French, lively as quicksilver, bold almost to impudence, but too generous and too truly natural to leave any other than an engaging impression on the mind. The other—a gentle, placid, and voluptuous beauty—was inscribed, Françoise d'Orleans de Valois. As thoroughly initiated in French genealogies and memoirs, you will know who she is. 'Je l'ignore.' Each cup cost a thousand francs.

In a beautiful moonlight we drove to Aylesbury, whence I now write.

Uxbridge, Jan. 12th.

This evening I hope to be in London again. While the horses are putting-to I write a few words. We saw Lord Carrington's park this morning,—for your comfort be it said, the last, at present at least. The garden is nothing remarkable: the house is in the beloved modern gothic style, but, being simple and unpretending, looks less affected. It is built of stone, without ornament. A good portrait of Pitt hangs in the library. This great man has anything but the face

of a man of genius,—and who knows whether posterity will think his deeds betray more than his face?

One thing pretty I observed in the garden,—a thick massy wreath of ivy planted on the turf. It looks as if negligently dropped there. Our excursion was to be closed by the sight of Bulstrode, which Repton describes at such length as the model of parks; but this drop is spared you, my poor Julia, for the Duke of Portland has sold it, and the present owner has felled the trees about which Repton is so enthusiastic, ploughed up the park, and pulled down the house to sell the stone. It was a miserable scene of desolation,—made more miserable by the strange dress of the women at work: they were wrapped from top to toe in blood-red cloaks, and looked like an ill-omened assemblage of executioners.

London, Jan. 13th.

By bright gas-light, which is always like a festal illumination here, we drove into town, and as I wished to have an instant contrast with my park-and-garden life, I alighted at Covent Garden to see my first Christmas pantomime. This is a very favourite spectacle in England, particularly with children; so that I was quite in my place.

Playwrights and scene-painters take great pains to make every year's wonders exceed the last. Before I bid you good night I must give you a rhapsodical sketch of the performance. At the rising of the curtain a thick mist covers the stage and gradually rolls off. This is remarkably well managed by means of fine gauze. In the dim light you distinguish a little cottage, the dwelling of a sorceress; in the back-ground a lake surrounded by mountains, some of whose peaks are clothed with snow. All as yet is misty and indistinct;—the sun then rises triumphantly, chases the morning dews, and the hut, with the village in the distance, now appear in perfect outline. And now you behold upon the roof a large cock, who flaps his wings, plumes himself, stretches his neck, and greets the sun with several very natural *Kikerikys**. A magpie near him begins to chatter and to strut about, and to peck at a gigantic tom-cat lying in a niche in the wall, who sleepily stretches himself, cleans his face, and purrs most complacently. This tom-cat is acted with great 'virtuosité' by an actor who is afterwards transformed into Harlequin. The way in which he plays with a melon, the lightness and agility with which he climbs up the chimney and down again, his

* German for 'Cock-a-doodle-doo'.—Transl.

springs, and all his gesture, are so natural that they could only be acquired by a long study of the animal himself. Happily the scenic art is come to that, that it no longer suffers men to be excelled by poodles and monkeys, but has actually raised them to the power of representing those admired animals to the life.

Meanwhile the door opens, and Mother Shipton, a frightful old witch, enters with a son very like herself. The household animals, to whom is added an enormous duck, pay their morning court to the best of their ability. But the witch is in a bad humour, utters a curse upon them all, and changes them on the spot into the persons of the Italian comedy, who, like the rest of the world, persecute each other without rest, till at last the most cunning conquers. The web of story is then spun on through a thousand transformations and extravagances, without any particular connexion, but with occasional good hits at the incidents of the day; and above all, with admirable decorations, and great wit on the part of the machinist. One of the best scenes was the witch's kitchen. A rock cleaves open and displays a large cave, in the midst of which more than a cart-load of wood forms the fire, before which a whole stag with its antlers, a whole ox, and a pig, are turning rapidly

on the spit. On a hearth on the right side is baking a pie as big as a waggon, and on the left a plum-pudding of equal calibre is boiling. The 'chef de cuisine' appears with a dozen or two assistants in a grotesque white uniform, with long tails, and each armed with a gigantic knife and fork. The commandant makes them go through a ludicrous exercise, present arms, &c. He then draws them up 'en péloton' to baste the roast, which is performed with ladles of the same huge proportions as the other utensils, while they industriously fan the fire with their tails.

The scene next represents a high castle, to which this colossal 'batterie de cuisine' is conveyed like a park of artillery. It appears smaller and smaller along the winding path, till at length the pie disappears in the horizon like the setting moon.

Next we are transported into a large town, with all sorts of comical inscriptions on the houses, most of them satires on the multitude of new inventions and companies for all manner of undertakings; such as, "Washing Company of the three united kingdoms"; "Steam-boat to America in six days"; "Certain way of winning in the lottery"; "Mining shares at ten pounds a share, by which to become worth a million in ten years." The fore-

ground exhibits a tailor's workshop, with several journeymen busily stitching away in the 'rez de chaussée'; a pair of shears six yards long are fixed over the door as a sign, with the points upwards. Harlequin arrives, pursued by Pantaloon and Co., and springs through the air with a somerset in at a window on the first story, which breaks with a loud crash. The pursuers drawing back from the 'salto mortale', tumble over and thump each other with artist-like skill and wonderful suppleness. Ladders are now brought, and they climb into the house after Harlequin: but he has made his escape through the chimney, and runs off over the roofs. Pantaloon with his long chin and beard leans out of the window before which the shears are placed, to see which way Harlequin is gone. Suddenly the parted blades shut to, and his head falls into the street. Pantaloon, not a whit the less, runs down stairs and rushes out at the door after his rolling head;—unluckily a poodle picks it up and runs off with it, and Pantaloon after him. But here he meets Harlequin again, disguised as a doctor, who holds a consultation with three others as to what is to be done for the unhappy Pantaloon. They at length decide to rub the place where the head is wanting with Macassar oil; and by means of this

operation a new head happily grows under the eye of the spectators.

In the last act, Tivoli at Paris is well given. A balloon ascends with a pretty child. While he floats from the stage over the heads of the audience the earthly scene gradually sinks, and as the balloon reaches the lofty roof, where it makes a circuit round the chandelier, the stage is filled with rolling clouds through which a thousand stars shine and produce a very pretty illusion.

As the balloon sinks, town and gardens gradually rise again. A rope is next stretched, on which a lady drives a wheelbarrow to the summit of a gothic tower, in the midst of fire-works; while other 'equilibristes' perform their break-neck feats on level ground.

At the conclusion, the stage is transformed, amid thunder and lightning, into a magnificent Chinese hall with a thousand gay paper lanterns; where all spells are dissolved, the witch banished to the centre of the earth by a beneficent enchanter, and Harlequin, recognised as legitimate prince, marries his Columbine.

On our way home we had another and more terrible spectacle, gratis. A lofty column of lurid smoke poured from a chimney, and soon became tinged with blue, red and green;—the nearer we

came the thicker and more variegated it ascended, like one of the Chinese fireworks we had just seen. "Probably," said I to R——, "a chemical laboratory, if it be not indeed a fire in earnest." Hardly had I said the words when my fears were fulfilled. Cries resounded from all sides, the flames streamed wildly forth towards heaven, the people flocked together, and fire-engines soon rattled through the streets. But the huge city swallows up all particular incidents,—five hundred steps further, and the fire in the neighbourhood excited no interest whatever: the guests in an illumined mansion danced merrily, the play-goers walked quietly home, and all traces of alarm or sympathy were lost.

But, my dear Julia, 'il faut que tout finisse' —and so must my long narrative, which certainly furnishes you with a sheet for every year of my life. That it ends with fire you must take as an emblem of ardent love,—and here it is not necessary, as your superstition requires, to exclaim "In a good hour be it said." Every hour, even the most unfortunate, is good—where love is.

Your L——.

LETTER XI.

London, Jan. 19th, 1827.

DEAREST JULIA,

R—— left London today for Harwich, and will be with you in a fortnight. I know how glad you will be to have a living witness of the sayings and doings of your L——; one whom you can question about so many things which, even with the best intentions, cannot always find place in letters.

I have now settled myself into a town life again. Yesterday I dined with Prince E——, where the —— secretary of legation kept us in an incessant laugh. He is a kind of agreeable buffoon, and although of very mean extraction, a superlative ultra; ('tel le maitre, tel le valet'). I have often admired the talent of the French, and envied it too, for making the most amusing stories out of the most common-place incidents;—such as lose all their salt coming from any mouth but theirs.

Nobody possesses this talent in a higher degree than Monsieur R——. He affords another proof that it is entirely the result of a language so admirably adapted to produce it, and of an education which

springs from the same source; for Monsieur R—— is a German—I think a Swabian; but was brought to France when only two years old, and educated as a Frenchman. Language makes the man, more than blood;—though 'tis true, blood has first made the language.

'Au reste,' one must acknowledge that however brilliant such agreeable chatter may be at the moment, it goes out like a fusee, and leaves nothing on the memory; so that the pedantic German feels a sort of uneasiness after listening to it, and regrets having spent his time so unprofitably. Had it been possible to that element of Germansm which formed our language, to give it that lightness, roundness, agreeable equivocalness, and at the same time precision and definiteness,—qualities which are called into full play in society by French audacity,—the conversation of the German would certainly have been the more satisfactory of the two, for he would never have neglected to connect the useful with the agreeable. As it is, we Germans have nothing left in society, but that sort of talent which the French call 'l'esprit des escaliers';—that, namely, which suggests to a man as he is going down stairs, the clever things he might have said in the 'salon'.

Of this Frenchman's fireworks and crackers I

retain nothing but the following anecdote. A diplomatic writer, who passed as authority in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, concluded a treatise on the great privileges pertaining to foreign envoys, with the following words ;—'mais dès qu'un ambassadeur est mort, il rentre dans la vie privée.'

January 22nd.

The poor Duke of York is at length dead, after a long illness, and lay in state yesterday with great magnificence. I saw him in October, and found him, even then, the shadow of the robust stately man whom I had formerly so often seen at Lady L——'s, and at his own house, where six bottles of claret after dinner scarcely made a perceptible change in his countenance. I remember that in one such evening,—it was indeed already after midnight,—he took some of his guests, among whom were the Austrian Ambassador, Count Meerveldt, Count Beroldingen, and myself, into his beautiful armoury. We tried to swing several Turkish sabres, but none of us had a very firm grasp; whence it happened that the Duke and Count Meerveldt both scratched themselves with a sort of straight Indian sword, so as to draw blood. Count Meerveldt then wished to try if it cut as well as a real Damascus, and

undertook to cut through one of the wax candles which stood on the table. The experiment answered so ill, that both the candles, candlesticks and all, fell to the ground and were extinguished. While we were groping about in the dark, and trying to find the door, the Duke's aide-de-camp, Colonel C——, stammered out in great agitation, "By God, Sir, I remember the sword is poisoned!" You may conceive the agreeable feelings of the wounded at this intelligence. Happily on further examination it appeared that claret and not poison was at the bottom of the Colonel's exclamation.

The Duke seems to be much regretted, and the whole country wears deep mourning for him, with crape on the hat, and black gloves, 'ce qui fait le désespoir' of all shopkeepers. People put their servants into black liveries, and write on paper with a broad black edge. Meantime the Christmas pantomimes go on as merrily as ever. It has a strange effect to see Harlequin and Columbine skipping about on the stage in all conceivable frivolities and antics, while the coal-black audience, dressed as for a funeral procession, clap and shout with delight.

I this minute receive your letter from B——. Really so merry, I might almost say so pungent

a one, you have not written of a long time. The B—— originals seem to have quite electrified you, and though I rejoice at it, I can't help being a little jealous. But you will soon come back to *your* original. I say with Cæsar, I fear not the fat, but the lean; and so long as you tell me that you preserve your charming 'embonpoint', I am easy. I had a great mind, however, to plague you a little in return; but I know you don't bear jesting 'par distance' well, so I abstain. To vent my humour in some way, I send you a bit out of my journal,—a 'pendant' to your African Travels; for the poor meagre journal is still alive, though it has received no nutriment by the month together, and the little it has had, has not the least 'haut goût'. Don't expect, therefore, anything facetious or satirical, but something quite serious. It is laid upon you as a punishment.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

I was lately reading a review of Lady Morgan's Salvator Rosa. A passage in it touched me deeply, 'et pour cause'. It is the very original description of her hero, nearly as follows.

"With a thirst for praise, which scarcely any applause could satisfy, Salvator united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of

pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification. . . . . Abandoned by the idle and the great, whom his delightful talents had so long contributed to amuse, he voluntarily excluded himself from the few true and staunch friends who clung to him in his adversity, and shut himself up equally from all he loved and all he despised. . . . . His reference to this journey is curious, as being illustrative of those high imaginations, and lofty and lonely feelings, in which lay all the secret of his peculiar genius: while his pantings after solitude, his vain repinings, exhibit the struggles of a mind divided between a natural love of repose and a factitious ambition for the world's notice and the *éclat* of fame,—no unusual contrast in those who, being highly gifted and highly organized, are placed by nature above their species in all the splendid endowments of intellect; and who are, by the same nature, again drawn down to its level through their social and sympathetic affections. . . . . His fine but fatal organization, which rendered him so susceptible of impressions, whether of good or evil, and which left him at times no shelter against

'horrible imaginings', or against those real inflictions, calumny and slander, plunged him too frequently into fits of listless melancholy, when, disabused of all illusion, he saw the species to which he belonged in all the nakedness of its inherent infirmity."

Yes, this picture is copied from the very soul; and it is no less true, that a man born with such a disposition can never feel at ease or happy in the world which surrounds him, unless he be placed very much above it, or live in it entirely unnoticed.

So far I was led by the thoughts of others. Now I must conclude for today with a few of my own, the subject of which lies far nearer to our inmost hearts; and discuss a question, the full investigation of which must interest every one, be he ever so little a philosopher by profession.

What is Conscience?

Conscience has unquestionably a twofold nature, as it has a twofold source. The one flows from our highest strength, the other from our greatest weakness; the one from the spirit of God dwelling in us, the other from sensual fear. Perfectly to dissever and distinguish these two kinds of conscience, is necessary to that serenity of mind which can arise only out of the utmost possible clearness: for man, when he has once got beyond the original

dominant instinct of feeling, attains to the Permanent, even the recognition of truth, only by mental labour and conflict,—the moral 'sweat of his brow.'

Man, however, is a whole, compounded of countless parts; and it is only in the perfect equipoise of these parts, that, *as man*—that is, as a being at once sensual and spiritual—he can obtain perfect happiness and contentment. It is the common, ever-recurring error, to strive to cultivate one side predominantly:—with one man it is the province of religion; with another, that of severe reason; with the man of the world, those of the understanding and the senses alone. But all these together, exercised, enjoyed, and blended, so to speak, with artist-like skill, can alone produce the most perfect Life for this earth, and for our destinies while upon it,—the complete, entire Truth.

Under this point of view, then, must that which we call Conscience be considered, and the true distinguished from the false.

Under the head of the True, I understand the infallible suggestions of the divine spirit in us; which restrains us from evil, generally, as from the wholly one-sided, inconsistent, and negative: and this requires no further explanation. By the

False, I mean that which arises only from the Conventional; from custom, authority, from subtleties which have grown out of these foundations, and from overstrained anxiety;—in a word, from fear. Delicate, excitable natures, in whom the cerebral system predominates, in whom, therefore, the head and the fancy are more powerful and active than the heart; in whom the distributing intellect too easily breaks up and scatters the depth and intensity of the full feeling, are most subject to this kind of error. It is, however, so difficult to follow these subtle ramifications and secret counter-workings, that we often take that for a primary feeling, which is only the retro-action of a sophistical intellect.

Now, as right and wrong, applied to the individual actions of human life with all their various conditions and intricacies, must obviously be relative; nothing remains but that every man should, with the help of all the powers of his soul, make quite clear to himself, sincerely and faithfully lay down to himself, what he can reasonably regard as right and what as wrong; and having ascertained it, thenceforward tranquilly apply that standard; and not trouble himself further about his so-called conscience; that is, the inward uneasiness and uncertainty which disturb the mind under new and

conflicting circumstances. These cannot possibly be avoided; since the distinctions we have heard of right and wrong, reasonable and absurd, in our childhood and early youth, will ever exercise an rresistible influen ce*.

To give a few exemplifications.—A man of a gentle temper, educated in the fear of God and the love of man, who becomes a soldier, the first time he has to take deliberate aim at human life will hardly do it without a strong pang of conscience. So, at least, it was with me. Nevertheless it is his duty; a duty which may be justified on higher, although worldly grounds; so long at least as mankind are not further advanced than they now are.

In like manner, he who after a long struggle forswears the religion of his fathers—the daily-repeated lesson of his youth,—and embraces another on full conviction that it is better, will generally feel a slight, but difficultly subdued inquietude;

* Cases moreover do occur, in which the conscience is, so to speak, right and wrong at the same time. An act may be necessary, which is unquestionably, viewed on one side, culpable, but which is chosen as the lesser of two evils; in which case no reasonable moralist will contend that it is unpardonable. In telling a compulsory lie, for instance, we must ever make a considerable sacrifice of our moral dignity, though by refusing to tell it, we might be guilty of the basest treachery to parents or friends.—EDITOR.

and it is with that, just as with the most absurd fear of ghosts in those who have been educated in the belief of ghosts. They have a *ghost-conscience*, which they cannot get rid of. Nay, even more; with irritable characters, the mere persuasion that others hold them guilty of an evil action will give them so much the feeling of an evil conscience, that it appears in all its usual outward signs—embarrassment, blushing, and turning pale.

This may be carried so far as to lead to insanity. For instance: A man universally believed to have killed another, or one who really, though quite innocently, has killed another, may never enjoy a moment's tranquillity or happiness again. We even read of a Bramin, whose religious creed makes the murder of an insect as criminal as that of a man, who killed himself because an English 'savant' told him that he never drank a glass of water without destroying thousands of invisible creatures. 'Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule.'

Ugoni, in his Life of one of the most conscientious of men, Passaroni, relates that as he was one day going over the bridge of the 'Porta Orientale' he saw a man lying fast asleep on the broad stone parapet, whence, if suddenly waked, he would probably have fallen into the river. He seized him

by the arm, with difficulty aroused him, and with still greater made him understand why he had waked him. The porter, in a passion, requited his trouble with a hearty curse, and bid him go to the devil. Passaroni, greatly mortified and grieved at being the innocent cause of the man's wrath, pulled out a handful of coin, and gave it to him to drink the giver's health. Thereupon he left him quite satisfied; but had scarcely reached the end of the bridge, when it struck him that his gift would probably produce even worse consequences than his waking of the man had done; for that it would very likely lead the poor fellow into the crime of drunkenness. He immediately hurried back in great anxiety, found the man fortunately at the same spot, where he had laid himself down again exactly in his old position, and begged him, with some embarrassment, to give him back so much of the money as he did not want for his most pressing necessities. But as the rage of the porter, who thought himself fooled, now boiled over more furiously than ever, Passaroni devised another expedient: "Here, my friend," said he, "as you will not give me anything back, take another scudo, and promise me solemnly, that if you spend all the rest of the money in drink, you will buy something with that scudo to eat with it. Having received

this promise from the 'fachino,' Passaroni's conscience was at length at rest, and he went contentedly home.

We must, I repeat,—if we would not be either unhappy, or ridiculous, and like a reed shaken with every wind,—*educate* our consciences as well as all the other faculties of our souls; that is, while we preserve them in all their purity, prescribe to them due limits; for even the noblest are otherwise liable to deterioration and perversion. The simplest and most universally applicable and universally intelligible guide is the precept of Christ, "Do not unto others (nor, we might add, to yourselves) what ye would not that others do unto you."

But as there exist, as yet, no true Christians, certain exceptions to this rule are, and, in the present state of society, must be, permitted; as for instance, the case of the soldier above cited; or that of a man who obeys the laws of honour, which in certain stations it is utterly impossible to brave. And then there remains no other solution of the difficulty, than to allow to others the same liberty of making exceptions that we find ourselves compelled to claim;—in this way we just manage to preserve charity, and, at all events, that justice which is called the 'lex talionis'.

That man has a happy, an enviable existence, to whom nature and surrounding circumstances have made it easy or possible to walk constantly in a beaten track; to be, from youth upwards, kind and loving, moderate in his desires and pure in his actions. The first fault is pregnant with sorrow and evil; for, as our philosophical poet so truly says,

"Das eben ist der Fluch des Bösen
Dass es fortwuchernd immer Böses muss gebähren!"

And regeneration in this life is not always to be attained. May it not, then, be the last and highest act of mercy of Eternal Love, to have appointed death as a means of wiping out the confused and blotted scrawl, and restoring the troubled, misguided soul to the condition of a pure white sheet, ready for happier trials? For that upon which the Holy has already been written here, must far higher bliss be in store. All-loving Justice punishes not as weak man punishes; but it can reward only where reward is due,—where it follows as an inevitable consequence of the past.

January 21st.

It is become very cold again, and the fire-place, '*wo Tag und Nacht die Kohle brennt*', is un-

happily quite insufficient to produce a warm room, such as our stoves—which, spite of their ugliness, I now think of as admirably efficient—procure us. To set my blood in motion I ride the more, and today, on my way home, saw one of the many Cosmoramas exhibited here, which certainly afford a very agreeable *chamber journey*, as they call it in B——. The picture of the Coronation of Charles the Tenth in the Cathedral at Rheims, doubtless gave me a far more commodious view of it than I should have had in the crowded church. But what tasteless costume, from the King to the lowest courtier! New and old mixed in the most ludicrous and offensive manner! If people will perform such farces, the least they can do is to make them as pretty as those at Franconi's. The ruins of Palmyra lay outstretched in solemn majesty in the boundless Desert, which a caravan in the distant horizon is slowly traversing under a torrid sun.

The most perfect illusion was the great fire at Edinburgh:—it actually burned. You saw the flames stream upwards; then clouds of black smoke ascend; while the view of the whole landscape incessantly changed with the changes of this fearful light, just as in a real fire. Probably the proprietor's kitchen was behind the picture,

and the fire which heated the fancy of credulous spectators like myself, roasted the leg of mutton which our shillings paid for.

January 28th.

For some days I have vegetated too completely to have much to write to you about. This morning I was not a little surprised to see R——, whom I thought almost with you, enter my room. He had been shipwrecked on his way to Hamburgh, and driven back by the storm to Harwich; had passed a whole night in imminent peril, and is so heartily frightened, that he will hear no more of the sea as long as he lives. I therefore send him by Calais, and only write that you may not be uneasy. He has unfortunately lost some of the things he took for you.

Hyde Park afforded a new spectacle this morning. The large lake was frozen, and swarmed with a gay and countless multitude of skaters and others, who enjoyed these wintry pleasures, so rare here, with true child-like delight. A few years ago, in weather like this, a strange wager was laid. The notorious Hunt deals in shoe-blacking; a large sort of waggon filled with it and drawn by four fine horses, which the young gentleman his son drives 'four-in-hand', daily traverses the city in all directions. This young

Hunt betted a hundred pounds that he would drive the equipage in question at full speed across the 'Serpentine', and won his wager in brilliant style. A caricature immortalized this feat, and the sale of his blacking, as is reasonable, increased threefold.

My house is grown very musical, for Miss A——, a newly-engaged opera-singer, has come to live in it. The thin English walls give me the advantage of hearing her every morning gratis.

I have not been well for some days. The town air does not agree with me, and compels me to follow a 'régime' like that in your song:—

"un bouillon
d'un roguon
de papillon."

E—— Hall, Feb. 2nd.

Lord D——, to whose wife I had been introduced in London, invited me to visit him for a few days at his country house. I accepted his invitation with the more pleasure because E—— Hall is the place of which Repton says that he had laboured at its embellishment, together with its proprietor, forty years ago. Indeed it does him the greatest honour; though, from all I saw and heard, it appeared to me that the admirable

taste of its Lord was entitled to the largest share of the merit; especially in sparing old trees which Repton would have removed. Nevertheless an honourable feeling of gratitude has dedicated an alcove, commanding a wonderfully beautiful prospect, to the man to whom landscape-gardening is so much indebted. Repton's son, who was with us, had told Lady D—— a great deal about M——; and as she is almost as great a 'parkomane' as myself, we had a very attractive subject in common, and walked about for some hours in the flower-garden, which is still more tasteful than splendid, and is adorned with some graceful marble statues by Canova.

I did not see the master of the house, who was suffering from gout, till we came down to dinner, when I met a large company; amongst others Lord M——, who had just been to inspect the ships of war lying in the Thames.

Lord D—— was lying on a sofa, covered with a Scotch plaid, and embarrassed me a little by his first address.

"You don't know me," said he, "and yet we saw each other very often thirty years ago." Now as I was in frocks at the time he spoke of, I was obliged to beg for a further explanation, though I cannot say I was much delighted at having my

age so fully discussed before all the company,—for you know I claim not to look more than thirty. However, I could but admire Lord D——'s memory. He remembered every circumstance of his visit to my parents with the Duke of Portland, and recalled to me many a little forgotten incident. What originals were then to be found, and how joyously and heartily people entered into all sorts of amusement in those days, his conversation gave me new and very entertaining proof of.

He mentioned among others a certain Baron, who believed as firmly in ghosts as in the Gospel, and held Cagliostro for a sort of Messias. One day when he went out alone, to skate on the lake near our house, the whole party dressed themselves in sheets and other things borrowed from the wardrobe of the theatre, and presented to the eyes of the terrified Illuminatus the awful appearance of a party of ghosts, in broad daylight, on the ice. In mortal terror he fell on his knees, spite of his skates; and with a volubility which the venerable Lord could not think of, even now, without laughing, uttered "Abracadabra," and bits out of Faust's incantations, interspersed with fragments of quavering psalms. During this, one of the ghosts, who, with the help of a long stick under his sheet, made himself sometimes tall and some-

times low, slipped and fell, stripped of all disguise, directly before the knees of the praying Baron. His faith was too robust, however, to be shaken by such a trifle. On the contrary, his terror was increased to such a pitch, that he sprang up, fell again, in consequence of his unlucky 'chaussure', but soon scrambled up, and, with a dexterity no one gave him credit for before, vanished like the wind, amid the cheers of the whole company.

Even the confession of the whole joke by the actors in it never could convince him that he had been hoaxed, and no power on earth could ever induce him to see the frightful lake again as long as he remained at M——.

You know I cannot avoid the reflections which often fill me with melancholy even on the most joyous occasions. So was it with me now, as Lord D—— thus conjured up before me the picture of departed times;—as he eulogized my grandfather's amiable character, described my mother's high spirit, and what a wild child I was: 'Hélas, ils sont passés ces jours de fête.' The amiable man has long lain mouldering in his grave; the high-spirited young woman is old, and no longer high-spirited; and even the wild boy is more than tamed—nay, not very far from those days in

which he will say, "I have no pleasure in them:" the mad-cap young Englishman who played the ghost on the ice, lay before me, an old man, tortured with gout, stretched helpless on a sofa,—the tale of the merry pranks of his youth interrupted by sighs extorted by pain; while the poor fool whom he so terrified as ghost has long been a ghost himself, and the good Lord would be not a little alarmed if his visit happened to be returned. "Oh world, world!" as Napoleon said *.

February 3rd:—Evening.

Lord D—— possesses a fine collection of pictures, among which are Titian's celebrated Venus; the Death of Regulus, by Salvator Rosa; a large picture of Rubens, which has frequently been engraved; and a very fine Guido. In the two latter indeed, a not very agreeable subject, a lifeless head, is the principal object; in the one that of Cyrus,

* I must explain this exclamation. When Napoleon, after the defeat at Aspern, put off in a frail boat with a few followers for the island of Lobau, General Tchernicheff, then a very young man, was by his side. He relates, that the Emperor sate profoundly absorbed in thought, spoke to nobody, and only now and then broke into the half-suppressed exclamation, 'O monde, O monde!' He might, perhaps, silently add, 'tu m'échappes'—as a few years more verified.—Edit.

in the other that of John the Baptist. But Guido's Herodias is another of those figures instinct with the genius of poetical, divine beauty, uniting the most lovely womanliness with the deepest tragic expression, which leave so indelible an impression, and are so seldom found in reality. There is a lady of your acquaintace who corresponds with this ideal, Countess A—— of B——. She was, when I knew her*, the most beautiful and richly-gifted woman I ever beheld. Perfect symmetry, absolute harmony, reigned in her person and in her mind; so that the most heterogeneous things equally became her. Majestic as a queen, when she was 'en représentation'; distinguished by the most easy and graceful manners, the most exquisite knowledge of the world, when doing the honours of her own house; and by the most 'naïve,' touching kindness and sweetness in the circle of her family;—but under every aspect rendered more interesting and impressive by a trace of thoughtful melancholy never wholly effaced, allied to that perfect feminine tenderness which gives to woman the highest and most resistless charm in the eyes of men;—her resemblance to this picture of Guido's was striking. Two very pretty attendants of Herodias are in

* And is still.—EDITOR.

admirable contrast with the main figure. They are perfect ladies-in-waiting, who have no soul for anything beyond their court and their service; and their beauty receives from its very unmeaningness a certain rather animal character, which we can contemplate with an agreeable carelessness—a sort of repose to the mind after the profound and thrilling impression made by the main figure. The one is watching the glance of her mistress with an unmeaning smile; the other looks at the head of the Martyr in the charger with the same indifference as if it were 'a pudding'.

I must describe to you, once for all, the 'vie de château' in England; of course only the common canvas, on which the Special is in every case embroidered by each man according to his fancy. The groundwork is in all the same, nor did I find it at all altered from what I formerly saw here. It forms, without any question, the most agreeable side of English life; for there is great freedom, and a banishment of most of the wearisome ceremonies which, with us, tire both host and guest. Notwithstanding this, one finds not less luxury than in the town; this is rendered less burthensome by the custom I mentioned of receiving guests only during a short period of the year, and on invitation.

The ostentation which, doubtless, lies at the root of such customs, we may well forgive, for the better reception it procures us.

Strangers have generally only one room allotted to them, usually a spacious apartment on the first floor. Englishmen seldom go into this room except to sleep, and to dress twice a-day, which, even without company and in the most strictly domestic circle, is always 'de rigueur'; for all meals are commonly taken in company, and any one who wants to write does it in the library. There, also, those who wish to converse give each other 'rendezvous', to avoid either the whole society, or particular parties, in the formation of which people are quite at liberty. Here you have an opportunity of gossiping for hours with the young ladies, who are always very literarily inclined. Many a marriage is thus concocted or destroyed, between the 'corpus juris' on the one side and Bouffler's Works on the other, while fashionable novels, as a sort of intermediate link, lie on the tables in the middle.

Ten or eleven is the hour for breakfast, at which you may appear in 'negligée'. It is always of the same kind as that I described to you in the inn, only of course more elegant and complete. The ladies do the honours of the table

very agreeably. If you come down later, when the breakfast is removed, a servant brings you what you want. In many houses he is on the watch till one o'clock, or even later, to see that stragglers do not starve. That half-a-dozen newspapers must lie on the table for every one to read who likes, is, of course, understood. The men now either go out hunting or shooting, or on business; the host does the same, without troubling himself in the least degree about his guests (the truest kindness and good-breeding); and about half an hour before dinner the company meet again in the drawing-room in elegant toilette.

The course and order of dinner I have already described to you. * * * * * *
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England is the true land of contrasts—'du haut et du bas' at every step. Thus, even in elegant houses in the country, coachmen and grooms wait at dinner, and are not always free from the odour of the stable. At the second breakfast, the 'luncheon', which is served a few hours after the first, and is generally eaten only by the women (who like to make 'la petite bouche' at dinner),

there are no napkins, and altogether less neatness and elegance than at the other meals.

This as parenthesis:—I now return to the 'order of the day'. When the men have drunk as much as they wish, they go in search of tea, coffee, and the ladies, and remain for some hours with them, though without mixing much. Today, for instance, I observed the company was distributed in the following manner. Our suffering host lay on the sofa, dosing a little; five ladies and gentlemen were very attentively reading in various sorts of books (of this number I was one, having some views of parks before me); another had been playing for a quarter of an hour with a long-suffering dog; two old Members of Parliament were disputing vehemently about the 'Corn Bill'; and the rest of the company were in a dimly-lighted room adjoining, where a pretty girl was playing on the piano-forte, and another, with a most perforating voice, singing ballads.

I cannot help remarking here, that Lord and Lady D—— are among the most enlightened, unpretending, and therefore most agreeable, of the people of rank here. He is of the moderate Opposition, and desires the real good of his country, and nothing else; a patriot wholly devoid of ego-

tism,—the noblest title that a cultivated man can bear. She is goodness, cordiality, and unpretendingness itself.

A light supper of cold meats and fruits is brought, at which every one helps himself, and shortly after midnight all retire. A number of small candlesticks stand ready on a side-table; every man takes his own, and lights himself up to bed; for the greater part of the servants, who have to rise early, are, as is fair and reasonable, gone to bed. The eternal sitting of servants in an anteroom is not the custom here; and except at appointed times, when their services are expected, they are little seen, and one waits on oneself.

At night I found a most excellent chintz bed with a canopy. It was so enormously large that I lay like an icicle in it,—for the distant fire was too remote to give any sensible warmth.

February 5th.

Between ourselves be it said, However agreeable, however unconstrained may be one's abode in another's house, it is always too constrained, too unaccustomed, above all too dependent for me, proud and fond of ease as I am, ever to feel perfectly at home. This I can be nowhere but within my own walls, and, next to that, in a travelling-carriage or

an inn. This may not be the best taste in the world, but it is mine. There are so many men who have no taste of their own, at all, that I am delighted with myself for having one, though it be not of the best. I shall therefore not exhaust the term of my invitation, but evacuate my large bed tomorrow, and proceed to Brighton, a watering-place now in great fashion.

I have ridden all over the park here, in company with Lord D——'s very kind and polite son. It is less remarkable for features of striking beauty, than for the absence of all defect. Some views through wooded valleys, of the distant Thames, the town of Gravesend and its rising masts, have however a grand character; but nothing can exceed the incomparable skill with which the walls of wood within the park are planted, in masterly imitation of nature. As a study, I should recommend Cobham, in some respects, more than any of the parks I have described; though in extent and costliness it is surpassed by many. It is very modest, but to the admirer of nature its character is only the more delightful and satisfactory. It has also great variety of hill, valley, and wood.

I took leave of Lady D—— in her own room; a little sanctuary, furnished with delightful dis-

order and profusion :—the walls full of small 'consoles', surmounted with mirrors and crowded with choice curiosities; and the floor covered with splendid camellias, in baskets, looking as if they grew there.

Among these flowers, dear Julia, I take my leave of you. I intreat you to send me an answer of equal length, that your conscience may not reproach you with loving me less than I love you.

Your hearty Friend,

L——.

LETTER XII.

Brighton, Feb. 7th, 1827.

BELOVED,

I TRAVELLED these sixty miles yesterday with great rapidity, and in the most charming state of indolence, without even the exertion of looking up;—for one must once in a while travel like a fashionable Englishman.

It seems that here is a better atmosphere than in any other part of the land of fog; the bright sunshine waked me this morning as early as nine o'clock.

I soon went out;—first on the Marine Parade, which stretches to a considerable extent along the sea; then made a tour through the large, clean, and very cheerful town, which with its broad streets is like the newest parts of London; and concluded with visits to several London acquaintances. I then rode out, for I had sent my horses here before me. Vainly did I look around for a tree. The country is perfectly naked: nothing is to be seen but hilly downs covered with short turf; and sea and sky are the only picturesque

objects:—even this first day of my visit they greeted me with the most beautiful sunset. The majestic orb was veiled in a rosy transparent mist, so that it darted forth no rays, but was like a ball of massive gold, glowing with the most fervid heat: as it touched the water, it appeared slowly to dissolve, and to spread itself over the surface of the blue deep. At length Ocean swallowed the fiery globe; the burning hues faded from red to violet, then gradually to whitish gray, and at length the waves, driven by the evening wind, dashed murmuring on the shore in the dim twilight, as if in triumph over the buried sun.

A distinguished old Minister enjoyed this noble spectacle with me, and was fully alive to its beauty. Lord Harrowby is an amiable man, of mild refined manners, and of great experience of the world and of business.

February 8th.

Public rooms, lists of visitors (*Badelisten*), &c., do not exist here. Brighton has only the name of a bathing-place in our sense of the word, and is chiefly resorted to by the inhabitants of London for recreation and pure air. People who have no country-house, or who find London too expensive, spend the winter, which is the fashionable season, here. The King was formerly very fond

of Brighton, and built a strange Oriental Palace, which seen from the adjoining heights, with its cupolas and minarets, looks exactly like the pieces on a chess-board. The interior is splendidly though fantastically furnished. Although it has cost enormous sums, its possessor, long sick of it, is said to have shown a desire to pull it down, which indeed would be no great subject of lamentation.

The only large trees I have seen in the neighbourhood are in the gardens of this Palace. But the walks by the sea are so agreeable that one does very well without; especially the large Chain Pier, which extends a thousand feet into the sea, and from whose extremity the steam-vessels sail for Dieppe and Boulogne.

Not far from thence an Indian has established Oriental baths, where people are shampooed after the Turkish fashion, which is said to be very healthful and invigorating, and is in great favour with the fashionable world. I found the interior arrangements very European: The treatment is like that in the Russian vapour-baths, only I think not so good. I cannot help thinking the sudden cold after such profuse perspiration very dangerous.

I thought the method of drying linen more worth imitating. It is laid in a sort of ward-

robe lined with tin, and kept at an equal heat by means of steam.

February 9th.

The sun has disappeared again, and the cold has returned with such force that I am writing to you in gloves—for the better preservation of my white hands, to which I, like Lord Byron, attach great importance. I honestly confess I don't see that a man is 'un fat' merely for trying to preserve the little beauty God has given him; at all events chapped hands are a horror to me, and always were.—Talking of this, I remember that I was once in the boudoir of a very beautiful woman in Strasburg, where I met Field-marshal W——— (then only General), who in eulogizing Napoleon laid a peculiar stress on his temperance, adding in a contemptuous tone, "A hero could not be a 'gourmand'." Now the fair lady, who was otherwise a very kind friend of mine, knew me to be not quite insensible to 'bonne chère', and to gratify her malicious pleasure in teasing me, made the General repeat his observation. Though I never set up for a hero, (except in a little romance or two, here and there,) I felt that I blushed; one of those stupidities of which I never could break myself, even on many occasions where there was no ground for it. Provoked at myself, I said with

some pique, "It is fortunate for the lovers of a good table, General, that there are a few brilliant exceptions to your rule. Remember Alexander:—it is true that a too luxurious feast led him into the burning of Persepolis;—but I think you will allow him to have been a hero for all that: and 'gourmandise' did not prevent Frederic the Great from acquiring immortal renown, both as a warrior and a ruler.—You, General, who have fought the French with so much glory, should not attack a good 'cuisine'; for that nation, however distinguished be her generals, will obtain a wider and perhaps more lasting fame from her cooks." This last sentence was doubtless inspired by a prophetic spirit; and how would the enthusiastic eulogist of Napoleon have wondered, had I told him that in a little while he would stand higher than the great 'non-gourmand' himself, and would receive one of the last effectual 'coups de griffes' of the sick lion.

You think, I dare say, dear Julia, that this anecdote is as much in place here as one of our friend H——s 'à-propos'. But you are mistaken. I now go on to adduce Alcibiades and Poniatowsky, as examples of men distinguished for attention to dress and to their persons; thus proving from experience that neither sensibility to good cheer,

nor a little 'fatuité', are any obstacles to heroism, if other qualities be not wanting.

A visit from Count F——, one of the most agreeable and respectable representatives of Napoleon's time, who carried into the Imperial Court 'les souvenirs de l'ancien regime', and into the present one the reputation of spotless integrity and fidelity, (a most rare instance!)—here interrupted me. He came to invite me to dinner to-morrow. This has detained me:—it is too late to ride; I am not in the humour to seek Club society: I shall put on a second dressing-gown, dream about you and M——, read over your letters, and patiently freeze in my room,—for more than eight degrees of heat I find it impossible to procure by means of an open fire in my airy and many-windowed room.—'Au revoir', then.

February 10th.

It was fair that I should indemnify myself to-day for my confinement to my room, so I wandered about in the neighbourhood for many hours. I enjoyed my freedom the more, as I was to execute myself in the evening at a great subscription ball.

The country all around is certainly very remarkable; for in a four hours ride I did not see a single

full-grown tree. Yet the numerous hills, the large town in the distance, several smaller ones scattered about, the sea and ships—all under rapidly changing lights, sufficiently diversified the landscape; and even the contrast with the generally well-wooded character of England was not without its charms. The sun at length retired to rest incognito, the sky cleared, and the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the waters. I now turned my horse's head from the hills down to the sea, and rode five or six miles, about the distance to Brighton, hard on the edge of the waves along the sandy shore. The tide was coming in, and my horse sometimes shyed when a wave, crowned with snowy foam, rolled under his feet and quickly retreated as if in sport.

I love nothing better than to ride alone by moonlight on the wide shore,—alone with the plashing and roaring and murmuring of the waves;—so near to the mysterious deep, that my horse can only be kept within reach of its rolling waters by force, and as soon as his rein is loosened darts away with redoubled speed towards the firm land.

How different from this poetical scene was the prosaic ball!—which moreover so little answered my expectations that I was perfectly astonished.

A narrow staircase led directly into the ball-room, which was ill-lighted and miserably furnished, and surrounded with worsted cords to divide the dancers from the spectators. An orchestra for the musicians was hung with ill-washed white draperies, which looked like sheets hung out to dry. Imagine a second room near it, with benches along the walls, and a large tea-table in the middle; in both rooms the numerous company raven black from head to foot, gloves inclusive; a melancholy style of dancing, without the least trace of vivacity or joyousness; so that the only feeling you have is that of compassion for the useless fatigue the poor people are enduring; —and now you have a true idea of the Brighton Almack's, for so these very fashionable balls are called. The whole establishment is droll enough. Almack's balls in London are the resort of people of the highest rank during the season, which lasts from April to June; and five or six of the most intensely fashionable ladies (Princess L—— among the number), who are called Patronesses, distribute the tickets. It is an immense favour to obtain one; and, for people who do not belong to the very highest or most modish world, very difficult. Intrigues are set on foot months beforehand, and the Lady-patronesses flattered in

the meanest and most servile manner, to secure so important an advantage; for those who have never been seen at Almack's are regarded as utterly unfashionable — I might almost say disreputable; and the would-be-fashionable English world naturally holds this to be the greatest of all possible calamities. So true is this, that a novel was lately written on this subject, which contains a very fair delineation of London society, and has gone through three editions. On nearer observation, however, one sees that it betrays more of the antechamber than of the 'salon',—that the author is one, as the Abbé de Voisenon said, 'qui a écouté aux portes'.

How admirably well-informed the English are concerning foreigners is seen in a passage in this novel, in which the wife of a foreign ambassador, born however in England, is extremely facetious on the ignorant Londoners who assigned a higher rank to a German Prince than to her husband the Baron, whose title was far nobler. "But the word Prince," adds she, "whose nullity is well known to everybody on the Continent, dazzled my stupid countrymen. 'C'est bien vrai,' says a Frenchman, 'un Duc cirait mes bottes à Naples, et à Petersbourg un Prince Russe me rasait tous les matins.'" As the English generally

mis-spell and misquote foreign words and phrases, I strongly suspect that a slight mistake has crept in here, and that it ought to be printed, "un Prince Russe me *rossait* tous les matins *."

You may partly conceive the burlesque effect such a fashionable novel produces on people in the middling society of London, who are continually groping in the dark after 'le bel air', are consequently in perpetual terror and agony, lest they should betray their inacquaintance with the great

* It is natural enough that it should be difficult for the English, who trouble themselves so little about anything non-English, to distinguish the respective ranks of German, Russian, and French princes, and that they therefore place them sometimes too high, sometimes too low. In England and France, there are properly no Princes but those of the blood royal. If Englishmen or Frenchmen bear such titles, they are foreign ones, and were given to the younger sons of noble families; for instance, the Prince de Polignac, as second son, bears the Roman title of Prince; the eldest, is Duke de Polignac.

With the exception of a man of very exalted merit, there are no Princes in Germany who are not of old family and high rank, with the appurtenant rights and privileges; therefore Princes have in that country the first rank immediately after the reigning houses. In Russia, on the other hand, the title of Prince is as good as nothing, since there service alone gives rank, privilege or importance; and in Italy, the title is not worth much more. The English mix all this up together, and seldom know what sort of tone to take with a foreigner, or what place to assign to him.

world, and thus generally make themselves exquisitely ludicrous. I had a very amusing example of this a few weeks before the publication of the book in question.

I was invited, with several other foreigners, to dine with a very rich * * * * * Among them was a German Prince, who had visited at the house before, and, luckily for the farce, a German Baron also. When dinner was announced, the Prince advanced, as usual, to the lady of the house to hand her out, and was not a little amazed when she turned her back upon him with a slight curtesy, and took the arm of the most agreeably-surprised Baron. A laugh, which I really found it impossible to suppress, almost offended the good Prince, who could not explain to himself the extraordinary behaviour of our hostess; but, as I instantly guessed the cause, I soon helped him out of his wonderment.

Regardless of rank, he now took the prettiest woman of the party; while I, for my part, made haste to secure ——, that I might be sure of an amusing conversation during dinner. The soup was hardly removed, when I expressed to her as politely as I could, how much her nice tact and exact knowledge of the usages of even foreign society had surprised me. "Ah," replied she, "when one

has been —— so long, one becomes thoroughly acquainted with the world." "Certainly," replied I, "especially in ——, where you have all that sort of thing in black and white." "You see," said she, speaking rather low, "we know well enough that 'a foreign Prince' is nothing very great, but to a Baron we give the honour due." "Admirably distinguished!" exclaimed I; "but in Italy you must be on your guard, for there 'barone' means a rascal." "Is it possible?" said she; "what a strange title!" "Yes, madam, titles on the Continent are mysterious things; and were you the Sphinx herself, you would never fathom the enigma." "May I help you to some fish?" said she. "With great pleasure," answered I, and found the turbot, even without a title, excellent.

But, to return to Almack's:—The oddest thing is, that one of these tickets, for which many English men and women struggle and strive, as if for life and death, are, after all, to be paid for with the sum of ten shillings; for Almack's are neither more nor less than balls for money. 'Quelle folie que la mode!' We are sometimes forced to conclude that our planet is the mad-house of the solar system.

In Brighton we find the copy of London in little. The present Lady-patronesses are *

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When I entered, I saw no one of my acquaintance, and therefore addressed myself to a gentleman near me to show me the Marchioness of ——, from whom I had received my ticket, through the 'entremise' of Countess F——. I was obliged to present myself to her, to return my thanks; and found her a very kind, amiable, domestic woman, who had never quitted England. She introduced me to her daughters, and also to a certain Lady ———, who spoke very good German. That is the fashion now, and the young ladies labour hard to accomplish it.

I afterwards found a gentleman of my acquaintance, who introduced me to several very pretty young ladies, among whom Miss W——, a niece of Lord C——, was peculiarly distinguished. She was brought up in Germany, and is more German than English,—of course an advantage in my eyes. She was by far the prettiest and most graceful girl in the room, so that I was almost tempted to dance once more; though from vanity (for I always danced badly) I renounced that so-called

pleasure years ago. I might safely enough have attempted it here, for, God knows, nowhere do people jump about more awkwardly; and a man who waltzes in time is a real curiosity. But it seems to me too ludicrous, to join the worshipers of the tarantula so far on my way towards forty. 'Il est vrai que la fortune m'a souvent envoyé promener, mais danser—c'est trop fort!'

I was told that the chief of a Highland clan, with a name as long as a Spaniard's,—a descendant of some Island king, and proud as Holofernes of a thousand years of noble ancestry,—wished to make my acquaintance. I had reason to congratulate myself on making his; for I found him a living model of one of Walter Scott's pictures. A genuine Highland Scot, hanging with body and soul on ancestry and ancient customs, having great contempt for the English, full of fire, good-natured, loyal-hearted, and brave; but childishly vain, and, on that side, as easy to wound as to win. I very gladly took refuge from the tedium of the crowd in conversation with a man of so original a character. I sat down by him on a bench in the tea-room, and got him to tell me of all the glories of his ancient heritage, all the battles of his forefathers, and his own travels and

adventures. The worthy man described to me at great length his Highland dress, to which he evidently attached immense importance; and told me a long history of the effect his appearance in it had produced on the Court of Berlin. There was doubtless enough to excite a smile in his account of the astonishment of the King and Queen, and of the signal attentions his striking dress commanded; yet there was a fire and a simplicity in his manner of relating the triumphs of his national costume, that touched me extremely.

February 11th.

This morning I went to church, with a full intention of being pious; but it did not succeed. Everything was too cold, dry, and unæsthetic. I am an advocate for a more imaginative worship, though it be addressed rather more to the senses. If we did but follow Nature, we should find her the best instructress in religion, as in other things. Is it not by her most magnificent and sublime spectacles that she awakens our hearts to emotions of piety? by the painting of her sunsets, by the music of the rolling deep, by the forms of her mountains and her rocks? Be not wiser, my brethren, than Him who created all these wonders, and

formed the human heart to feel them; but imitate Him, according to the measure of your feeble powers.

But on this matter I should preach to deaf ears, except to yours, dear Julia; they have long listened, with me, to the heavenly song of the spheres, which ceaselessly resounds in the eternal, beautiful creation, if men did not stop their ears with the cotton of positive dogmas and traditions, through which they cannot hear it*.

The sermon too which I heard, though prepared beforehand, and read, was stony and unprofitable.

* My departed friend was possessed with a sort of fixed idea that a new Church was at hand. What a pity that he did not live to witness what is now forming! I have just read the following consolatory announcement in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:—

"To the Unknown.

"In these pages, hard words have, as I hear, been applied to me and to the new Church. Strike, my friends, but hear. Only one word, to warn you of the sin. Again I say, it draws near, raising up the veil more and more,—a glory which the tongue of man cannot express, and the spirit of man can only faintly imagine. If we can scarcely conceive that *all* will become new, how can we so suddenly conceive a new *All?* But to fall violently on the vanguard, and to insult the banner, before we know the hosts which are approaching, and the mighty men who lead them, is not advisable. Beloved brethren, how were it with you, if, with scoffing still on your lips, you recognised Him? He comes in an hour when ye think not."—EDITOR.

Preachers would do much more good if they would lay aside the old mechanical custom of taking texts only out of the Bible, and take them from local life and circumstances, and from human society as it now exists; if they would rather seek to foster the in-dwelling poetical religion, than the mere spirit of dogma; if they would treat morality not only as the Commanded, but as the Beautiful and the Useful,—the Necessary, indeed, to the happiness of the individual, and of society. If more pains were taken to *instruct* the working-man from the pulpit,—to form him to *think* instead of to *believe*,—crime would soon become less frequent; he would begin to feel a real interest in what he heard,—a positive want of the church and of the sermon, for his own guidance and information: whereas he now attends them mechanically and without reflection, or from some motives equally unprofitable. The laws of the land, too, and not the Ten Commandments alone, should be declared and expounded to the people from the pulpit;—they should be made perfectly conversant with them, and with the grounds of them; for, to use the words of Christ, how many sin without knowing what they do*!

* In this case it were, indeed, desirable that our laws should be brought nearer to the comprehension of the peo-

The best practical receipt for a universal morality is, without doubt, to ask oneself whether an action, or course of action, *if adopted by every man*, would be useful or injurious to society. In the first case, it is of course good,—in the second, bad. Had Governments, and those upon whom devolves the sacred and neglected duty of instructing the people, habituated them to the constant application of this test or measure of conduct, and then demonstrated to them, directly, 'ad oculos', the inevitable, ultimate reaction of evil conduct *on themselves*, they would, in the course of a few years, have improved not only the morality of the country, but its physical condition and commercial prosperity; whereas the ordinary priestly wisdom, which sets faith, authority, and dogma above everything, has left mankind in the same state for centuries,—if indeed it have not made them worse.

It would, perhaps, do no harm occasionally to choose teachers who have been converted to virtue by experience of the evil consequences of vice (as,

ple; that instead of a hundred different provincial and local laws, we had *one* code for the whole monarchy; so that an act should not be legal in one village, which ten miles off is illegal; in short, that the P—— Jurists should at length become workers in bronze, and not tinkers.—EDITOR.

for instance, the late Werner), and who are therefore best informed on the subject. Not only is there more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just men, but such a man is more firm in his convictions and perceptions, and generally more zealous in reclaiming others, as the examples of many holy men prove.

Above all, in every well-organized society all clergymen, be they of what persuasion they may, must, in my opinion, be paid by fixed salary, and not be permitted to take money for every separate consolation of real, or ceremony of conventional, religion;—a meanness which necessarily destroys all true reverence for the priest, and which must degrade him in his own eyes, if he have any delicacy. It is really dreadful to see the poor man stick his two *groschen* behind the altar for the holy elements he has just received; or croud a fee into the reverend gentleman's hand when his child is christened, just as if he were giving him a shilling to drink. But when we hear the parson storm and scold from the pulpit, because his offerings and tithes decrease; when we hear him announce such a falling-off in his revenues as a proof of the decline of religion; then, indeed, we feel distinctly why there are so many parsons, and what they themselves regard as their true and

proper vocation. Soldiers naturally love war, and in like manner priests love religion,—for their own advantage. But patriots love war only as a means of obtaining freedom; and philosophers, religion only for its beauty and its truth.

That is the difference.—But, as the author of the Zillah so truly says, "Establishments endure longer than opinions; the church outlasts the faith which founded it; and if a priesthood has once succeeded in interweaving itself with the institutions of the country, it may continue to subsist and to flourish long after its form of worship is regarded with aversion and contempt."

The afternoon was more satisfactory.—I climbed the hills around the town, and at last crept up to the top of a windmill in order to see the whole panorama of Brighton. The wind turned the sails of the mill with such force that the whole building rocked like a ship. The miller's lad, who had shown me the way up, went to a flour-bin and took out a telescope. Spite of its soft bed, it was unhappily broken. I was however well satisfied with the general view, enlivened as it was by hundreds of fishing-boats which seemed struggling with the storm, and hastened back with the sinking sun to my social duties.

The party at Count F——'s was small but in-

teresting: it was rendered so in the first place by the host himself; then by a lady celebrated for her beauty; and lastly, by a former well-known leader of 'ton' in Paris. In his youth he played a considerable part there, and was at the same time constantly implicated in political affairs. He now passes a great part of the year in England, probably still not without political views. He is one of that sort of men, daily becoming more rare, who live in great style, one knows not how; contrive to acquire a sort of authority everywhere, one knows not why; and under whom one always expects to find something mysterious, one knows not wherefore. —— is very agreeable, at least when he chooses: he narrates admirably, and has forgotten nothing of his eventful life which can give zest to his conversation. For adventurers of this high order, whose consummate knowledge of the world affords continual matter for admiration, (though generally employed only to make dupes,) the French character is better suited than any other. Their agreeableness in society smooths their way; and their not over-warm hearts and œconomical understandings, (if I may use the expression,) admirably enable them to keep all the ground they have won, and to maintain a firm footing on it for ever.

The clever man of whom I am now speaking

plays also very agreeably; and jestingly declares, like Fox, that after the pleasure of winning, he knows no greater than that of losing.

We talked a great deal about Napoleon, of whom our host, like all who lived long in immediate intercourse with him, could not speak without veneration. He mentioned a circumstance which struck me. The Emperor, he said, was so incredibly exhausted by the violent excitement of the Hundred Days and the events that succeeded them, that on his retreat from Waterloo, in the early part of which he was protected by a battalion of his 'Garde', he proceeded very slowly, and without any precipitation (quite contrary to our version of the affair). Two or three times he fell asleep on his horse; and would have fallen off, had not Count F—— himself held him on. But the Count declared that, except by this complete corporeal exhaustion, he never exhibited the slightest mark of internal agitation.

February 14th.

My original friend the Scot—who, I am told, has killed two or three men in duels—visited me this morning, and brought me his genealogy, printed, with the whole history of his race or 'clan'. He complained bitterly that another man of his name contested the rank of chieftain with him; and took

great pains to prove to me, from the work he had brought, that he was the true one: he added, that "the judgement of Heaven between them would be the best way of deciding their respective claims." He then called my attention to his arms, of the origin of which he related a curious history. *

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It was, like most of these traditions, poetical enough, and a striking picture of those rude but vigorous ages. I did not fail to relate to him a 'pendant' to his story, from the Nibelungenlied, concerning my own ancestors;—probably both were equally true. We parted, over the ghosts of our forefathers, the best friends in the world.

There are now private balls every evening: and in rooms to which a respectable German citizen would not venture to invite twelve people, some hundreds are here packed like negro slaves. It is even worse than in London; and the space allotted to the quadrilles allows only the mathematical possibility of making something like dancing demonstrations. A ball without this crowd would be despised; and a visitor of any fashion who found the staircase empty, would probably drive away from the door. This strange taste reminded me of one of Potier's characters, a 'ci-devant jeune

homme' who orders a pair of pantaloons of his tailor which are to be 'extraordinairement collant': as the 'artiste' is going away he calls after him, "Entendez vous?—extraordinairement collant; si j'y entre, je ne le prends pas." In like manner an English dandy would say of a rout, "Si j'y entre, je n'y vais pas."

When you are once in, however, I must confess that nowhere do you see a greater number of pretty girls, against whom you are squeezed 'bongré, malgré', than here. Some of them have been educated for a year or two in France, and are distinguished for a better 'tournure' and style of dress: many of them speak German. A man may have as many invitations to 'soirées' of this sort as he likes; but he may go away as perfect a stranger as if he had been uninvited; for if he does not stay long, he does not so much as see the hostess, and certainly she does not know half the people present. At one o'clock a very 'recherché' cold supper is served, with 'force champagne'. The supper-room is usually on the ground-floor, and the table of course cannot contain above twenty persons at a time, so that the company go down in troops, and meet, pushing and elbowing, on the narrow staircase. If you succeed in getting a seat, you may rest a little; and many avail themselves of this

privilege with small regard to their successors: little attention is paid to giving place to the ladies. On the other hand, the servants are very active in continually replacing the dishes and bottles, as fast as they are emptied, on the side of the table to which the guests have no access.

In order to see the whole of the thing, I stayed till four in the morning in one of the best houses, and found the end of the fête, after three-fourths of the company were gone, the most agreeable; the more so as the daughters of the house were remarkably pretty amiable girls. There were some famous originals, however, at the ball; among others, a fat lady of at least fifty-five, dressed in black velvet with white trimmings, and a turban with floating ostrich feathers, who waltzed like a Bacchante whenever she could find room. Her very pretty daughters tried in vain to rival their mamma. My curiosity being excited by such a display of Herculean vigour and pertinacity, I found the lady's large fortune had been made by speculations in cattle. The music in most of these balls was extremely meagre and bad. The musicians, however, contrive to produce such a noise with such instruments as they have, that you cannot hear yourself speak near them.

February 16th.

I read yesterday that "strong passions are increased by distance." Mine for you must be very strong then—though indeed tender friendship is ever the surest of any—for I love you better than ever:—but this is intelligible enough. If we truly love a person, we have, when absent from him, only his good and agreeable qualities before our eyes; the unpleasant little defects which exist in every man, and which, however trifling they may be, annoy us when present, vanish from our recollection,—and thus love naturally increases in absence. And you—what do you think on this subject? How many more faults have you to cover with the mantle of Christian love in me!

I am going to London tomorrow, expressly to deliver this letter to our ambassador with my own hands, since the last was delayed so long. Probably it fell into the hands of the curious, for we shall not soon get rid of the 'infamie' of opening letters. In two days I shall return, and shall be happy enough to miss three or four balls in the interval.—I took a long walk this morning, and this time not entirely alone, but with one of the many agreeable girls I have met with here. When young unmarried women are once 'lancées' in the world, they enjoy more rational freedom in Eng-

land than in any other country in Europe. The young lady 'quæstionis' was just seventeen, and polished in Paris.

On my return home I found, to my no small astonishment, a letter from the luckless R——, who has been again driven back to Harwich, and despairingly implores money and help. Contrary to my desire, as I now learn for the first time, he did not go by Calais. These wanderings of the Garden-Odysseus are as ludicrous as they are disagreeable, and you will doubtless think the adventurer 'malgré lui' is eaten by the fishes, till you have ocular proof of the contrary. I recollect that twelve years ago, about this same season, I was going to embark for Hamburg, from which I was fortunately dissuaded by my old French valet. He said, with rather an odd turn of expression, "Dans ces tems ci, il y a toujours *quelques équinoxes* dangéreuses, qui peuvent devenir funestes." He was right; the vessel was wrecked, and several lives lost.

London, Feb. 18th.

Honour to Mr. Temple!—Your letter, which he forwarded, reached me in ten days, while those which come through our diplomacy are three weeks on the road. Give him my best thanks. I laughed heartily at the news H—— sends me

so humorously. The little *Criminal-rath* ('conseiller criminel') whom the jester calls 'le Rat criminel'; the 'Renvoyé extraordinaire', and the 'Diplomate à la fourchette', are admirably painted; so is The Fortunate house- court- state- and body-servant. Don't wonder at his success: it is indisputable that there is a sort of narrowness which almost always succeeds in the world; and a character of mind which never succeeds. Mine is of this latter sort—a fantastic picture-making mind, that fashions its own dream-world anew every day, and thence remains for ever a stranger in the actual world. You tell me that if Fortune had offered herself to me, I should have slighted her, or at most, playfully taken her by the finger, instead of clutching her earnestly;—that I never valued the present till it stood as a picture in the far distance;—that then indeed it was often a picture of repentance and regret; the future, a picture of longing and aspiration; the present, never anything but a misty spot. 'A merveille.' You say all this most charmingly; and I must acknowledge that nobody understands better how to moralize impressively than you.—If it were but of any use to me! But tell me,—if you could convince the lame man that it were far better for him not to be lame;—as soon as the poor wretch tries to

set one foot before the other, does he limp the less? 'Naturam expellas furca,' &c. Vainly do you desire your stomach to digest better, your wit to be sharper, your reason to be more efficient:—things go on in their old train, with a few modifications.

The decisions of the Ministers on the S—— affair, which you communicate to me, also remain after the old sort, in spite of the extreme politeness of those gentlemen. Is it not strange, however, that our inferior functionaries distinguish themselves as much by their 'tracasseries', and by their ill-bred, and I might say contemptuous, style, as the higher do (with a single exception) by their care in using none but the most refined and polished forms? Do not these on this very account wear the appearance of the bitterest irony? You may give this as a subject for a prize-essay to our G—— dilettante academy.

'A propos',—who is that very wise Minister of whom H—— speaks? Ah ha! I guess—but all Ministers are now-a-days so wise 'ex officio', that it is difficult to know which he means. The other, however, I guessed instantly—as well as the poor horizontal individual, whose illness grieves me heartily; for when he is well, he stands, in my opinion, most singularly perpendicular, towering

above disfavour or envy, both by the dignity of his character, and by his experience and talents for business. There are, to be sure, some official persons in our country whom one might fairly ask, with Bürger's Lenore, every time one sees them, "Bist lebend, Liebster, oder todt*?"

Heaven preserve us both in better health of body and mind! And, above all, may it preserve to me your tender friendship, the most essential element of my well-being!

Your faithful

L——.

* 'Art living, dearest, or dead'?

LETTER XIII.

Brighton, Feb. 19th, 1827.

Dear Julia.

'To make the best of my time,' (as the practical English say,) before I left town yesterday I visited three theatres in succession. In the first piece I saw, the principal person was an Irish servant. According to all I have been able to learn from plays and novels, these Irish must be an odd people,—of a fresh originality very unlike the English. Irish beggars are very common in the streets of London, where they are easily recognised by their Gascon-like manner and dialect. A modern author remarks with equal drollery and truth: "The English beggar whines out the same monotonous words in a drawling tone, 'Give a poor man a halfpenny, Give a poor man a halfpenny.'—What an orator is his Irish colleague! 'Oh your honour, give us a penny, only one blessed penny, your honour's honour, and God's blessing be upon your children, and your children's children! Give us only one little penny, and may Heaven grant you a long life, and a quiet death, and a

blessed resurrection!'" Who can withstand entreaties so humorously moving?

In the next theatre we were regaled with a pantomime, in which was a quadrille of birds, and another of tea-things; after which the tea-pot, milk-jug, and cup, executed a 'pas de trois', while spoons, knives, and forks danced around them as 'figurantes'. The birds were 'à s'y méprendre', and I recommend something of the same kind, with parrots which might speak too, to be arranged for the S—— Court theatre by Mephistophiles. A clever account of it would be a still further novelty, and a tea-kettle and accompaniments would be very suitable additions to the society.

I saw the Indian jugglers for the third time. They exhibited something quite new. Instead of balls, they threw up and caught short burning torches. This produces a curious sort of fire-work, a continuous development of burning figures,—wheels, serpents, triangles, stars, flowers, &c., as if in a kaleidescope. The immoveable steadiness and accuracy of these people never misses.

The fantastic absurdities of the pantomimes probably affected my imagination in the night, which I dosed away between London and Brighton; for

I had the strangest visions in my carriage. At first I was mounted on my beautiful gray, whom for once I could not manage: he constantly resisted my will; and when at last I mastered him, shook his head with such fury, that it broke from his neck and flew to a distance of twenty paces, while I plunged down a precipice on the headless body.—I was next sitting on a bench in my park, and watching the devastations made by a frightful hurricane, which tore up the old trees far and near, and threw them together like faggots.—At last I quarrelled with you, dear Julia, and in despair went for a soldier. I forgot you (which is possible only in sleep), and found myself in my new sphere, once more young and brilliant, full of fresh spirit, and not less full of wanton pride. It was the day of battle. The thunder of the cannon rolled magnificently; noble martial music accompanied it, and animated our spirits; while, with the prerogative of a dream, we sat quietly breakfasting on a 'pâté aux truffes et champagne', in the midst of a fire of musketry. A spent cannon-ball now came 'en ricochet' towards us; and before I could spring aside, carried off the head of my comrade, who was sitting on the ground by my side, and both my legs, so that I fell groaning with pain and horror. When I recovered my

senses, the storm was roaring around me, and the sea howled in my ears. I thought myself on the voyage, when, behold, my carriage stopped at the door of the inn on the Marine Parade at Brighton! Tomorrow perhaps I shall dream out the rest. But are the waking fancies of life much less confused? Castles in the air, for good and for evil;—nothing but castles in the air. Some stand for minutes, some for years, some for tens* of years; but they all fall at last, and only *seem* realities. Nobody can furnish a greater abundance of plans to architects of such castles than I. On the slightest inducement I can build a fairy palace, just as easily as a miserable hut, a grave, or a dungeon. But you are ever by, my Julia, either sharing the palace, adorning the hut, weeping over the grave, or consoling me in bonds. At this moment I am floating midway, without any determinate abode: I am, however, all the more ethereal and light-hearted for that; but, I must confess, with a very sleepy 'physique', for it

* *Jahrzehende, Jahrhunderte, Jahrtausende,* from *Jahre.* Corresponding to these convenient forms, we have only *centuries.* It is to be remarked, too, that each has its adjectival and adverbial form. The poverty of the English, and still more of the French language makes it impossible to translate adequately into them from the German.—TRANSL.

is three in the morning: and so I kiss your hand, and bid you good night. But I beg you to look in your dream-book what these adventures of mine portend.

You know my favourite superstition, which I set too high a value upon to have it torn from me by chaffy reasonings. As, for instance, when an 'esprit fort' shrugs his shoulders, (if he does not venture to turn up his nose in my face,) or a well-anointed priest says, "It is extraordinary to see how inconsistently many men refuse to believe in religion, (by which parsons always mean *their* Church and its ordinances,) and yet give way to the utmost credulity in the greatest absurdities." "But, reverend Sir," I ask in reply, "in what then do these absurdities consist?" "Why, the belief in sympathies, in dreams, in the influence of the stars, and so on." "But, most respected Sir, I see no inconsistency in the matter. Every reflecting man must confess that there are a number of mysterious powers in nature,—influences and attractions, both of our earth, and of the system to which it belongs, of which many that formerly passed for fables have been discovered; others that as yet we do but suspect or divine, and cannot ascertain. It is therefore by no means contrary to reason to make one's own hypotheses

concerning them, and to believe in these more or less. I do not, therefore, contest your miracles, nor your symbols;—I contest only certain other things, which many of you teach, and which are equally incomprehensible to the understanding and repugnant to the heart: for instance, a God more passionate and partial than the frailest man; infinite torments appointed by infinite love, for finite sins; arbitrarily-predestined forgiveness or damnation,—and so on. Such things can be possible only when two and two shall make five, and no superstition can approach the insanity of such a belief."

February 22nd.

I am just returned from a grand Almack's fancy ball, where everybody was either in some fantastic outlandish dress, or in uniform,—a 'mélange' which does not seem to me in very good taste, nor very respectful to the latter. You may imagine that my friend the Highland chieftain did not fail to appear in his national costume. It is really very handsome; in the highest degree rich, picturesque, and manly: the only thing that does not please me is the shoes with the large buckles. The sword is just in the form of one of our students' rapiers; and besides that, there is a dagger, pistols, and cartouche-box. The arms are

set with precious stones; and an eagle's feather, the badge of a chieftain, adorns the cap.

I escorted two ladies to the ball,—the one a good-natured and sensible woman, still very pretty at five-and-thirty, who likes the world and is liked by it, and nurses an invalid husband with the most unremitting care. Her 'tournure' is agreeable, her disposition kind and good,—so that she is just the person 'pour en faire une amie dans le monde'. The other lady, her intimate friend, is a young and very pretty widow; not a very considerable person, but a good-tempered friendly little creature, who is perfectly contented if you tell her that her teeth are pearls and her eyes violets.

I had no reason to be ashamed of my ladies, either as to person or dress; but they, and all present, were eclipsed by the youthful Miss ——. She is really one of the most beautiful girls I have seen,—a little sylph,—who must have stolen her exquisite foot and her graces from another land. She is only sixteen,—wild, and mobile as quicksilver; unwearied in dancing as in frolic. I was so fortunate as to gain her good graces today by a lucky offering. This consisted in a 'cornet' of remarkably well-made 'bonbon' crackers, in the distribution of which she had

found infinite diversion at the last ball. This indecorum had been strongly reprobated by the mammas; so that there were no more to be had at supper, as heretofore. I had providently laid in a stock at the confectioner's, and now presented them to her unexpectedly; and I doubt whether the gift of a million of money would give poor me half the pleasure I now bestowed by such a trifle. The little thing was in an ecstasy of delight, and immediately prepared her batteries, which were the more successful, as the enemy thought themselves secure. At every explosion she laughed as if she would kill herself; and every time I met her she smiled upon me with her sparkling eyes, as sweetly as a little angel. Poor child! this perfect innocence, this overflow of happiness and joy, touched me deeply—for, alas! she will soon, like all the rest, be undeceived.

There were many other very pretty young women; but they were too much 'dressées'; some were loaded with jewels and trinkets, but none were comparable to this girl.

February 24th.

I spent this evening at Mrs. F——'s, a very dignified and delightful woman, formerly, as it is

affirmed, married to the King. She is now without influence in that region, but still universally beloved and respected,—'d'un excellent ton et sans prétension'. I there heard some interesting details concerning Lord Liverpool: a man who, an hour before, ruled half a world with energy and sagacity, becomes an 'imbecile' from the neglect to open a vein! His predecessor, Lord Castlereagh, from the same cause commits suicide!—On how frail a tenure hangs the human intellect!

In this house one sees only 'beau monde'. Indeed there is not much of the very emptiest, the exclusive society here; or they live completely retired, that they may not come into collision with the persons they call 'Nobodies', whom they shun with greater horror than Brahmins shun Parias. Though my station and connections allow me to enter the sanctuary, I do not on that account disdain the world without. As a foreigner, and still more as an independent man, I take the liberty to seek enjoyment wherever I can find it, unfettered by such restrictions,—nor do I always find the most in the highest places. Even the vulgarity and laughable 'singerie' of the 'parvenus' is sometimes extremely amusing, and has a much more burlesque character in England than in any other country; since wealth, establishment,

and luxury,—in a word, all their 'entourage',—are essentially the same as those of the great and the high-bred; only the persons wander among them as if stripped bare.

Here occurred a long pause in my correspondence. Pardon,—I was eating my solitary dinner; a snipe stood before me, and a 'mouton qui rêve' by my side. You guess who is the latter. Don't be distressed about the place on the left, for on the right is a blazing fire, and I know how much you fear that.

I shall spend the evening again at Count F——'s, who is of the Brahmin class. Have I described him to you? He is no insignificant person. Uniting French agreeableness with English solidity, he speaks both languages with nearly equal ease and fluency. Though no longer young, he is still a handsome man, and his external appearance is rendered more striking by a very noble, dignified air. Simple, and thoroughly polite, cheerful without sarcasm or malignity, his conversation amuses and satisfies, even when it is not brilliant at the moment. His wife is neither remarkable for beauty nor the contrary. She has sense, 'l'usage du grand monde, et quelque fois de la politesse'; no inconsiderable talent for music, and ten-thousand a-year. With all these materials, I need

not tell you the house is an extremely pleasant one.

February 25th.

There is a delightful custom for the men at English balls. After the conclusion of a dance, each takes his partner on his arm, and walks about with her till the next begins. Many a man has thus time to conquer his timidity, and nothing is wanting but our large and numerous rooms to make it still more agreeable. Here there is no wider field to expatiate in than down the stairs to the eating-room, and up again; still many a gentle word may be whispered in the crowd, for nobody heeds what his neighbour does.

As I am tormented on all sides to dance, (a German who does not waltz appears incomprehensible here,) and do not like it, I have given out that I am restrained by a vow, and leave it to be inferred that it is a tender one. The ladies do not know how to reconcile this with the persuasion that I came here in search of a wife, which they stoutly maintain. Thank Heaven! I find my tranquillity quite undisturbed. * * * * *

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A poor Englishman here is in much worse plight. He threw himself off the pier today,

being, as the English say, 'crossed in love', and only yesterday he was dancing as if stung by a tarantula. The poor fellow must have been like the turkeys that are made to dance ballets in Paris by being set on a metal plate, under which a fire is lighted. The spectator who sees their convulsive bounds, thinks they are very merry, while the poor things are burning by inches.

I have often complained that Brighton has no vegetation; but the sunsets in the sea, and the cloud-pictures by which they are accompanied, exceed all I ever beheld in variety. Today it had rained all day, and in the evening, when it cleared up, a dark range of mountains formed itself above the watery mirror, gradually acquiring a firmer consistency as the sun reached the highest peak, and broke through the black masses as if with clefts of flaming gold; I thought I saw Vesuvius again, streaming with lava. After I had attended this magnificent 'coucher' of the monarch of the heavens till its last moment, I wandered about the bare downs till it was perfectly dark, scouring hill and dale on my swift steed. Probably he too had pictures in his fancy which urged him to greater speed,—enticing visions of oats and hay.

March 14th*.

These everlasting balls, concerts, dinners, and promenades, I cannot call exactly tedious, but time-killing. Meanwhile a poor dying man has taken up his abode in my house; and his groans and complaints, which all night long reach me through the thin walls, form too sharp and melancholy a contrast with this abode of frivolity and dissipation. I can do nothing for him, so I shall leave the house tomorrow for London.

I have received both your letters, and am heartily grieved to hear that both cook and doctor are wanting at your baths. You must do everything you can to get both these important chemists, (destined by Nature to play into each other's hands,) as soon as possible, and of the best quality.

You know that a celebrated French physician, the first time he was called into a house, always began by running into the kitchen, embracing the cook, and thanking him for a new patient.

When Louis the Fourteenth grew worse and worse, and, distrusting his own physicians, consulted our Esculapius, the latter made representations to the first 'homme de bonne bouche' that

* The account of the intermediate days has been suppressed.—EDITOR.

he should provide fewer and simpler dishes for the King. "Allons donc, Monsieur", replied the heroic cook, embracing the physician, "mon métier est de faire manger le Roi, le votre de lui en ôter les suites. Faisons chacun le notre!"

Before I left Brighton I was forced to be present at a musical 'soirée', one of the severest trials to which foreigners in England are exposed. Every mother who has grown-up daughters, for whom she has had to pay large sums to the music-master, chooses to enjoy the satisfaction of having the youthful 'talent' admired. There is nothing therefore but quavering and strumming right and left, so that one is really overpowered and unhappy: and even if an Englishwoman has the *power* of singing, she has scarcely ever either science or manner. The men are much more agreeable 'dilettanti', for they, at least, give one the diversion of a comical farce. That a man should advance to the pianoforte with far greater confidence than a David, strike with his forefinger the note he thinks his song should begin with, and then 'entonner', like a thunder-clap, (generally a note or two lower than the pitch,) and sing through a long 'aria' without rest or pause, and without accompaniment of any sort, except the most wonderful distortions of face,—is a thing one must have seen to believe it

possible, especially in the presence of at least fifty people. Sometimes the thing is heightened by their making choice of Italian songs; and, in their total ignorance of the language, roaring out words which, if they were understood by the ladies, would force them to leave the room. It did not appear to me that people constrained themselves much in laughing on these occasions: but such vocalists are far too well established in their own opinion to be disturbed by that;—once let loose upon society, they are extremely hard to call off again.

London, Feb. 17th.

I am once more in Albemarle Street, and after my long absence I yesterday paid no fewer than twenty-two visits; dined at a Club dinner*; went to a ball at the house of the above-mentioned fair Napoleonist, and closed the day with a 'soirée' at Mrs. Hope's, a very fashionable and pretty woman, wife of the author of Anastasius.

Today I visited 'in another quarter' two Chinese ladies, who also receive company here, and in a very original style too,—only one must pay one's 'entrée'. Even from the very staircase everything is arranged as if in China itself; and when you

* A note explanatory of this word is omitted, as unnecessary in England.—Transl.

enter, and see the ladies reclining, with outstretched feet five inches in length, under an illumination of paper lanterns, you may almost fancy yourself in Canton. They claim to be of high descent,—to which their feet bear witness; for the lower classes, of course, have not this distinguishing mark. The small-footed women have so little centripedal power, that they can hardly totter from one ottoman to another without a stick.

I am a passionate admirer of small feet in women; but these are too small, and horrible to behold naked: the toes, doubled under from infancy, are literally grown into the sole. This practice is nearly as absurd as the stays of our ladies, though perhaps not quite so injurious to the health.

I bought a new pair of shoes of these princesses, which I made them try on before my eyes. I send them you, together with several other Chinesiana, silk hangings, pictures, &c.; among others, portraits of the Emperor and Empress. The good creatures seem to me, spite of their quality, to have brought a complete warehouse with them, for the moment a thing is sold it is replaced by another. Though they have been for some time in England, they have not learned a single word of English. Their own language appeared to me

very heavy and dragging; and their faces were, to a European taste, more than ugly.

February 18th.

The Italian Opera has commenced,—the only theatre 'du bel air', except the French Play. As people cannot appear there but 'en toilette', even in the pit, the effect is very brilliant. The opera however was bad, orchestra as well as singers, and the ballet likewise. The lighting of the theatre is better adapted for being seen than for seeing: in front of every box hangs a chandelier, which dazzles one very offensively, and throws the actors into the shade. The opera lasts till one o'clock, so that you have ample time to visit it without giving up other engagements. The 'trouble' has now begun in good earnest; one seldom gets home before three or four o'clock in the morning: and a man who chooses to be very 'répandu'—which the exclusives indeed do not, but which is amusing to a foreigner—may very well accept a dozen invitations for every evening.

The great world is consequently not alive before two o'clock in the afternoon. The Park hours are from four till six, when the ladies drive about by thousands in their elegant equipages and morning

dresses, and the gentlemen on their beautiful horses 'voltigent' about from flower to flower, displaying all the grace Heaven has bestowed upon them. Almost all Englishmen, however, look well on horseback, and ride better and more naturally than our riding-masters, who certainly understand admirably, when they are on a horse trained to every sort of pace and speed, how to sit like a clothes-peg on a linen-line.

The green turf of the Park swarms with riders, who can ride faster there than in the 'corso'. Among them are many ladies, who manage their horses as skilfully and steadily as the men.

But Miss Sally is now led out before my door, and snorts impatiently on the macadamized pavement. My letter is long enough:—a thousand greetings to all who are good enough to remember me, and the most affectionate farewell to you!

Your Friend

L——.

LETTER XIV.

London, March 25th.

DEAREST AND BEST.

IT would be too tiresome if I sent you a daily list of the parties I go to: I shall only mention them when anything strikes me as remarkable; and perhaps hereafter, if I feel the inclination and the power, I shall give you a general 'apperçu' of the whole. The technical part of social life—the arrangements for physical comfort and entertainment—is well understood here. The most distinguished specimen of this is the house of the Duke of D———, a king of fashion and elegance.

Very few persons of rank have what we, on the Continent, call a palace, in London. Their palaces, their luxury and their grandeur, are to be seen in the country. The Duke of D——— is an exception;—his palace in town displays great taste and richness, and a numerous collection of works of art. The company is always the most select; and though here, as everywhere, too numerous, is rendered less oppressive by the number of rooms: still it is too much like a crowd at a fair. The

concerts at D——— House, particularly, are very fine entertainments, where only the very first talent to be found in the metropolis is engaged, and where perfect order combined with boundless profusion reigns throughout. Among other things, the arrangement of the suppers and 'buffets', which are excellent in such crowded parties, is most recommendable. In a separate room is a long table, with the most delicate and choice refreshments of every kind, so placed that it is accessible to the guests only on one side. Behind it stand maid-servants, in a uniform of white gowns and black aprons, who give everybody what he asks for, and have room enough to do their ministering conveniently: behind them is a door communicating with the 'offices', through which everything needful is handed to them without disturbance to the company;—the disagreeable procession of troops of men-servants balancing great trays and pushing about the 'salons' with them, always in danger of discharging their contents, cold or warm, into the laps or pockets of the company, is thus avoided.

The supper is served at a later hour, by male attendants, in another room, which communicates with the kitchen. The waiting is far better, with

much fewer people, than on the Continent, and accomplished without the least confusion.

I must observe, by the by, as to 'bonne chère', that the very best in the world is to be found at the first tables in London: they have the best French cooks and the best Italian confectioners, for the very simple reason that they pay them best. I am told there are cooks who receive twelve hundred a year here;—To merit, its crown!

Sometimes, after concert and supper, at two in the morning dancing begins, and one drives home by sunlight. This suits me admirably, for you know I always had the taste of Minerva's bird. In such a night-morning I often enjoy a drive in the Park; for, thank Heaven! Spring is visibly coming, and the tender green of the young leaves and the pink almond blossoms peep forth over the garden-walls and amid the dark net-work of the swelling branches.

March 26th.

I devoted this morning to an excursion to Deptford, to see Captain Parry's ship the Hecla, which is to sail in a few days for the North Pole. Whether she will reach it, is another matter: I wish it may not fare with Parry as with poor

Count Zambeccari, who to this hour is not returned from his last aerial voyage.

Captain Parry did the honours of his singular vessel with great politeness; his air and manner perfectly bespeak the frank, determined, gallant seaman he is known to be. Some curiously formed boats, which were likewise to serve as sledges, lay on the deck. The ship herself has double sides, filled with cork, to keep in the heat; she is also warmed by 'conduits de chaleur'. The provisions consist of the strongest extracts; so that a whole ox in his quintessence can be put in a man's coat-pocket, like the stereotype editions of the 'chef d'œuvres' of the whole literature of England in one volume. All the officers seem picked men. I found Captain Ross, who has accompanied Captain Parry in all his voyages, a very polished and agreeable man. The ship was thronged with visitors, climbing in a continual stream up the rope-ladder. It was impossible to look without intense interest on a crew who were going to confront such toils and dangers, in the light-hearted and enterprising spirit of their class, solely for the advancement of science and the satisfaction of a noble curiosity.

I was invited to dine in barracks by a Major of the Horse Guards. There is a most advantageous

custom prevalent throughout the English army,—I mean the so-called 'Mess'. Each regiment has its common table, to which every officer is bound to contribute a certain sum, whether he choose to avail himself of it or not. By this he is entitled to the privilege of dining at it daily, and of bringing an occasional guest according to some established regulations. A committee superintends the economical part. Each officer presides at table in turn, from the colonel down to the youngest lieutenant, and is invested, so long as he is 'en fonction', with the requisite authority. The 'ton' of the officers is excellent; far more 'gentlemanlike' than that commonly to be found on the Continent; at least so I am bound to conclude from this sample. Although the strictest subordination prevails in service, yet when that is over, they meet as gentlemen, so entirely on an equality, that it were impossible for a stranger to discover from their deportment the superior from the subordinate officers. The table was admirably served. There was not wanting either an elegant service of plate, or champagne, claret, or any of the requisites of luxury. The dinner was followed by no excess; and the conversation, though perfectly unconstrained and cheerful, was confined within the bounds of decorum and good-breeding. To

crown all, the whole did not last too long; so that I had still time to pay some visits at the Opera, which is convenient enough for that purpose.

March 28th.

In most companies pretty high play is the order of the day, and the ladies are the most eager players. The crowding to the 'écarté' table, which is almost out of fashion at Paris, is incessant; and the white arms of the English beauties appear to great advantage on the table-covers of black velvet embroidered with gold. But if their arms are dangerous, their hands are still more so, 'car les vieilles surtout trichent impitoyablement'. There are some old maids whom one meets in the first society who make a regular trade of play, so that they carry off fifty pounds at a stroke without changing a feature. They have small parties at their own houses, which are as like 'tripots' as possible.

In no country can the admirer of 'le moyen age', 'fair, fat and forty', meet more women in high preservation than in England. Even still more mature years do not obliterate all pretensions.

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I closed my day with reading and whist at the Club. My party was most curiously composed;

—the Portuguese Ambassador, who is strikingly like Napoleon; a Neapolitan ex-minister, brought hither by the failure of the revolution; the Frenchman whom I described to you at Brighton; and my German insignificance, who however this time gained the victory; for I won eight rubbers and two 'Monkeys'. What is a 'Monkey?' you ask. Fashion has given strange names to the markers. One for twenty-five pounds is called a Poney; and one for fifty, a 'Monkey'.

April 3rd.

You are accustomed to follow me from the palace to the cottage, and from the decorated room to more beautiful nature. Today I must introduce you to my dentist, the celebrated Mr. Cartwright. This gentleman is said to make ten thousand a year by his profession, and exercises it in the most 'grandiose' style. In the first place he goes to no one, excepting the King: every subject, male or female, must wait on him. But this is not all;—you must announce yourself a week or fortnight beforehand, and solicit an audience: you then receive a card containing the following answer:—

"Mr. Cartwright will have the pleasure of receiving N—— N—— on such a day and such an hour."

You appear at the appointed time, and are ushered into an elegant room, where a piano-forte, prints, books and other helps to pass time are placed; a very necessary attention, as you often have to wait an hour or more.

When I entered, I found the Duchess of Montrose and Lady Melville and her daughters, who were called away 'gradatim', so that at length my turn came.

When you have once reached this point, you find indeed infinite reason to be satisfied; for Mr. Cartwright is the most skilful and scientific man of his profession I ever met with,—perfectly devoid of all trace of 'charlatanerie', which the difficulty of access might lead you to anticipate. He has also a settled price, and not an exorbitant one,—'mais c'est un Grand Seigneur dentiste.'

In the evening, after wandering to four or five places in search of something interesting, I at last fixed myself at Lady ——'s, where I was riveted by the conversation of a Captain ——, a half-German who is just returned from the East, and gave a very interesting account of his travels. Among other things he told me the following strange anecdotes of Lady Hester Stanhope, a niece of Pitt's, who left England many years ago, turned Arab, and has established herself in Syria.

She is now honoured by the Arabs as a prophet, lives with all the state of a native princess, and seldom allows Europeans to see her.

After a great deal of trouble Captain —— gained access to her. The first thing she required was his promise that he would not write anything about her. This vow being made, (luckily I am bound by none such,) she was cheerful and conversable, and talked with equal ease and cleverness. She made it no secret that she had renounced the Christian faith, and at the same time that she still looked for the appearing of the true Son of God, before whom she was appointed to prepare the way. Hereupon she showed the Captain a noble Arab mare, which had a curious bony excrescence on the back exactly in the form of a saddle. "This horse," said she,—with a look of which Captain —— declared he was still in doubt whether to ascribe to madness or to a desire to hoax him,—"This horse God has saddled for his own Son, and woe to the man who shall dare to mount it! Under my protection it awaits its true master."

She afterwards assured him, 'en passant', that Adam was still living, and that she knew perfectly the place of his concealment, but would not reveal it.

The lady of the house listened to his narration,

and assured him that Lady Hester had been only 'quizzing' him; for that she had known her well, and that never had woman a clearer, more determined, and at the same time more astute mind. For a person of such a character, she has made a good exchange in renouncing Western for Eastern life. She rules; she is free as bird in air; while in the centre of civilization she would never have been able to subtract herself from the slavery which must ever remain, more or less, the dark side of civilized life.

April 4th.

Sir Alexander Johnston, a great Orientalist, but in another sense of the word, invited me to dinner, and seasoned the repast by his intelligent and learned conversation. He has effected many important things in his department; but we, dear Julia, are both of us too ignorant on the subject for me to attempt to give you any account of them. One thing however will interest you. He told me of a cachemir shawl of Tippoo Saib's, embroidered in gold, and silks of all colours, ten ells long and worth a thousand pounds—a thing well calculated to set a female imagination on fire.

April 6th.

Can you tell me why all objects reflected by art give us only pleasure, whereas all realities have at

least one defective side? We see the torments of Laocoon in marble with undisturbed delight*, while the actual scene would excite simply horror. A Dutch fish-market, represented with perfect fidelity by a humorous painter, charms us, and our pleasure increases as we follow out the details; in the real market, we should pass along rapidly with averted eyes and nose. The joys and sorrows of the hero of a poem or work of imagination affect us in like manner with deep pleasure, while we feel only pain at actual sufferings, and actual joys ever appear incomplete and imperfect. Even happiness, supposing it to be attained, always brings with it the bitter thought, How long will it last? Well, therefore, does Schiller say, "Ernst is das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst." (Serious, or stern, is life, cheerful is art.) Art alone,—the creation of fancy,—procures unmingled pleasure; and therefore let us, dear Julia, never cease to rejoice that an active creative fancy is stirring within us, and sometimes procures us enjoyments which reality cannot bestow. Shall I then prepare for myself such an innocent festival, and fly across the sea to you? we have been but too long asunder.

* This is quite contrary to what the author has himself remarked on the picture of Seneca, and contrary I think to the fact.—TRANSL.

How beautiful does everything appear to me! It is spring;—the violets send forth enchanting fragrance after the heavy shower; swallows are twittering in the air, and pretty little water-wag-tails are running merrily round the lake. And now the sun breaks from behind the last lingering dark cloud, in all his majesty, and draws strange characters on the distant mountains. The old lime-trees around us gleam like emeralds; gay butterflies try their light wings, and frolic, as if drunk with joy, over the grassy carpet. Bees hum busily around the thousand fresh flowers, and green beetles glitter in the sunlight. But now a splendid bow arises out of the west, spans the blue sky above the castle, and sinks on the black pine-forest. Now is the cheerful white-covered table set, and decked with polished utensils. The juicy fruits of the hot-house, hyacinthine Xeres in crystal cups, and champagne covered with thick mist from the ice, await the guests:—and see who advances slowly and gravely among the shrubs, with that dignified air?

Ah, it is you, dear Julia, I exclaim enraptured—fly towards you, and * * * * *

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Thus does fancy paint. What however in reality unhinges me is, that it is a long time since I had a letter from you, and I really want one to restore my nerves. But I must dress for a couple of 'Russian steam balls' as they ought to be called.

April 7th.

As the Lord Mayor has invited me to his great dinner, I rode into the City this morning to call on him: this is rather a perilous enterprise, with a fidgetty horse. Once I got so entangled in the crowd, that I was absolutely forced to turn my horse on the 'trottoir'. This the people regarded as an invasion of their rights; and not observing that necessity drove me thither, began to abuse me, and some to strike my horse: a huge gigantic carter held up his fist and challenged me to box with him: as however I felt no inclination to make this practical application of the lessons I have taken in the 'noble art of self-defence', I pressed forward to a small gap which happily offered itself, and made my escape.

I dined with Count Münster, a noble representative of Germany, who has endeavoured as far as possible to preserve German simplicity in his household. Everybody knows his distinguished

qualities as a statesman: he is not less remarkable for his agreeable manners and talents in social and domestic life.

Since his residence in England, he has designed and painted the decorations for his castle in the Harz, with great taste and skill; and his wife's paintings on glass are very beautiful: in a few years all the windows of the castle chapel will be adorned with her own works. The German housewife however is no mere modern bel-esprit, or artist, but, like one of the knightly dames who are the subjects of her pencil, she takes care to have excellent beer brewed in her own house: —she gave me some, which I drank with all the gratitude of a guest in the hall of Valhalla.

In the evening a great fête at Lord Hertford's, with concert, ball, French play, &c. assembled the fashionable and half-fashionable world* in a magnificent and tastefully furnished house. The singularity in it is, that all the rooms are decorated in the same manner,—flesh-coloured stucco and gold, with black bronze, very large looking-glasses, and curtains of crimson and white silk. This uniformity produces a very 'grandiose' effect. One

* As there are quarter, half, three quarter, and whole blood horses in England,—just so, and into even more subtle distinctions, is the fashionable world divided.

room alone (of extraordinary size for London) is white and gold, carpeted with scarlet cloth, and with furniture and curtains of the same colour.

The company, 'c'est à dire la foule,' was not more vivacious than usual, and the whole affair 'magnifiquement ennuyeux'.

Another house worth seeing is that of the great banker ——, especially on account of the fine collection of pictures. Here is also that triumph of modern sculpture, Thorwaldson's Jason, and some valuable antiques. On a sort of terrace on part of the house are hanging-gardens; and though the shrubs have only three feet of earth, they grow very luxuriantly.

The lady of the gardens is however no Semiramis; 'il s'en faut', whatever she may think *

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I could not help comparing her with her far more wealthy rival Madame R——, and remarking how far the Jewish golden queen surpassed the Christian one in cordial amiability and external dignity and goodb-reeding.

April 8th.

What contributes much to the 'dullness' of English society, is the haughty aversion which Englishmen (note well that I mean in their own

country, for 'abroad' they are ready enough to make advances) show to addressing an unknown person; if he should venture to address them, they receive it with the air of an insult. They sometimes laugh at themselves for this singular incivility, but no one makes the least attempt to act differently when an opportunity offers.

There is a story that a lady saw a man fall into the water, and earnestly entreated the dandy who accompanied her, and who was a notoriously good swimmer, to save his life. Her friend raised his 'lorgnette' with the phlegm indispensable to a man of fashion, looked earnestly at the drowning man, whose head rose for the last time, and calmly replied, "It's impossible, Madam, I never was introduced to that gentleman."

I made the acquaintance of a man of very different manners this evening; the Persian Chargé d'Affaires, an Asiatic of very pleasant address, and whose splendid costume and black beard were only deformed, in my eyes, by the Persian peaked cap of black sheepskin. He speaks very good English, and made very acute observations on European society. Among other things he said, that though in many respects we were much further advanced than they, yet that all their views of existence were of a firmer and more composed character; that

every man reconciled himself to his lot; whereas he remarked here an incessant fermentation, an everlasting discontent, both of masses and of individuals; nay, he confessed that he felt himself infected by it, and should have great trouble, on his return to Persia, to fall back into that old happy track, in which a man who is unfortunate consoles himself, exclaiming "Whose dog am I then, to want to be happy?"

This indeed furnishes ample matter for reflection to the pursuers of the ideal, to which secret association I, alas! belong.

A ball at Mrs. Hope's was very splendid, 'mais c'est toujours la même chose'. In a party to which I went before this, I was presented to the Duke of Gloucester. I only mention the fact for the sake of remarking, that the English Princes of the Blood observe a much more courteous sort of etiquette than most of those on the Continent: the Duke, who was playing whist, rose from the table, and did not sit down again till our short conversation was ended.

But let me go back for a moment to the beginning of the day.

The gardens of the neighbourhood are now in full bloom, the weather is fine, and my ride this morning brought me about thirty miles from town.

In variety and richness the suburbs of London surpass those of any other capital; which here and there display natural beauties, but never that exquisite mixture of nature and the highest cultivation,—never at least in any considerable masses.

I should have gladly ridden further and further, and returned at length with great regret. The meadows around me were so luxuriant, that it was only at a distance they looked green; when you were near them they were embroidered with blue, yellow, red and lilac, like a carpet of Tournay. The cows were wading up to their bellies in the gay flowers, or resting under the shadow of huge domes of foliage, impenetrable to every ray of sun. It was magnificent, and adorned with a richness which art can never reach. In an hour's riding I reached a hill where the ruins of a church stood in the midst of a garden. The sun darted its rays from behind a cloud athwart the whole sky, like a huge torch, the centre of which rested directly on the metropolis of the world,—the immeasurable Babel which lay outstretched with its thousand towers, and its hundred thousand sins, its fog and smoke, its treasures and its misery, further than the eye could reach. It was in vain! I must plunge into it again, from the spring and its bursting blossoms,

from the green meadows—again into the macadamized slough,—into the everlasting dead monotony,—into dinners and routs.

Accept my farewell—my next letter will go on to tell what became of Daniel in the lion's den.

Your faithful friend

L— .

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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